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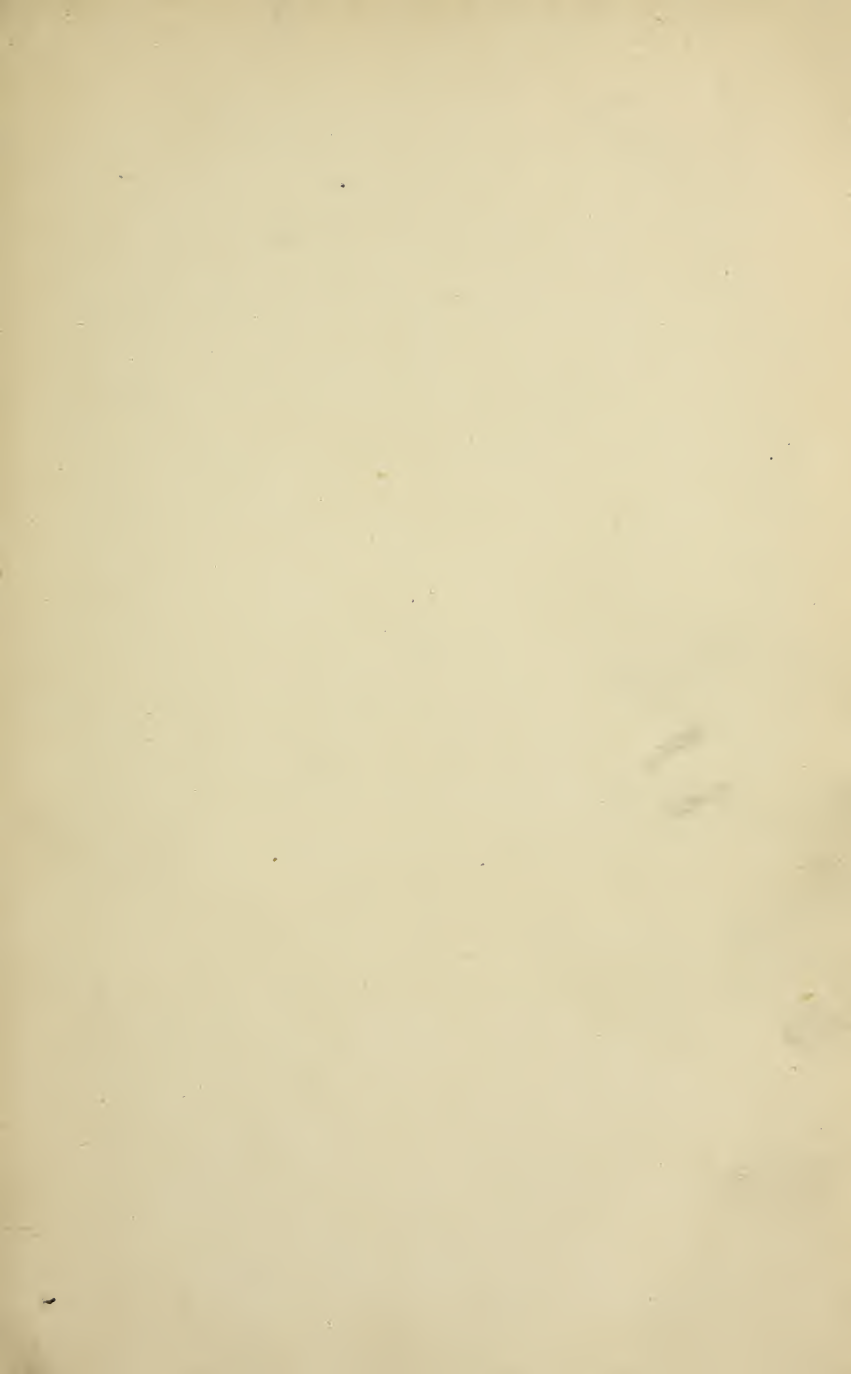
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LOVE AND WAR:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CONFEDERATE
WAR IN THE UNITED STATES,
TAKEN FROM KENTUCKY.

A MONUMENT
TO ONE
WHO DIED TO BE
FREE.

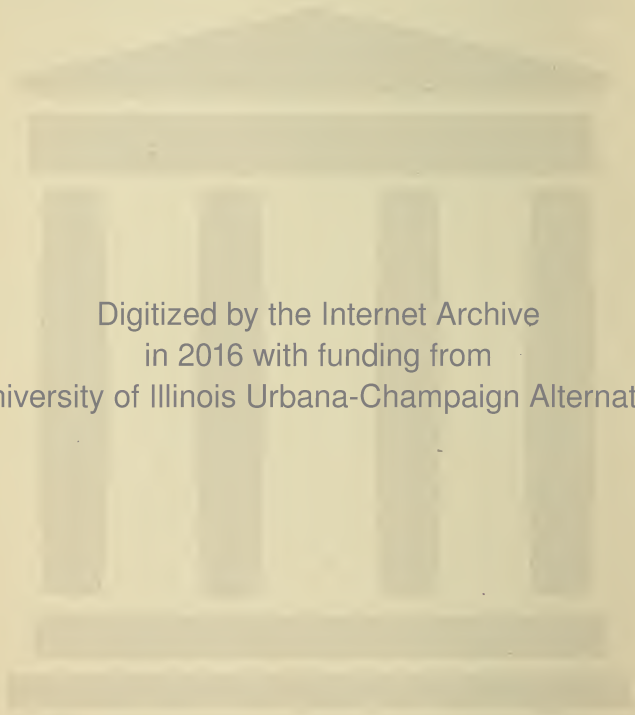
LONDON:
VICTORIA PRESS, 85, PRAED STREET, PADDINGTON, W.

1875.



ERRATA.

Page	4,	Line	4,	Instead of	end	read	and
"	29,	"	36,	"	"	inwardly	" inanely.
"	30,	"	22,	"	"	that	" he.
"	"	"	"	Line last but one,	read heads.	The reference is to the heads of Liberty on the U.S. coins.	
Page	37,	Line	28,	instead of	before	read	in.
"	"	"	"	after bull-dogs	read :	Many legislators try to shirk duty by absenting themselves.	
Page	37,	Line	37,	instead of	mountains	read	Owensboro.
"	38,	"	9,	"	"	Maguffin	" Magoffin.
"	50,	"	30,	"	"	Picton	" Piketon.
"	"	"	36,	"	"	goods	" Gordo.
Gen. Williams was so named because of his victory at Cerro Gordo in the Mexican war.							
Page	53,	"	21,	instead of	unassisting	read	unresisting.
"	59,	"	41,	"	"	Legitte	" La Fayette.
"	60,	"	"	"	Calhoun	"	Calhoun : here and else. [where-
"	61,	"	43,	"	"	gratitude	" quietude.
"	64,	"	11,	"	"	Madisnix	" Madison.
"	71,	"	49,	"	"	sake	" salvo.
"	76,	Unfortunately this conversation is misplaced. It was earlier.					
"	81,	Quotes omitted: "Thoughts that do lie too deep for tears."— [Wordsworth.					
"	83,	Line	47,	instead of	as you wish	read	otherwise.
"	92,	"	8,	"	"	Keble	" Laura.
"	106,	"	9,	"	"	decline	" doctrine.
"	108,	"	6th from bottom	your	"	"	you.
"	113,	"	1,	The word "loyal"	omitted before	Kentuckians,	
"	146,	Part of this conversation is misplaced, and should come in on p. 163.					
"	161,	"	21,	instead of	sijits	"	sujets.
"	189,	"	12,	"	"	how	" now.
"	202,	"	22,	"	"	secret	" surest.
"	205,	"	2,	"	"	sealed	" served.
"	222,	"	32,	"	"	dress	" brass.
"	227,	Last line, read "of this age one more."					
"	230,	Line	17,	instead of	of,	read	to.
"	240,	"	17,	"When I sat by Miss Davis at the concert and listened to the variations of Lore-lei."			
"	244,	"	44,	instead of	rode	read	ridden.
"	254,	"	26,	"	"	does it	" do they.
"	278,	"	23,	"	"	hateful	" baleful.
"	293,	"	6,	"	"	her	" church.



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PREFACE.

THIS book, written partly as an outlet to feelings that threatened to overwhelm heart or brain, and partly as a chronicle, is, if I am capable of judging, a true photograph of the Confederate War begun in 1861.

I have since the end of the contest put as far away as possible all thoughts of it that are of a national character; to me, as to thousands, that character has long since merged itself into a personal remembrance. Those dearest to us sacrificed heroic lives for a cause that has perished. Shall we allow them to be forgotten? This literary monument to my Dead will be a memorial to everyone who fell in behalf of the freedom of the South. Our victors will write novels and histories that will condemn them; shall the Dead find no defender? When some grandchildren of Southern politicians hear their ancestors blamed for the doctrines of States' Rights and Secession, they may not be sorry to find their justification in Laura's arguments. Virginia's earnest advocacy of Kentucky but expressed the pain her condemnation by some Southerners caused the writer.

I do not publish this book with any feeling of pleasure, because to be true to the Dead and my own past I must send forth to the world many sentences against the Unionists, among whom are my very dearest friends; yet it is equally true, as far as I can recollect, that I never felt any bitterness against *one of them*.

My resolution to print the book was shaken by a fear that I might reawaken feelings Christians had better bury; but although we are commanded to forgive our enemies, God has not bidden us forget, because the Author of the human mind knew memory was not under the control of the will.

I am truly sorry to leave the strong expressions about our opponents; but to erase them would be to falsify the era I have truly photographed, and the picture would not be true were the scars and the wens effaced. I do not believe even an enemy can charge me with falsifying the history of the years almost as painful in remembrance as in fact. It is well for men to read books in which actions and enactments unnecessarily brutal are held up to detestation; they will be less likely to yield to temptations of demons if placed in positions of power.

When the MSS. were shown to the printer, he thought they would make two volumes; it was necessary to cut them down to one. Sometimes the "said Laura," or "Keble replied" is left out, and so confusion created; this is much to be regretted, but was discovered too late to be remedied. A conversation is sometimes abruptly begun from the same cause. The great difficulty was to cut out about half of what had been in. Before the printer saw the MSS. they had been twice read and weeded. This labour was far greater than that of writing it, for that was done under a high pressure state of feeling that prevented its being felt as a labour.

Many of the extracts from private journals were taken from a diary not written for the public, and are given as the truest photographs of the time. The war must be a part of American history; let historians learn from such records as mine how one side felt.

The three heroines are named after distinguished Southerners; one of the heroes after a Northern Bishop, whose sentiments must have greatly differed from Lieutenant Huntington's; but this name was given as indicative of the fact that though the Church was for a while divided by "military necessity" she was never rent asunder by Secession, because the Northern Church had not outraged the Southern. Another hero is named after the Poet Laureate of the Anglican Church, and the author of "*Sacra Privata*."

When I wrote the book I expected it would be a posthumous publication; but I have learned that whatever we wish to be done after we are dead, we must do or have done while we live. Had I then felt this I should have used fewer names of my contemporaries, and should not have made so much mention of a certain general, whom I had never seen, but who aroused my sympathy because he was more reviled in our newspapers than any other Kentuckian, except, perhaps, Gen. Morgan, whom I was not reluctant always to extol, because he brought into modern warfare much of ancient chivalry.

It is with great diffidence I publish this work—if I can be said to publish a work of which only 100 copies are printed, and the type distributed, and of these 100 copies thirty are for private distribution; the others will probably find their way to street booksellers; but my intention will be accomplished if a few are preserved in Southern colleges. I am like the writer of an ancient manuscript, who expected only two or three of a generation to read that of which it was a mental necessity his brain should be delivered.

LOVE AND WAR.

CHAPTER I.

APRIL 13TH, 1861

"HEIGH-HO! How do so many charming people happen to be together?" shouted, rather than asked, Mr. Myers. It was a very pleasant circle, and seemed harmonious enough before he intruded. The thirteenth of April was one of those favourite afternoons in which people pretend to have fire in the grate, while every door and window is open to woo the capricious loveliness of the oldest of flirts—an early Spring.

Mr. Urston and Miss Minnie Brickenridge seemed sadly at a loss whether a crimson hyacinth or a scarlet pyrus japonica should be put next to a cluster of irises which were the centre of attraction. Laura Buckner, on a stool at Miss Johnston's feet, on whose lap were crossed her pretty hands, appeared unconscious of Minnie and her lovers.

What was to be done with Mr. Myers? Of course, he should have seated himself by the two ladies who had no beau; but as neither gave him a second glance, nor made the first longer than politeness required, he went over to laugh at the bouquet for his rival.

"Why! how did I ever get so many irises together?" asked Minnie, somewhat guiltily.

"I do not care how thick the sweet lips are," said Mr. Urston, "if they will bring me pleasant messages."

"An admirer of thick lips, eh, Mr. Urston? why not choose an Ethiop beauty?" The coarse joke producing silent disgust, Mr. Myers declared he had great news.

"Do tell us what it is!" exclaimed Minnie, but no other curiosity was excited.

"Guess."

"How can I?"

"Try."

"I can't."

"Play twenty questions."

"Well, Laura and Auntie, you must help," said Minnie.

"Help about what?" asked Auntie.

"To play twenty questions."

The two applied to, being ladylike enough to stop a pleasant conversation to do a distasteful thing, the oracle took a chair, and said, "Each one in turn."

"Does your news belong to the animal kingdom?"

"Yes; if you class yourself with ourang-outangs on the one hand and Parisees on the other."

"Have we any personal interest therein?"

"That depends upon whether you are a politician."

"Is it a national event?" asked Laura.

"Not unless the 'baying of dogs at the moon' may be so considered."

"Will it do anybody any good?" asked Miss Johnston.

"If it prove to be of any consequence it will benefit persons without consciences, and with long heads who will make fortunes."

"How?"

"By frightening the people."

"Have I any interest in the matter?"

"You may have, Miss Laura, if you are fond of brass buttons."

"Quite the contrary."

At Mr. Myers' last remark, Miss Johnston looked up eagerly, and as soon as Laura had answered him, said,—

"Pray tell us immediately if there is any news from South Carolina?"

"The fire-eaters have taken Fort Sumter."

"Hurrah!" Minnie sprang up and clapped her hands; Urston rose and planted his feet firmly as he compressed his lips; Laura, whom her most intimate friend had never seen shed a tear, buried her face in Miss Johnston's lap, trembling in every nerve. Aunt Emily's face flushed, and she said, more sternly than Minnie had ever heard her—

"Minnie, child! Are you crazy? Do you know what you are rejoicing over? The destruction of our Republic, the sacrifice of thousands of lives, the loss of hundreds of immortal souls, widows and orphans' tears, beggary, universal anarchy and ultimate ruin."

Laura lifted her head.

"Oh no! Miss Johnston. Our noble government will never force her children to submit to her tender rule. South Carolina is not worthy of her parentage; so let her go."

"It is only a little bluster," said Myers, the only one not deeply moved.

"Such language as that would make cowards brave."

"The Yankees are too cute to war about the thing," answered Myers.

"I don't know," responded Urston; "men whose brains are in their pockets are never to be trusted."

"You are very unjust!" exclaimed Laura, who never could in silence hear an unjust accusation.

"Time will decide between us, Miss Buckner; I was educated in the North."

"And I have many dear friends there, and go East every summer. I don't think the Southerners ever did the Northerners justice. I used to have a prejudice against all I classed as Yankees; but I was willing to acknowledge my mistake and injustice as soon as I found them out."

"Neither North nor South has done justice to its opponent; for neither appreciates the other; probably this war will teach both a lesson."

"Why will you talk about a war, Auntie? The Yankees won't fight," said Minnie.

"There are other people besides Yankees in the North; and if it is for the interest of the New Englanders to retain all the Southern States, they will try to the bitter end," said Urston.

"It is a great pity that Colonel Hayne was informed that Fort Sumter could be neither sold nor evacuated."

"Who is Colonel Hayne?" asked Laura.

"A Commissioner from South Carolina."

"South Carolina is always too excitable on the slavery question," said Myers.

"Not too easily," responded Urston, "she has cause to be suspicious. Only last February the House of Representatives decided that Congress has no right to interfere with slavery in the States—(Yeas 161; nays 0)—and Lincoln assured the Kentuckians that his administration would treat all the States as brothers."

"The opinion of one man, even if that man be president, is of small importance except to his own reputation."

"But if his Cabinet agree with him?"

"It has a right to its opinions; but Congress governs this country," replied Myers.

"In time of peace."

"You provoke me, Urston; we might suppose from your language that Lincoln was Napoleon, Americans Frenchmen, the Cabinet a Star Chamber, and the Congress a Long Parliament."

"I tell you, South Carolina has done right; let every Southern sister join her and we are safe."

"Safe from what?"

"Oppression."

Myers' laugh was echoed by Minnie's, and even Miss Johnston looked amused.

Laura curled her lips, and said, "Do you fancy we are in Austria?"

"No; but let the Yankees once establish their inferno-religious government, and we are gone; you can't fight Puritans with words. You said, Mr. Myers, that the House refused to interfere with slavery in the States; you forgot to mention that the Senate has rejected Crittenden's proposition; so let the fifteen Southern States reject the Senate. Governor Magoffin has given voice to the indignation of Kentucky, and everybody knows she will furnish neither men nor money."

"Then the Governor seems inclined to condemn some Southern States. At least one-third of the fifteen States have openly opposed secession while another third has been bullied or cheated into it. Why should Kentucky drench her soil in blood to please five States, who never cared enough for her opinion to ask it, for her acquiescence to seek it?"

CHAPTER II.

"LAURA, what a riddle you are," exclaimed Minnie, to her confidante.

"Why can't you love somebody?"

"I love a good many."

"Pshaw! I mean, why don't you love some of the men?"

"I don't know many, and the few I do know happen to be already mated; at least, yoked."

"Don't know many men! There's Thornton; how handsome he is!"

"Is he?"

"Are you blind?"

"I can't see a man through a layer of self-conceit and a visor of brass."

"Well, Millard?"

"I have no fancy for school boys."

"Why, he's the most intelligent young man I know."

"I like to find out for myself how much capacity a man has; if he has to inform me by telling me how many books he has read, the zest of discovery is lost."

"I defy you to abuse Mr. Stark."

"A challenge I'll never accept in regard to any gentleman."

"Why don't you take him? he has been courting you long enough."

"Where did you obtain your information?"

"From observation. Now, Laura, be amiable about answering my questions—just for once—what objection have you to him?"

"He is not sufficiently inquisitive after truth, nor self-reliant enough. But it is my turn to ask a question. I am out of patience with you. How can you flirt so with Mr. Myers?"

"How can I help it? I can't be rude,"

"You prefer being barbarous."

"How?"

"You think slow torture is preferable to a quick End—pardon me—an easy death."

"Laura, you are unkind."

"I know he loves you as well as he, or, perhaps, most lovers, can, for people are generally in such a hurry to marry that they see the right persons afterwards."

"I meant you were unkind to upbraid me. How can I hurt his feelings?"

"Do you remember when we were children, and Tommie Black tore off the wings of a butterfly?"

"Yes; I cried and snatched it from him, and held it to my bosom; but you said it was cruel to let it suffer, and took it from me and put it under your foot; but I saw you shudder, though you made out you didn't."

"Treat Myers as summarily."

"Indeed I do not flirt, except a very little, for fun."

"If you flirted from any cause but weakness, you would be no friend of mine."

"It grieves me to see such affection lavished upon me; it should be treasured as a miser hoards his gold. I have not courage enough to repulse a man. You can cool a man off as if he had entered an ice-house. I have'n't the slightest idea how you do it."

"And pet, I hope you never will have."

"That's strange."

"Trees may be very well satisfied with their own height, but they wouldn't like to lose the flowers by having them assume their dignity."

"I am selfish; that is the reason I can't give pain."

"Would that I were one-tenth as unselfish."

"You may have my most devoted. 'Tis true, I believe, I like him rather the best; but there are half-a-dozen others will suit me as well. Don't curl your lips."

"Minnie, how can you so desecrate the idea of love?"

"What is love, Lady Wiseacre?"

"If I tell you, will you believe me?"

"If it agrees with Auntie's definition."

"I will tell you, for you grieve me. Sit down here, sweet." She drew her down on her lap with the air a mother assumes towards a wayward pet child.

"Love cannot be defined any more than such words as God and Eternity."

"God is love," Minnie's voice lowered, as it always did when she quoted Scripture.

"And love is eternity."

"What?"

"How shall I tell you what I want you to understand. Do you remember when we at Niagara, stood side by side on the bridge which leads to Prospect Tower?"

"And you forgot people could see you, and pressed me to you so violently that I cried out."

"I did it to prevent myself from leaping into the glorious cataract; I felt that I was the soul of the grand Niagara, and all my life had wandered without a body, and there it was before me. It seemed that if I could but give myself to it I should never have another longing. To me life and death, heaven and hell were nothing. Only God and I were in the universe. I felt Him; I was certain that could I but embody myself in Niagara I should be with Him 'face to face.' I felt that one leap into that river—the Jordan of my pilgrimage—and I should be pure for ever more. Do you think anything impure or unholy could become one with Niagara?"

"Oh' now I know what you mean by all your pretty sayings. Auntie has told me that none can love perfectly unless they are holy; you mean Niagara is like love. Auntie said she did not believe you would become a Christian

until you knew a great joy or a great grief."

"A great joy—that seems strange."

"Oh no! It's when I'm happiest out in the fields or woods by myself, kissing the flowers and singing to the birds, that I love God most."

"I have known too much joy; I feel that my character grows weak. I want to know a great sorrow and be humbled."

"You frighten me. Hush, Laura, hush!"

"Do I, Birdie? Then I'm done."

"But you haven't told me what love is."

"It is like Niagara; it engulphs everything, it loses nothing."

"Niagara runs into the ocean."

"And mingles with it as will love with eternity."

"Will you ever love?"

"When I forget myself."

"Like Auntie, again; she says I have never loved because I never think of anything but my own fun."

"That isn't exactly true."

"Yes, it is; because Auntie says it; but I didn't know it before."

"I did not mean what your Auntie did. I meant I would never be so foolish as to give myself up to the absurd exhibition of namby-pamby sentiment that you call love. I am too proud to tolerate absurdity, even in my suitors."

"Oh! wouldn't it be fun to see you in love! But will you be an old maid?"

"Assuredly. I honour a woman who respects her individuality, more than a ridiculous notion of silly people."

"What sort of a wonderful man could you fall in love with?"

"With one whose brow is always bathed in the clouds of heaven and whose feet never stumble on the earth."

"Pity you did not know Jim Porter. But, I believe he was only seven feet. Cousin Tom said he would try to catch you, but you are so grand and strong-looking that only a strong, large man could hold you."

Laura's face was scornful indeed as she replied, "I shall despise your cousin for that speech, as if I were a wild creature to be run down by a beast! I hate big men; they seem so like animals. If I could find a man 'all soul' I'd marry him. He could control me by the power of love in his eyes, though no one could by brute strength. I like little men like Wellington and Napoleon, and a host of 'little giants,' whose force was not in their muscle, but in their brains."

"Wouldn't you make a fine show with some little fellow you could take under your arm and carry over a mud hole?"

"I shall not select a husband, as, judging from their talk, some foolish girls would, for the effect he and I should make in a promenade; we shall not exhibit ourselves as a spectacle for a gaping crowd, even on our wedding night; but angels may look down and en—bah!"

Minnie threw her arms around her friend's neck and exclaimed—

"Oh, Laura, you do delight me! After all your lectures about my romance, you have written out one on your heart that angels may like to read. Good! oh, the fortunate coming man! I wish the dear little specimen of spirituality would come."

"Don't be ridiculous because I was. I only meant to express my contempt for women who would value a man according to the number of cubic inches of air the animal could displace, and would let a man with a grand soul and a capacious brain pass unheeded because he was little."

"Yes, dear." But Minnie's eyes were luminous with amusement. After all, her grand friend who lectured her—was more romantic than she.

"But, Laura, what did you mean by saying you wanted a man with his head in the clouds? do you like dreamers?"

"Not for husbands; what I meant was, that my beloved must have practical sense, and yet be sublime in spirit; he must know how to support me, and yet not think over much of what selfish men call interests; he must be afraid to flatter me, or to speak aloud in church."

"That is a profane combination of ideas."

"He must honour woman and reverence God, and yet he must never ask what any man thinks of his actions; if he thinks it right he must even tear out my heart and put his feet upon it."

"And meanwhile what would you be doing in your newly-assumed, and, I fear, ill-fitting character of victim?"

"Crucifying his very soul. The man who could sink so low as to try to wound any loving heart I should ridicule as a zany: the man whom I mean would love, almost idolatrously, not quite; for he who loves me must love the right still more."

"Well, there's Sam Wright; I bet he loves the right more than anything in the world."

"I believe I'd rather marry a street-sweeper than a selfish man."

"Oh my! Prospère is selfish."

"Set your dress on fire; but never marry a selfish man."

"I like company, and who'll keep me company when I'm old?"

"Flowers, and birds, and pictures, and the clouds."

"All very charming, when I've somebody to think it very charming in me to appreciate them."

"A libel! Your whole soul lives in nature."

"The natural consequence of which is my desire to be natural and love some man, as all the other girls do—except you; and I don't believe you love anybody except Coleridge, and Kant, and Shakespeare, and all such tiresome fellows. You can afford to be an old maid; you can read for ever, and never care whether anybody knows you open a book."

"I like to talk about books, as I do of any other friends, but I don't care to talk about either with indifferent people."

"Mr. Millard loves to talk about books."

"Not because he loves them; but to show himself off and please me; a cyclopædia is a very valuable institution; but it should stand submissively on the shelf until it is sought for, and not try to be lifting its ponderous self into the place of poets and philosophers."

"Laura, don't you want a walk? I'm getting sleepy."

"I have finished my sermon; now you may preach yours, and I'll promise to profit most by the instruction given."

"I preach? a good joke that."

"You do always, pet, as soon as you forget the beaux and such trash, and put on your surplice."

"What?"

"Your long white sun-bonnet."

CHAPTER III.

APRIL 26TH, 1861.

"Mr. Buckner, what do you think my old state will do?" asked Miss Johnston.

"Undoubtedly, the Virginia of 1861 will show the spirit of the Virginia of 1773. Do you remember that the Virginians were preparing to entertain Lady Dunmore, that a ball in her honour was to be given in Williamsburg when the Boston Post Bill was read in the House of Burgesses; and the noble southern hearts forgot their festivities, disregarded their loyalty, and knew no other business but the effort to intercede for their brethren of Massachusetts; not

only was a protest entered on their journal, but a day of fasting and prayer was appointed."

"Was this only because the liberties of Massachusetts were invaded?"

"Certainly not. Long before Washington and Mason had set the example of abstaining from all taxed articles; but as all taxes except the one on tea had then been repealed, the Virginians were having a gay enough time, until this heavy blow was struck at Massachusetts."

"Do you believe slavery to be the cause of the Rebellion?"

"One of the causes, in the same sense that wealth is the cause of dishonesty. I think the Fugitive Slave Law was the steel, the Personal Liberty Bills the flint, and Puritanism the tinder that ignited the Union."

"I never liked the Fugitive Slave Law."

"I don't wonder at that. As an individual, I never would return a slave to a probably harsh master; but, as a citizen, I never should oppose an officer in the discharge of his duty, which is, to carry out every statute of his Government. The first authorised violation of the Constitution was the passage of Personal Liberty Bills."

"But how can you object to this, as you are a States Rights man?"

"I shall not complain of some States exercising their rights therein, if they will allow others an equal exercise of theirs. But if one State can refuse to obey one article of the Constitution, or one decree of the Supreme Court, another can reject all."

"There is one good argument I am surprised never to have seen used. When Virginia gratuitously ceded to the United States the tract of land lying between the Ohio and Mississippi to be free States, she received a pledge inserted in the Ordinance that fugitive slaves should be delivered up."

"I thought Virginia ceded the land gratuitously?"

"She did, for, as this clause was only copied from the old Constitution, she had possessed the guarantee before. But as it was again pledged to her when she gave the land, if the North had been honest she would have paid Virginia for that tract before she passed the Personal Liberty Bills. Kentucky lost an immense deal by the Abolitionists. I will read you what Dr. Robert Breckenridge says: 'Along the border common to Ohio and Kentucky, slaves have been systematically enticed from their owners by organised societies; the number can hardly be set lower than a yearly average of ten thousand slaves—worth little short of ten millions of dollars—for some years past. Although large sums of money are contributed by fanatics throughout the North, yet the immediate agents of the work make it very profitable. A few years ago in Kentucky, between fifty and sixty negro men were attempted to be run off at one time. The fee of the white organiser varied according to the success of the negroes in stealing, from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars each.'"

CHAPTER IV.

"My darling, may I reason with you?"

"If you can make me hear reason, Auntie."

"May I ask why you have encouraged Mr. Myers?"

"I fancy I began to because he was a beau who would pay."

"Pay! Rather queer expression so applied."

"Yes; I dare say you think all of us queer; but give me a man who can polka and flirt, quote a poem and sing, and above all, take a girl to any place of amusement that's the vogue, and bring a hack for her, too."

"A man who can honestly bring a hack, does well to do it; but many young men who do it are no better than thieves; one steals a dress from a sister, who

never has an extra one; another robs his father of the power of paying his grocer's bill; another defrauds a poor widow of a meal, or—"

"Bah!" exclaimed Minnie, laughing to hide her impatience; "no more sermon to-day, preacher Auntie."

The old maid turned upward for an instant eyes in which tears often trembled, but from which the children of the family testified none ever fell.

"Do I preach? Am I becoming tiresome? Oh! that God would lay me to rest ere I fall into querulous ways."

"You querulous! Never, Auntie! Come, listen to my secret, and scold me whenever you please; you know I like novelties, as I inform you daily; and who but you presumes to scold me? Now, for my secret. I'm engaged—guess to whom. Why don't you try?"

"I don't want to be sarcastic."

"How?"

"I am not aware of a greater sarcasm I could be guilty of than were I to confess that well as I know you and your affairs, I had never been able to read the secret."

"What a queer notion! and in an old maid, too!"

"It is strange now-a-days to be candid; and I suppose it was in my day"—here an involuntary sigh and a slight quiver of the lip caused her to hesitate an instant—"But truth is my cardinal virtue; your conduct has told so many falsehoods that—"

"I can't hear such an accusation even from my god-mother."

"Then listen to it when your conscience speaks."

"Tut!"

"It is not 'tut' to poor Prospère. Has God given you a right to trifle as long as suits you with one of His creatures, rendering him—as far as in you lies—incapable of due attention to the duties of his station?"

"My *fiancé* will be gratified when he hears your opinion of my choice."

"Prospère! It is not possible that you will—"

"The very man whom—"

"He is not a man," added Emily Johnston, in a very calm tone, remembering that sarcasm was always the most effective weapon against her thoughtless god-child, a weapon she never used when any other would do. "Blumenbach's description of a man is 'Erect, two-handed, unarmed, rational, endowed with speech; a prominent chin, etc. Does your beau answer to this standard? Let's see: 'Erect! no; he carries his head tucked in as though his chin were cold; he never looks one straight in the eye; he always appears conscious of something that needs concealment. Two-handed; they say he is 'double-fisted.' Unarmed? no; always with a revolver in his pocket; pooh! that man is a coward; brave men are not so dependent on steel or iron; they have nerve, and ought to have muscle; there might be some excuse in a woman or a child carrying firearms if there were no higher standard than man's idea of right. Minnie, marry a man brave enough to take care of you, not one who needs a pistol to protect himself; moreover, he is breaking a law of the Commonwealth, and a man who can't keep the laws himself, surely is not fit to rear children—unless for the gallows. Rational? Is he? Oh, of course; it is rational to do nothing but dance attendance on women, let his father support him like a minor while he smokes and reads a novel, but not if it happens to be a religious one. 'Endowed with speech.' I may not know what 'speech' means; but if parrots possess it, so does he; when an institution is endowed we expect the endowment to be made use of and increased in value; did he ever give you a new idea or a noble impulse? Hoot! toot! Think of being tied to such a man! A prominent chin! Between the goatee, stiff standing collar, and artistically-tied cravat, it is insignificant."

Minnie had in high disdain walked into her room, adjoining her god-mother's, and pushed to the door ere Auntie had half finished her anatomising of Prospère; but the old lady knew the door was not closed too tightly for her words to enter, and the writhing of the maiden's lips had told more plainly than

words of argument, anger, or reproach could have done, how deeply the sarcasm cut. Minnie, beautiful as a fairy (for she was of a minute pattern), and of a pleasure-loving nature, had been allowed to have her own way until no one but Aunt Emily could have guessed what that way was. Aunt Emily knew; for often with bitter anguish had she watched the numerous vagaries, the wilfulness, and thoughtlessness of one who was the idol of her life. Aunt Emily knew that Minnie's way was to have as much pleasure as was compatible with an easily pacified conscience. And this was the child she had promised should serve God? Not in her own strength had that promise been made; thinking of Colonel and Mrs. Brickenridge, she had felt keenly what would probably be the contradictory character inherited by their first-born, and she had made her vows, remembering that the condition always was "with God's help." Colonel Brickenridge, formerly an officer in the United States army, was seldom at home, and his influence over Minnie, even when present, was generally of a negative character; men looked up to him; his daughter loved him with a fond and doating love that was idolatry; and yet she never sought sympathy from him; he could not care for her flirtations any more than he had done for her dolls, and so Minnie's only rule of conduct, as regarded him, was never to commit any overt act that could draw out his rarely-manifested displeasure; or by any very improper speech provoke a sarcasm. Mrs. Brickenridge had more than her hands full; for she was one of those good-natured people who are always in a stew, and though never worried herself, always worrying other people; no economy of time or words ever allowed her to leave her household cares long enough to find out anything about Minnie's beaux, and as for her daily life, her wilfulness set poor Mrs. Brickenridge, as she herself declared, "quite distracted," and she was glad enough to let her do as she pleased. And this is Minnie Brickenridge, the young heiress, the high-born beauty that young girls envy and young men declare they would die for. This last sentiment had been boldly affirmed more than once, in answer to a kind glance from the capricious beauty; it was extravagant, but she liked extravagant people and extravagant things, and protested that the reason she adored Auntie was because she was so extravagantly good. Minnie's intellectual education had been carefully tended, and at eighteen the reputation of having been the smartest girl in the school would have ruined her prospects as a belle, had she not by her giddiness and excess of frivolity convinced her beaux that this reputation was as fabulous as the old story of Pluto and Proserpine. Poor Auntie! After the conversation recorded, she went to the window and looked up to see if in the cloud-racked sky there was one glimpse of heavenly light; but she saw no blue revealing of a Love that never slept, and in vain did her eyes seek a star that might guide her ruffled thoughts to the Star of Bethlehem. No hope was painted on the clouds, and with a childishness too beautiful to be called weak she asked God to comfort her by a text; she opened her Bible (where it was most likely to open) and her eye read, "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him;" "Wait patiently—wait patiently," she murmured; "might not my years have taught me patience? Lord, I will wait and will try to do it patiently, because it is for Thee I wait. I have proved that I can do nothing; now I wait for Thee." The sad eye grew lighter, for though no one's eye perceived a change, the clouds parted, and an angel entered while she prayed. "Auntie," said a low voice, "are you asleep? May I come in?" "Aye, do, my child," was said without rising, and the god-daughter was drawn to the loving heart, and when the second prayer was ended and Auntie rose, the maiden still knelt; then a burst of tears came and she buried the golden curls in the black gown of the mourner; "Oh! Auntie, Auntie, forgive me! I wouldn't let anybody else talk to me so; but you may say just what you please."

"May? nay darling, I must; provided I please to say what I know it to be my duty to say. Of course I forgive you."

"Have you never wished that you were not my sponsor?"

"I have sometimes felt that if I had refused the office, Mrs. Gray would have been asked, and might have had more influence over you."

"Mrs. Gray! More influence over me! no indeed! I like you best."

"Why? Mrs. Gray is so much more loving and winning. I am so brusque."

"You may say that; but when Pros—when somebody else said it—I got so angry, that I told him one more word of disrespect about you, and he never entered my house again. Why! Do you know, the young people say that I am an enchanted maiden, and that you use unlawful arts to keep me from doing the things I most want to do? I see your incredulous smile. I don't expect you to believe that you have ever done me any good, because you can't see how many times I wanted to do things that I absolutely did not dare to do."

"Thank God! I little thought how the fear of Him—"

"Don't think me profane; but I must tell the truth; you and everybody know that is my only good characteristic; it isn't always fear of God that keeps me from doing naughty things; but sometimes fear of having you say in a tone from which I know there is no appeal—'That was not right.' Your eternal harping on right is a great nuisance; I wish you would forget your ugly habit—but if you won't, why all is, I have to yield. Now, do you think I should succumb to Mrs. Gray? Not I! instead of dashing like a female Hector, or a certain auntie, into the heart of the subject, and saying in bold tones, 'That is wrong,' she would always be contriving some way to keep from hurting my feelings when she had to reprove me."

"And do you think me regardless of your feelings?"

"Not I. If I did I wouldn't let you speak to me except to say good-morning or good-night; but there is in you such an ever-living sense of right (I wish I could find some other word to express what I mean), that when it is outraged, even your delicate sensibilities shrink into numbness, and you pounce on wrong and hurl it aside with the disdain of a queen."

"With disdain! God forgive me if I show that to the sins of others, when I ought to reserve it for my own."

"Reserve it!—but that is what you can't do; you are not conscious of it. Do you know, that when I think of meeting God at the Day of Judgment, I do not expect to see an angry God; but I dread to see the Omnipotent manifestation of a disdain like yours for all my voluntary commissions of what I knew to be wrong. You are not as pretty as I; and though very intellectual, I could by the time I reached your age be as smart as you; I am better off in the world's goods; everybody bows to me and few people notice you—but that's your own fault; you won't let them; and yet I worship you. Don't shake your head and say I am talking—I do worship you. Why do I put you above all women and all men? It is because in you I see a constancy that nothing can shake."

"Not now, not now; do not speak of him now."

"I was not thinking of him," answered the young girl, lowering her voice and pressing the long thin hand to her rosy lips; "I meant you are so loyal to what you believe right, that even my self-conceit acknowledges you a superior being. Do you think that if I saw a man suffer himself to be pulled limb from limb because he would not tell a lie about a matter of indifference, I should not worship him? Yes; even if the truth he maintained was that I was unworthy of love or respect, I would worship him. Now, do you suppose I think one-half of the things you pronounce wrong are wrong? Not a bit of it. Do you imagine I believe Apostolic Succession and such 'old wives fables' to have one grain of sense or truth in them? Not I. Don't scold me—I don't often talk this way; let me say all that my heart is so full of to-night. But I do know that you believe to be wrong whatever you pronounce so; and I do know that you hold conscientiously whatever you say is true. Sometimes I have wearied of your power over me, and the Devil is tired enough of it; he knows who it is forever interfering with his schemes—and I have listened, watched earnestly, to hear you recede from some point you imagined proved, in order to conciliate an opponent, or to ward off the charge of bigotry. I never saw you flinch; but I have seen you almost crush these long fingers, when you have borne with a calm face some charge of uncharitableness, made by some charitable

christian; and then you have come up to this little room, to mend some worn garment that charitable christian would have put in the rag-bag, if you hadn't asked for it; then I have seen first one tear and then another fall on the soiled garment, until it seemed sweet and pure enough for an angel to wear."

"Indeed, my child, I can't allow these rhapsodies; you'll be ashamed of them to-morrow."

"Of course I shall. But while I am in a softened mood, you shall see that your quiet suffering has not been unobserved. I know you'll never let another tear fall until you have locked the door; but you needn't put wadding in the key-hole to keep me from peeping—you are the only angel I ever expect to see shed a tear. That's right. Smile! hear me talking about a thing being right! Is there no other word I can substitute for that intolerable pest, that harpy of uneasy consciences?"

"True will do as well; nothing is right that is not true; at least, truth and right come from God in parallel rays." Before the sentence was finished the good-night kiss was given.

Fearing she might commit herself to another confession—that she sometimes longed to be like Auntie—steadfast in the right, the giddy girl shut the door, and throwing aside her rose-coloured dressing-gown, lay down to read a novel. The room was gorgeously furnished; for Minnie's fortune came from an aunt for whom she was named. Emily Johnston's chamber was plain; but over the mantelpiece was a picture of the Saviour on the cross; life seemed to be extinct in that late-suffering Body; the laxity of muscles and calmness of expression said plainer than words—"It is finished;" and to the heart of Emily Johnston it often said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." At the foot of the cross was the Blessed Virgin—not as she is usually represented, wholly absorbed in grief; she had lived too long with her holy Son for that. A child, bearing a strong likeness to the thief on the right hand, was in the deepest agony, and Mary had folded him to her bosom, and was caressing him and pouring words of consolation in his ear; the Apostle John leaned over her, his face beaming with intense admiration for this self-abnegation. Over the bedstead was a cross of Autumn leaves, bearing a crown of thorns; beyond this was a little oil-print—a pilgrim, habited in ragged grey garments and worn to a skeleton, was stretching out his emaciated hand to help a strong man mount the hill on the top of which he stood; all immediately around the figures was very dark; but above the stratum of clouds a Hand was held out, and a golden crown gave a brilliant light; the crown was over the old man's head. Miss Johnston's nature was ever fresh, like a fountain that has flowed long years and yet is fresh every morn; the cause of either's freshness is that both rise upwards and shine in the sunlight of God's smile, leaving on the lower earth what makes most natures turbid, and men old.

CHAPTER V.

"KENTUCKY is virtually out of the Union. You laugh—I wish you would travel about as I have done, and sound the public temper; but there are too many Yankees about these parts for us to show our cards yet."

"There are an old lynx and an old skunk in this town who will play the deuce yet, Urston."

"Absurd for Mr. Buckner to fear such fellows."

"Demagogues, and not statesmen, too often rule republics. Ah! my young gentleman, you may change your tune when caught in a trap."

"You forget it is my party that set the trap."

"To catch Yankees! Ha! Ha!

"Don't give any more warnings about Yankee 'cuteness; why the fellows haven't an idea that Neutrality means Secession."

"The skunk will frighten all decent people away from the helm of our State Government, while the weasel sucks out Kentucky's life-blood; the crow will devour the carcass, while the jackall stands sentinel."

"If you believe this, why don't you cry 'Fire'?"

"Because I can't make one of you believe that you are not fooling all creation, Jeff Davis and his and your privy councils excepted."

"I communicated your suspicions of foul play to some of the gentlemen at the Mayfield Convention."

"All of whom laughed, forgetting that if it had not been for a goose, Rome would have fallen before she did."

"Some were amazed; some did laugh."

"Some brayed. I doubt if we shall be allowed to maintain our neutrality. I don't like the source of that policy," said Mr. Buckner.

"It came from Southerners," replied Mr. Urston.

"So most think; but Speed says, 'We proposed the position for Kentucky.' I'd rather trust to guns than Resolutions, even when they are signed by such names of honour as belong to some of the men of the Union Central Committee; some persons are too upright to be suspicious."

"But the Legislature resolved that whenever the Northern States send armed forces to the South for the purpose indicated in said resolutions, the people of Kentucky, uniting with their brethren of the South, will, as one man, resist such invasion of the soil of the South at all hazards and to the last extremity. That was the opinion of the lower House of the Legislature, seventy-eight men—a majority of them Union men—against six."

"Which of the Southern parties do you represent?"

"That which understands and will carry out the will of the Confederate Government. The Yankees think they are gulling us, while we are laughing at them in our sleeves."

"I am afraid you never will laugh in the face of the world," said Mr. Buckner.

"As soon as President Davis cries, 'Hey! Presto! Six commissioners were sent to Richmond to ask for men and money, to help to equip Kentucky troops. The answer was, neither could be granted and we must remain neutral. He says he has more territory than he can defend at present. The people of the South look to us for provisions. Shall we starve them to feast our squeamishness? Some of the Southern Rights Men in Mayfield expressed your repugnance to neutrality, but a clever old gentleman succeeded in convincing them that the neutrality of Kentucky was worth 200,000,000dols. to the Confederacy."

"Yet you must be right, or we should have received a protest from the Southern Cabinet or Congress. As for the secret mission to Richmond, the Yankees of this community know all about it, and if they play mum it will be because they're afraid of contagion. I don't think they'll open the box that Pandora bequeathed to Kentucky."

"But you think we will, not doubting it is filled with sweet spices."

"It will be put beyond your reach for ever, unless Davis sends an army to help you regain it."

"Rely upon it, that if his counsel leads us into temporary disgrace he will be the *chevalier sans reproche* to rescue us; and his paladins will not be far behind."

"If the Southern States had wanted the Border ones to join, they would have asked them."

"At the Mayfield Convention it was resolved:—'That we most heartily approve the refusal of our gallant Governor to aid an abolition government in its unholy war, and in vindication thereof, and in defiance of Lincoln, Kentucky pledges her own proud valour, inspired by all her holy hopes and

memories ; that her imminent peril demands immediate action in thoroughly arming and equipping the State against our Northern enemies, and that a common destiny demands speedy Confederate action.”

“How far are you justified in countenancing such sentiments? Were not you one of the assembly in the Court House that on the 8th of January applauded the Convention which passed the resolutions inaugurating neutrality?”

“Yes; and this resolution justifies me: ‘Resolved—That we deplore the existence of a Union to be held together by the sword, with laws to be enforced by standing armies. It is not such a Union as our fathers intended, and not worth preserving.’ There are several parties here, you represent the largest; believing that the majority is for neutrality, you are a consistent States Rights’ man, and acquiesce. Stark represents another set of noble, unsuspecting fellows, who never think of the absurdity of Kentucky’s maintaining a position compared to which South Carolina’s is humbly itself; she does deign to ask the co-operation of some States. Stark really believes that Lincoln will never presume to send his hirelings here; but will allow her votes to decide our position.”

“Nobody expects us to vote ourselves into Yankee-land.”

“I suppose not; albeit, a few talk so. Myers represent another party, Yankee at heart, blindfolding Kentucky, thinking to lead her whither it wills.”

“Kentucky will hang yet and her self-conceit will furnish the rope. We cheat Yankees!—ha! ha! ha!”

CHAPTER VI.

“THIS consciousness I have,” said Laura Buckner, “I have never uttered one disloyal sentence; I have never said a word to inflame sectional feeling. I have defended Lincoln and his party as far as truth would allow.

“Lincoln is no gentleman,” was her father’s reply; “for he is guilty of double-dealing. Some were indignant at what they chose to consider the suspicions of those who denounced his Inaugural as false, and him as a hypocrite; now he has justified all his worst enemies said!”

“But the South began the war.”

“Of course; a burglar disturbs a man’s rest; he does not intend to do any harm to the man—not he! He’ll merely take possession of that pistol for fear it may be used against him. The aroused man springs up, is first to seize the weapon and fire; so the burglar is not the aggressor—of course not!”

“But,” said Laura, “to make the parallel more complete, suppose that the burglar had once been the guardian of the man, who had made his fortune by robbing him, and he enters his house stealthily by night only to take possession of his own, for, as I am sorry to confess, our Government did not act openly with South Carolina.”

“But your supposition would not justify the burglars; if there is any law, let him appeal. I suppose the United States are not prepared to announce to the world that they have no law. General Anderson’s spiking the cannon of Fort Moutrie, and strengthening Fort Sumter were the most amicable of prognostics. Who could say that meant war? People need strong fortifications in days of peace.”

“It did not require prophetic wisdom to enable the States to seize the forts whose guns otherwise would be turned against them. And as for the fleet sent to Charlestown, that was a *gage d’amitie*, as one vessel could not carry enough provisions for the ravenous men of the fort. If one schoolboy kicks at another and

gets tripped up, the one who trips is the aggressor."

"By-the-bye, I saw a man in 'United States' uniform to-day, who told me he had enlisted to fight in defence of our neutrality; I laughed at him, but sorrowfully, for I never saw a dupe more in earnest. He said many of his friends had enlisted as he had, to keep the Yankees from going South to fight. What will he do when the hour of trial comes? Throw a noose over his head by deserting? or feel he is bound to fight for the United States that pays him? Or will the Yankee jugglers induce him to believe that the South first violated our neutral position?"

"And how do you know it will not do so?"

"Because it is not for its interests to disturb it."

Miss Johnston was spending a few days with Laura, and had sat quietly sewing, listening to the conversation. Now she spoke—

"We have grievously sinned, and we must receive chastisement—"Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" is the language of the American Genius."

"I hate pride and God does. Self-conceit, whether national or individual, is always vulgar to me, as implying a want of delicacy of sentiment. But I don't suppose God will punish all for the sins of a few," said Laura.

"And who in this land has not more or less of these feelings? Before this war is over each may find wherein his or her pride consists, and be humbled. Years ago I thought that the United States would be punished for their intense self-conceit, complacency, and arrogance. Self-will is probably our national characteristic. The Yankees have enough Puritanic seasoning to conceive it their duty, i.e., their interests, to keep their neighbour's pockets and consciences, and the Southerners are hot and rash."

"The North is a growling bear, the South a roaring lion——"

"A whelp overgrown, I dare say, of the British Lion! But what are the Border States?"

"The Northern ones cubs of the bear, having its instincts, but not its development of passions; the Southern ones, the young of the lion, with its roar, but not yet possessed of its strong claws."

"Sadly I say, 'let the South go.' After a child is of full age a parent should not compel him to live with him."

"If you mean to call the South the child of the North, you are guilty of an anachronism. The South was born in 1608; the North in 1620."

"And the United States in 1776."

"Mr. Buckner, I have just read a letter from Mrs. Lee, the wife of General R. E. Lee; one more touching I never saw—not one word of denunciation, not a thought of bitterness, but the spirit of a suffering Christian and heroic wife and mother. Her husband and all her sons in the army, she can look forward to seeing them all sacrificed, and yet exclaim, 'God's will be done.'"

"You forget you are speaking of a Rebel. I am surprised at your enthusiasm for the wife of the man who will do the Union more harm than any one else in the South," smilingly answered Mr. Buckner.

"And I am hurt that you should be surprised at my feeling admiration for the noble traits of my enemies."

"But if you consider it your duty to uphold the Union, how can you call a Christian the man who is doing his utmost to overthrow it?"

"Because he is one. When in the Mexican war, General Scott and his troops were hemmed in by the foe, and their lives depended upon discovering a secret path to a city, he asked who would dare the perilous feat, on a dark, stormy night. The venturesome man would have to climb a mountain dangerous with pits and steep declivities. Lee at once volunteered. Scott was unwilling to have so precious a life perilled; but Lee went. The path was discovered. Next day, guiding the army up the mountain-pass, Lee shuddered at his many hair-breadth escapes of the previous night, and felt that his wife's and mother's prayers had saved him. Too noble to feel an obligation without acknowledging it, as soon as he returned to the States, he was confirmed."

"I am struck with one thing which might help conciliate you, Miss Johnston;

the majority of the noble men who have attained most renown in the Confederacy are Churchmen."

"This, I admit, argues well for her conservatism. It is easy to perceive more of this virtue in the South than in the North, after you have deduced the first and greatest principle of the War Secession."

"When Scott learned of Lee's decision to go with the South, he is reported to have wept and said, 'I should rather have lost half my army; he saved my life.' And before Lee decided, I heard it said, that at a public dinner Scott had declared 'that if civil war arose in America, it would be well for the United States Government to retain his services at half a million.'"

"When General Lee was called upon to decide whether he should accept a high offer of the United States, he shut himself up for four days for consideration and earnest prayer; this was also a season of fasting. On the fifth day he came to breakfast with a bright countenance; his family felt the decision was made. 'Mary,' he said to his wife, 'my mind is made up. Henceforth, I join my fortunes with the South.' " (a)

"This determination must have been gratifying to his wife, the only daughter of Washington's adopted son, who could not have been pleased to have seen her husband fighting to crush the great truth the 'Father of his country' had spent a life in establishing, that only the consent of the governed can maintain a free Government."

"You know I can't agree with you, sir; but I admire and love Mrs. Lee; she has the spirit of '76, I acknowledge; but I wish her head was turned in another direction. Violent declamation and denunciation serve only to disgust me; but it is impossible to read such an earnest, self-negating, Christian letter as the one I read, and not be moved. My eyes were full of tears. General Lee, told his sons they must choose for themselves conscientiously, (a) and not be guided by his decision; so you see he was better than Laura's papa; moreover she can't fight, and young men can."

"It is hard for me to see my pet an advocate of despotism."

"I am not an advocate for any despotism but that of a loving heart, and I am going to be your tyrant as long as I live," responded Laura, seating herself on his knee and stroking his goatee. "Besides, I can do what you can't—appreciate my enemies. I must love noble spirits wherever they are. I wonder if Lincoln and his cabinet have as easy consciences as many of the Southern leaders. 'Fre-eaters,' are insufferable to me; but my sense of justice refuses this term to many warmest Rebels."

"Unionists as you both are, I can see you often burn with indignation at Lincoln's unconstitutional acts."

"And at the brutality of our soldiery in Virginia and Missouri. What is to be the end of it? It can bring us only ruin and disgrace, demoralization and infidelity. All the evils that follow in the train of war are to be ours, and why? Because of our pride and dreadful cupidity."

"Hurrah, pet!"

"Alston has just returned from Iowa; he says he was never aggressive, but as he had Southern sympathies he had to leave, or be placed in a very unpleasant position; just before he left a man was hung for sympathising with the South." (a)

CHAPTER VII.

JULY 22.

LAURA was sitting at her window, and observed her father's face was unusually bright as he walked up the steps, and in a few minutes she heard the cry. "The South has conquered!"

Several neighbours rushed in to rejoice with the Buckners. Laura, opening her door to go down, heard peals of exultant laughter, and caught several remarks that to her seemed very unfeeling, so, she turned and shut herself in her own room.

"Think of exulting!" she exclaimed, "while thousands are dying and tens of thousands mourning! Suppose that I had had a brother there! Victory is worse than defeat." Laura's desire to learn the full particulars of the battle of Manasses could not overcome her repugnance to the wild rejoicing; she thought, "Oh, were I in Virginia to soothe the dying, and minister to the wounded! Never would I ask whence came the sufferer. I cannot understand this sectional bitterness."

Laura had remained a long time in unpleasant reverie, when light feet skipped up the stairs. Hardly waiting for permission to enter, pretty little Minnie sprang into the room.

"Oh Laura, I am so sorry for you! Mr. Urston went out to take us the good news, and I was so excited, I accepted his invitation to drive back with him, although mamma was afraid the hollowing might frighten his horse. Poor Laura! Have you been crying? I'm sure if we'd been whipped, I should have cried my eyes out."

"That would have been cruel to Prospère and others."

"You can jest; can you? Well then, see if my bows are not pretty."

"Red, white, and red. Red is not pleasant to my eye; I like cooler colours."

"Oh, it was such gay driving! Gentlemen were rushing up and down on foot, in buggies, and on horseback, hurraing for Jeff Davis, Beauregard, and Old Virginia. Oh, Laura, I wish you were a Southern Rights' Woman! Then you could take a drive now and see the fun. Good-bye."

"Won't you stay with me?"

"Much obliged; but couldn't think of shutting myself up in a darkened room this glorious day! There are ever so many ladies out in their carriages, waving flags. Mr. Urston has gone to get me one. He had a large one on his horse's head. Hurrah for the red, white, and red! Good-bye, dear."

"Indeed, I don't think you ought to—"

"No time to attend a lecture to-day, I'm too happy."

Minnie skipped down stairs like a wild young thing. Laura covered her eyes and tried to shut out present and future; but she could not. She walked the floor impatiently, listening to noises from the street and the explosions of newly-awakened patriotism below stairs.

"I trembled," she thought, "for fear my side would beat, and forever disgrace the name of the United States. The soldiery seems to me more like a vast ungovernable thing than an army of men. I oppose both parties, so I truly sympathise with neither. It is not grief that the North has lost the battle of Manasses that causes these tears; I weep for my country which I fear is strangling liberty. The North has lost my sympathy and respect. Can it long retain my allegiance? Yet it seems to me a dreadful thing to trample on the flag under which I was born. If I read the Louisville journal much longer I shall be a Southerner! I can't stand such chicanery, I dare not defend a lie. My heart is so low, I fear I can never rally from my shame and grief. Mr. Myers says he can confirm me in my loyalty. Loyalty! ah, the bitter sarcasm of that word!"

CHAPTER VIII.

JULY 23RD.

"OH, Dr. Lawton, I'm sorry to see you! Don't look so astounded, or, I'll think I've said something dreadfully rude. I heard you had gone to the Confederacy, and was glad, for I knew it must need surgeons."

"And will you keep a secret if I tell you one?"

"Oh, I guess your secret; you write C. S. A. after your name; and I dare say you have come here as a spy, or to buy something contraband. I have a friend in Tennessee,—you will oblige me by taking her a dozen boxes of lily white."

The doctor looked somewhat frightened at having to refuse his sweetheart so simple a request.

"I should like to oblige you; but—really—"

"You are to be the one obliged; this white will cure chills and fevers."

"That will be no bad way to take quinine; for no male detective will be apt to be curious about ladies' powder; but you must send something else belonging to a lady, for fear of suspicion."

"A coarse white muslin dress, that will make nice bandages."

"Indeed it will. But I don't know when I'll be in active service; my regiment is now at Camp Boone, in Tennessee."

"I thought you belonged to a Kentucky regiment!"

"So I do; but as the State has proclaimed neutrality, we'll not be the first to violate it; Camps Boone, Burnett, and Brickenridge are composed of Cornercrackers beyond the line."

"How many are there in your camp?"

"Fifteen hundred. I'm now on my way to Harrison to recruit,"

"Is your regiment well armed?"

"With old flint-lock muskets."

"Do tell me all about your camp life."

Dr. Lawton probably recalled Othello's successful wooing, and mentally vowed to win his pretty *vis-à-vis* by shouldering a musket, as well as by handling surgical instruments. He had no exploits yet to boast of; but he would get her interested in his surroundings.

"In regard to the eating department, I am surprised to find it so well furnished. Certainly, if the rest of the Confederate army has as well supplied a commissary department, old Abe can never reach their stomachs by the blockade. You will be glad to know that the boys have met a cordial reception from the neighbourhood, as proven not only by kind words but by generous deeds. The camp is only a few miles from the Kentucky line. Just beyond the line in Todd county—in which Jeff. Davis was born, by-the-bye, lives a sturdy farmer of wealth, named Merriweather. This morning he sent as a gift to the regiments, a wagon load of provisions, among which were five barbecued mutton, any number of cooked hams, together with other substantial edibles, all of which were received with appreciative thanks by all. He also informed the General that he had a large herd of beef cattle which were not for sale, but which were at his service for the use of the camps; and further said that he and a neighbour had three hundred and fifty acres of very fine wheat which they designed cleaning and presenting to the regiments. This is what I call princely generosity and hospitality, and the name of Merriweather is one of the toasts in camp. If we can hold Kentucky as a granary she'll be the most serviceable State in the Confederacy."

"But not the most glorious."

"Does she love glory more than the good of the Confederacy? Besides, she will not lack wreaths of honour; thousands of her children will hang them on her arms crossed in—"

"Mockery of neutrality and semblance of non-interference."

"I hope you'll do your best to send us recruits. In other cities young men are shamed into the army, the young ladies refusing to see them if they will not fight. Won't you do the same?"

Minnie's pretty face grew suddenly very serious.

"If there were no hereafter I would; you look surprised," she added, colouring slightly, "but you forget that I believe in retribution. It is a solemn thing going to war, may be to death. No word of mine shall be of a discouraging tendency; on the contrary, were I a man I would be with you, had not I been before you; nor is there any right thing I would not do to make prosper our cause. I shrink from the despot's yoke, and would advise those dear to me to

submit to any physical evil rather than submit to tyranny ; therefore, with all my heart, I bid you God-speed. But if I detest the idea of a man enduring slavery for a short earthly life, what must be my loathing of servitude to sin and Satan ? Moreover, this mastery of the Emperor of Despots will not cease."

Lawton marvelled silently at what seemed to him a very sudden transformation of a girlish flirt into a thinking, reasoning woman. He felt her sentiments were often only echoes of Miss Johnston's ; but their reverberation had never before impressed him so much. Had the awful shadow of a gigantic national calamity fallen upon her young spirit of joyful thoughtlessness, or, was this only a new phase of Minnie's variable loveliness ?

CHAPTER IX.

There was assembled in the drawing-room of the fashionable Mrs. Ellmer, a small select number of "Southern Sympathizers" as the States Rights people of Kentucky were called. Put a dozen such together and it is a good deal like shaking up champagne ; so Mrs. Ellmer's guests were by no means deficient in gaiety. In the battle of Manassas, Mrs. Ellmer's nephew, Eustace Huntington (who left in one of the four companies that went from Kentucky in April) had greatly distinguished himself ; (three prisoners had he taken by his own prowess, and that before the rout began) (a) after which anybody could take as many prisoners as he pleased. For his bravery the unknown private had been made first lieutenant. Of course, Louisville, already visé by emissaries from Washington, and watched by Rousseau's Dutch over the river, was no very safe place for him who had won his spurs at Manassas, the most famous race-ground of the world.

Miss Minnie Brickenridge had been ensconced in the bay-window for half-an-hour ; Mr. Myers, who had happened to come in, was at her side, when the door opened, and Mrs. Ellmer proudly rose to receive the young hero. The eight or ten favoured guests gathered quickly around him, and each had some particular question which demanded an especial answer ; only two sat apart. Huntington was conscious that there were a maiden and man in the window, but little recked he who she was, or what she was to be to him. Mrs. Ellmer, whose pet Minnie was, had been pouring her nephew's praises into no inattentive ear, and on the day of the party had indulged rather too freely on what a fancy they might happen to take to each other. The first glance by no means answered to Minnie's idea of a hero ; he was quite tall, but so wretchedly thin and pale that he seemed to have no strength in him ; and with an admiration for a big strong man, natural in so *petite* a specimen of Nature's dainty-work, Minnie at once decided that the man by her side was much the best figure. Besides, to tell the truth, she didn't care to have him talk to nearly a dozen and herself at the same time ; it was so much pleasanter to listen to one whose very being was admiration for herself.

"Come, Eustace," said Mrs. Ellmer, "there are two guests to whom you have not yet been introduced." She led him across the room to the bay-window, and touching Minnie's fair, plump shoulder, caused her to turn round. "Lieutenant Huntington begs the honour of Miss Brickenridge's acquaintance."

"What a fib," thought the one spoken of, who was loth to interrupt the *tête-à-tête*. As Minnie acknowledged the introduction she looked into his eyes for a moment, and his lids drooped, unconsciously paying mute homage to the spell of a glance that few men had resisted. Weak as he looked, he felt very much inclined to put her in his pocket and walk off with his fairy-queen. What a pity that he had to be introduced to Mr. Myers ! Was it perverseness, coquetry, or accident that Minnie seemed inclined to indulge the broadcloth in a chat while she

related a very amusing story to baffled Mrs. Ellmer? Not very polite in Miss Minnie; but then the aunt ought not to have said she would find him irresistible. What flirt, conscious or unconscious of her weakness, would stand such an insinuation?

A merry, trickling laugh, very like the echo of a gurgling brook in a very happy, child-like heart, made Eustaze turn his head to the source of the music. Whereupon the gay music suddenly ceased, and its creator was as demure a little "puss" as one ever sees. Mrs. Ellmer wanted to discuss the war; Minnie was eager to have her opinion on the larger bonnets coming into fashion; the lieutenant wanted to expatiate on the beauties of a country-life; Minnie was charmed with the lancers, but believed she liked the waltz even better.

It was not long before Huntington felt *de trop* and found new companions. At the supper-table Minnie's seat was between Mr. Myers and the lieutenant. The latter did not attempt again to draw her out; but began a most interesting discussion with Miss Buckner on the question of States Rights.

Prosperé was too much enraptured with his own eloquence to discover that his supposed hearer's "no" and "yes" sometimes changed places at improper times. Then followed, between Laura and Huntington, a little dissertation on society and flirting; Minnie remembered, that "listeners never hear any good of themselves;" but she heard all he had to say, and when he finished she felt "very small," and then wondered why, for there was nothing he said that her god-mother had not told her fifty times; but then, nobody ever expected to entertain Aunt Emily's sublime ideas otherwise than as hypotheses. Minnie felt very much inclined to quiz, and put to a test such pretty, poetical notions. Not that Huntington had made a fool of himself by any high-flown speeches, but there were several sentences that rang in the girl's heart:—

"A woman who has not sufficient self-respect to save her from flirtation is unworthy the love of a man."

"The fellow who dares deceive a woman ought to be kicked out of society."

"The fact is, one couple out of a hundred may properly be termed man and wife." There was something thrilling in the way that word wife was uttered—it indicated that in the depth of his heart it dwelt a happy thought; and one of his hearers unconsciously pronounced herself unworthy of it. Strange verdict in a wild girl! Had she ever before thought what wife meant?

"Can't you tell us something about our Kentucky boys in Virginia," asked Mrs. Ellmer, desirous of drawing attention to her hero nephew.

"General Jones, our Brigadier, pronounced my regiment the finest in all respects in his brigade!"

"Do you get many recruits from Kentucky?"

"Continually."

"Do tell us something about our men."

"My dear aunt, you know I am not good at description, but here," he said, taking a scrap from his pocket, "is something Mr. Urston may read to you."

"Mr. Urston, oblige us," said his hostess.

"The Kentucky Soldiers at Harper's Ferry. 'Personne,' the army correspondent in Virginia of the *Charleston Courier* draws the following portrait of Colonel Blanton Duncan's men:

[The Kentuckians are a class by themselves. They are generally a large, well formed, robust set of men, splendid marksmen, independent as the air; and in their careless, yet not ungraceful movements, one may almost carry his thoughts back into the past, and imagine our forefathers of the forest borders around him. When they first arrived, being without arms, it was proposed to give them muskets, but these were refused under any circumstances. The boys said they didn't know how to shoot 'soger' tools, and if they couldn't have rifles, they 'would rather throw rocks.' Considering the length of time they have now been here, their regiment is probably the worst drilled at Harper's Ferry. But the fault is entirely their own. They can't see the use of it; they won't be persuaded to learn, and as for attempting to force one of them into anything like systematic discipline, you might as well endeavour to put a hurricane in harness. A military

gentleman who visited their encampment in the mountains, remarked to a little group, that he regretted they were not better drilled.

'What's the good of that?' said one of the men. 'We come here to wade in any whar, and when we see a good shot, you may bet your life, stranger, we're goin' to shoot.' 'See here,' continued the beef-eater, 'here's our drill,' and taking his knife from his belt, he fixed it in a tree with the edge of the blade outwards. Then marching off a distance of sixty or seventy yards aimed his rifle and split a bullet on the blade. 'You see, stranger, if we ain't much on sogerin' we are powerful good at drawin' a bead.']

"But Lieutenant, this description don't apply to the city recruits,"

"Unfortunately, no; our grammar is better than our aim!"

CHAPTER X.

FRANKFORT, SEPTEMBER 9TH.

"ARE you a delegate, Myers, to the 'Peace State Convention,' which meets here to-morrow?"

"Yes;" replied the interrogated, refilling the wine glasses.

"Why did you accept?" asked Stark.

"It is pleasant to serve the people."

"I am not to be gulled."

"Then you had better not come to Frankfort; the gulls collect in flocks in the Kentucky river."

"Lincoln's guns will scatter them before they are aware of danger."

"You are an alarmist! Don't talk that way before the people."

"Myers, I believe you are smarter than I; you did not seem surprised and indignant when you heard that Lincoln refused to regard our neutrality, which, before he had an army here, he willingly accepted!"

"Of course, better neutral than belligerent."

Stark rose to his feet. "I may be a fool, but I am honest; I was elected by men of southern sympathies because I was pledged to neutrality."

"Listen to the advice of a longer head than yours. In my heart I hate the Yankees, and like the Southerners as much as I like anybody!"

"Except yourself."

"Even so."

"Well, I have always liked the North; my parents are from there."

"Then your path is easier than mine."

"What is my path?"

"That of loyalty."

"Loyalty to myself."

"That sounds sensible; I always thought you had more wisdom than your years would lead one to expect. Next Monday we are going to get Kentucky straight. We will ignore all conflicting interests until we are organised to suit ourselves."

"Who are ourselves?"

"We who have the longest heads, and most capacious pock—What was I saying? Oh, yes!"

"Don't tamper with me, Myers."

"Tamper! What do you mean? The wine must have gone up instead of down. By-the-bye, do you know General Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, is to be stationed in Louisville?"

"What!" Stark sprang to his feet. "Would to heaven I had never stood for my district!"

"Sit down, man! What ails you?"

"Lincoln has betrayed us."

"Ha! ha! can't a man do what he chooses with his own?"

"Kentucky is not his, never was, and never will be. The Lincoln camps in central Kentucky are three wasp-nests of foreign vermin that ought to have been turned out long ago."

"There are few Kentuckians in them. The *Courier* says of the Union camp in Garrard Co., there are 1500 of Tennesseans only; also men from Ohio and Indiana."

"If we are neutral we ought to offer asylum to refugees of either side. We could not except the Tennesseans, men, women and children, who flocked to Danville for protection."

"I wot they knew where to go; I was at their encampment last summer. But the rogues would go into Somerset, and help themselves to whatever they wanted, without saying so much as 'by your leave.'"

"We legislators will have to be very prudent, Stark. The government is on its metal. A telegram from Washington says—Political arrests are no longer to be published here, as the purposes of the government are thus interfered with."

"Very Republican. The Venetian Council of Ten fore-shadowed the cabinet of Washington."

"Captain Muzzy has removed his recruiting office from Jeffersonville to Louisville."

"Give the Yankees 'an inch, they'll take an ell.' Disgraceful the way they have manœuvred about that recruiting. Rousseau recruited men in Louisville, made them sleep and eat in Indiana, but parade and drink in Louisville; being told that they were to maintain our neutrality we paid for his men's clothing and arms. Our post-offices, railroads and telegraph wires were controlled by Lincolnites; arrangements made to occupy Columbus and Padnuch—all without Kentucky's permission; for all of these neutral acts were committed before the meeting of this legislature, and were, of course, amenable to the actions of the last. They tried to recruit Kentuckians in Indiana, and finding that as slow work as a snail's crawling, they will now try to recruit Northern men on our soil. Kentucky regiments, forsooth! you might as well call that conservatory across the street a Kentucky garden. Will you vote money to carry on the war? Yes or no?"

"Not exactly. I will vote to support the Government, and so will you. Don't glare at me. Cool down, my friend; the rôle of this Legislature was marked out at Washington. You can't do anything but keep out of a bastille. Let's see. You scorn money," he continued, deceived by Stark's rage being too great for him to speak with self-control. "How would you like to be a major? No—a colonel?"

"Myers, if I didn't believe you were drunk, I would knock you down!"

"Now I have the cue," said Myers, to himself, "he'll not hold me responsible for anything I say." He added, aloud, "You know an embargo has already been laid upon our trade."

"By what law?"

"That to which we have got to submit—the will of the strongest. Every man is watched. Lincoln's spies, male and female, white and black, are everywhere; nowhere so omnipresent as in Frankfort."

"You are drunk. Don't fill your glass again. No more wine for me."

"Drunk am I? Read what the Rajah of the Administration in Kentucky says." Stark took the proffered paper and read, while Myers watched him—

"[All possible information in regard to suspicious movements among us, even to the minutest circumstance, should be gathered up and reported to the Provost Marshal, and it will be his duty to combine facts, and, in view of them to adopt the proper action.]"

"Why, old fellow, I never heard you curse before. Be prudent."

"A standing army of detectives here!"

"The President was doubtless much obliged to us for the information that we

would not help him ; it was well-timed. He knew what cards he would have to play, and held a close hand until the time came to throw down the right ones."

"The insulting reply of Lincoln to our Commissioners at Washington imposes upon Gov. Magoffin the necessity of maintaining our neutrality. The *Courier* is right in calling upon him to issue a proclamation, and 50,000 Kentuckians will rally round his standard in defence of the State. (a) Oh, if we had a Governor Jackson to act before my sleeping country is bound!"

"To fight against the Union?"

"No ; in defence of the position which the people have decreed."

"I thought you dreaded civil war here."

"No matter about my feelings ; my vote is pledged to my people. I cannot make my life a lie. If not neutrality, then war ! The people have so declared."

Myers smiled. "A steamboat loaded with cannon, muskets and men landed at Louisville yesterday. It is the flag-boat of an extensive fleet. Ten other steamers, each towing ten barges will arrive soon." (a)

"Poor Louisville ! Without war munition of any kind !"

"You scorn money ; Mr. Goode has received so much ; the representatives of another country have received so much. Don't stare so, man ! It makes you seem idiotic. One is to be made colonel. One is to be a captain,—pretty good pay for a man with a thimbleful of brains."

"Well, if you aren't drunk, I am."

"Don't you see, Stark, we can't do anything but succumb?"

"No, I don't !"

"Would a vote given in Fort Warren do much good ? Listen ; to-night soldiers have marched here."

"Ridiculous !"

"Did you ever hear of the Long Parliament?"

"Whose ears weren't half so long as yours."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Stark. Did you ever see a picture of Mrs. Partington and her maid sweeping the ocean out of her house ? Don't you play maid to Cissell. One might as well be under the ocean as surrounded by Yankees !" Myers hiccupped. "I say, Stark, if you can't get the heiress, loyalty will prove a kinder mistress. Don't scowl so, it spoils your eyes, which I heard Miss Laura pronounce very striking. You look handsomer now. Do you think she wouldn't be pleased to see you in blue cloth and brass buttons ? Whew, man ! I'd like to see her white veil drooping over a colonel's strap."

CHAPTER XI.

"GOOD-MORNING, Miss Emily. How are you Minnie?" asked Laura Buckner.

"Glad to see my darling," said Minnie, heartily kissing her friend. Miss Johnston's welcome was not quite so eager, but it was not less cordial. There was something beautiful in Laura's manner towards the Old Maid ; it reminded one of a bright flower that had laughed in the sunlight, but bowed its head under a weight of dew, the first burden it had ever borne. Laura was queenly-looking and fair enough to craze a man who having once learned to appreciate her uncommon style, dared not approach the inner life by which every feature seemed to be moulded, and from which every action seemed to emanate. Not sparkling and fascinating like Minnie, she did not draw around her a crowd of beaux to vow they could not support existence without her love ; but pure, true, and enthusiastic, as she was, those who bowed at her shrine seldom thought to carry off the goddess, and went away sadder but better men. In one respect the girls were alike ; for neither had a definite idea of a great sorrow. Dwellers on the mountains of youth, they were above the weary work-day world of storm and heat ; but those who are above storm-clouds dwell in a mist.

Minnie's representative idea of grief was the rejection of helpless lovers; for though a flirt through vanity and weakness, she was no coquette from heartlessness and pride. On the other hand, Laura had a very small appreciation of the torments of lovers, and supposed that they forgot the courtships about as soon as she did. To her, sorrow was a mystery, and she sometimes longed to step beyond the mistiness of existence to grasp an untried life heroically; she was willing to descend the mountain if she might gather such treasures as Emily Johnston cherished in her bosom. To the young girl the old maid was a being to reverence; she longed to know the history of her life, feeling that beneath the sheet that covered the corpse was an angelic smile of peace, and a celestial beauty. She knew little of the hidden heart, but had several times gained resolution to approach the vestibule, thinking to ask admittance to the Old Maid's sanctuary; but like a child, who knows there is only beauty under the winding-sheet, yet dares not lift it, her courage had failed. Unconsciously Laura's manner was always somewhat subdued in Miss Johnston's presence; she had few about her daily walks for whom she entertained any deep sentiments of respect; and satiated with unfailing sunshine she bowed her heart to receive the dewy influence of a being who had been regenerated in a baptism of tears. But while all this writing has been going on, the three have been busily engaged discussing the party where Minnie had met "the lion."

"By-the-bye, Laura, do tell me somewhat of this young lieutenant whom Minnie calls the lion; but confesses herself unable to appreciate."

"Minnie is trying to 'throw dust in your eyes.' I assure you I never saw her listen as attentively to any one as she did to him the other night at supper."

"Absurd! Prospère talked all the time."

"Prospère had better keep a strict watch over you."

Miss Emily looked quite pleased and evidently was anxious to hear more of one who her godchild's confidante thought might prove a rival to one she disliked as much as she did Myers.

"Is he handsome?"

"Oh, Auntie, for shame! To make that the first question."

"Your Auntie was considering on whom he was to make an impression. Yes, indeed he is very handsome; too delicate looking, perhaps, but Mrs. Ellmer informed me he had been quite ill. Minnie, I imagine, he would dance very gracefully."

"I hope he will ask you for every cotillon Thursday night."

"Another party Thursday? Where?"

"Here. Why is it possible you didn't get my note yesterday? I thought you had come to help me get ready for the party."

"So I have, if my services are needed. But Lieutenant Huntington will not be here?"

"He is invited."

"I thought his being in Louisville was not to be generally known."

"Oh, we are to have a masque."

"A masque ball," exclaimed Laura, in amazement, glancing at Miss Johnston.

"Oh no! It was hard work to get Auntie to consent."

"Did I consent," interrupted Auntie. "That a few friends might pass the evening in dominoes without committing a mortal sin. A ball? Certainly not, I invited none but our particular friends."

"The Lieutenant, for example."

"Of course, Mrs. Ellmer, Auntie's oldest friend, could not be forgotten, and she couldn't be asked without her nephew who is staying with her."

"And all to mask?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Ellmer, and Miss Emily, and your mamma?"

"Auntie won't go down."

"Then I am quite at a loss to discover why it was necessary to invite Mrs. Ellmer."

"Surely, you would not have me impolite to a stranger? How will you dress?"

"Rather late to ask. I cannot get up a costume in time."

"Oh! they are all to be impromptu. Besides it is not necessary to go in costume, the domino is the only indispensable article. I am to be South Carolina; blue dress and a wreath of veronica flowers forming the word Calhoun on a ground of white roses. My slippers are to be covered with raw cotton."

"How absurd!"

"Yes, but it will be so funny. On my scarf is braided, 'no tariff.'"

"Who arranged your dress?"

"Auntie; all except the cotton slippers, which I think the best of all. Prospère suggested those. Prospère is to be the United States, wooing me back to my allegiance. Of course, I'll not heed him."

"I hope the symbolic refusal may prefigure a real and a different one."

"What?"

"Nothing. How is he to be dressed?"

"Red pants, blue coat, white vest, a cap of liberty, a golden eagle where the knights of old wore the cross of honour."

CHAPTER XII.

THE *Washington Republican* says ["since Kentucky has abandoned neutrality at the point of the bayonet, there must be a reliance on the workshops of the South. The South can manufacture rough shoes for about two-fifths of its population."]

"And Kentucky would so cheerfully have smuggled through three-fifths more, had not the Scar Chamber of the 19th century stopped all traffic *viâ* the railroads," replied Urston.

"I don't blame the government for seizing the roads. For some time it has been hard to find a drayman not engaged in the Southern neutrality trade; day and night they are rushing to the depôt. Little use in blockading Charleston, and letting Louisville do her work," said Lawton.

"What right has Lincoln to blockade Charleston? Webster said in Jackson's Presidency, 'The president has no authority to blockade Charleston.' But, even if Lincoln, instead of Congress, had the power, what right has he to blockade a State against which he has never declared war? General Buckner writes to the President of the L. N. R. R. 'It is my purpose to re-open the traffic, which has been recently suspended by direction of the President of the United States. I have possessed myself of a considerable portion of the rolling stock of the road, and now propose to you that, as President of the Company, you continue the management of the portion of the road within the limits of the influence of the forces under my command, and conduct it, as before the existence of the war, in the interest of the people who are interested in its stock.' Hereby he puts himself above Lincoln, whom, simple-hearted republican, he supposes to be the servant of the people of Kentucky as well as of other States. When Yankee hirelings took possession of the R. R., our contract not to help to coerce the South was violated. General Buckner restores it. What he says to Mr. Guthrie is the voice of a freeman to a free-people."

"Then it is not to us, a free people! Ah!"

"Our trouble is that we were educated to believe ourselves our own masters, and that neither Federal nor State Authorities would dare to transgress our will." He picked up the morning paper. "At last."

"What's the news? Read it, you are white."

"At midnight the Home Guards were drawn up in front of the Court House and Rousseau's troops on the other side of the river were coming to this side."

"It's strange we did not hear anything of this last night."

"Bats and mice are not very noisy; night birds object to publicity; there might have been difficulty if it had been known that the Yanks were coming over. It was better to bring our protectors in at midnight that Louisville's ingratitude might not be too marked. Dispatches for 7000 more troops have just

been sent to Indianapolis."

"How such things make my blood boil!"

"Up into your face. You'll never keep quiet enough for this latitude. Come with me," said Lawton, who was about to return South.

"My father is one of the befooled. He tried to make me promise him never to join the C. S. A. He was about to contribute largely to the equipment of a pseudo-Kentucky regiment. I may have been wrong, but I told him if he would be neutral indeed, I would not go South. He gave me the money. You must confiscate it. If I could——"

The door was hastily opened, and Maitland rushed in—

"Be off, Lawton; don't stay here another hour!"

"What's the matter?" asked Lawton, very coolly.

"The Yankees have taken possession of Louisville; the State Guard was disbanded only to let in Rousseau and his ranks. The United States' Marshal has just seized the *Courier* office, arrested one of the editors——"

"What!"

"They'll rue this day!"

Both of Maitland's auditors sprang to their feet.

"Let us call the people to arms at once."

"There are no arms to call them to: the Yankees have seized them," said Urston.

"We've sent them all away. Fools that we were!" exclaimed Maitland.

"No, no. Be quiet. I'll be in General Buckner's camp in twenty-four hours. You must wait orders."

"If we do, we are ruined."

"Nonsense. Buckner has enough men to whip the hirelings back to Hoosierdom"

The doctor bade a hasty farewell and was off.

"Sit down, Maitland, and get quiet!"

"How can I be quiet?"

"Do you think you can serve the Confederacy best by being imprisoned till the end of the war, or by using a little sense and preparing for action when Buckner comes?"

"His very name gives me the confidence that quiets," replied Maitland, taking a chair.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM LAURA'S JOURNAL, SEPTEMBER 14.

"My temples ache until it seems as though they would fall in, owing to the excitement of the day. Thirteen steamboats and barges have arrived, filled with armed men. I feel as if savages were about to be let loose on us, so dreadful has been the lesson read us in Missouri and Maryland. I fear that my dear father may not be safe; he has never taken any active part in politics, but he has given money to equip men for Virginia, and less prominent men for less offence have been shut up in the American black holes. I feel that when Lincoln's forces appear law shrinks away aghast, and only violence can be heard. I am glad the Confederacy has one general who can deal with Yankees. I think General Polk has rather too much sense to withdraw from Kentucky before the Yankees. The air is thick even to suffocating with rumours. What to believe I know not; but evidently Louisville is in a bad predicament; betrayed into the hands of Dutch and Irish brigades.

September 19,—Oh, God! be pitiful! I am felled to the earth. Heard this afternoon that Ex-Governor Morehead has been carried to Jeffersonville Penitentiary; that men are on the search for Haldeman, and that writs are out for the arrest of fifteen other citizens. General Morehead was arrested in the dead of night, while armed soldiers surrounded the house. He was taken to the ferry-

boat ; but it is said he sat down on the bank and refused to leave the State, and so sanction an illegal, unconstitutional act ; if he was taken over the river it must be by force. Brave man, who wished to illustrate his political principles."

Laura laid down her journal to open the door for Miss Johnston, and after the usual courtesies of the morning were exchanged, following out her train of thought she said,—

"Themistocles averred not he who conquers, but he who saves is the greatest of heroes. Whom would the great Grecian rank highest, Scott or Vallandigham? I heard—an enemy is my authority—that Vallandigham cannot return to the free State of Ohio. It is free for runaways, but not for a man brave enough to question the infallibility of a political pope. I wonder if some French demon is not now wreaking its vengeance on those who used to laugh at the gullibility of the French who have several times imagined themselves a free people? Oh, gullible French, you are avenged!"

"Would that I were eloquent," said Miss Johnston, "then would I address Seward an appeal that would make him look into his own heart. I would call from the depths of my grief and my humiliation upon the Prince of Peace and Love, to descend into his heart and make him realize the account he will have to give at the Last Day ; not that he is the only cause of this war, but that he, having the greatest gift of statesmanship, has not done all he could to avert the strife. Oh, ye statesmen! who are urging on the hell-hounds of war, take your stand before the bar of God ; take it if ye list, on the Right Hand and looking to the Left, see a long line of lost souls, and on the heart of each read, 'The victim of an unrighteous war.' See turned on you the horror-stricken eye of women whom ye have ruined! Do not start. Who let loose the demons of war? And then, oh, sight to make us weep! crowds of children whom your unrighteous avarice made orphans, and turned loose on the world to steal and lie, to murder and to die. Are there none there to call you murderers? None there to charge you with having destroyed their means of support? Aye, those women and children who died from cold and starvation can not exonerate you. Do not shelter yourselves behind the plea that the South began and is accountable for your country's near approach to ruin. If a man offend you and you kill him, and his wife dies of a broken heart, and his fairest child sells her soul for bread, and his penniless boy dies by the hand of justice, are you guiltless of their blood? And though you receive pardon and purification in the blood of the Lamb, and sit on high seats amid cherubim and seraphim, will the shades of those lost souls never cross your paths, nor take the lustre from your crowns? Has there not been a time when the Secretary of State might have been a martyr, might have saved his country? Had he persisted in signing the paper for the evacuation of Fort Sumter, and been therefore thrust from the Cabinet, hooted by his party, deserted by time-serving friends, possibly the victim of lawless violence, his fame had been immortal. Would not the justice of the next generation have buried him by the grave of Washington? Would it not be meet that the 'Father of his Country' and its martyr should sleep side by side? Will the Washington Monument never be finished? Shall it stand in all ages the record of our disgrace?—fit emblem of an unfinished nation? Or, shall there yet be granted us by the God of peoples a saviour of our country? Is there any man in this land who dares to retrace his steps? There are not many men who can save our country ; and the few who can, will they not? Dare they not? Are they so craven-hearted that they dare not brave the tide of popular commotion? Is there no Samson among us who will pull down his own political temple if he may thereby crush the Philistines of our land—the pride and the prejudice of political demagogues? What if he perish in the ruin? The top-stone of the Washington Monument shall bear his name. Little men will grow dizzy climbing the height to read that brightest of all names ; but noble men from the North and the South, from the East and the West, will hasten to the Mecca of liberty, forgetting their contemptible squabbles in the overmastering desire to be the first to render homage. Women's weak limbs will grow strong if they may

but press lips to the holy stone, and learn there new lessons of self-devotion and truth, of patriotism and piety, to breathe into the hearts of those who hereafter will govern nations, not from 'lust of power' and might, not by the sword, not by shrieks of the wounded and curses of the dying, not by sighs of women and tears of children; but by self-sacrifice and love, by purity and peace."

"What an impossible dream, dear Miss Emily! oh, for a vision of peace! I cannot see it."

"The North is suffering. Only this morning I read of a man in Cincinnati who had committed suicide, owing to depression caused by loss of employment. Even now I sicken at the breath of famine and pestilence that I scent in the air of next year. One man dies and the plague begins. Who is accountable for the pestilence? I trust not all of those who cry for blood. The hounds of war, mad with venomous hate, bit the abolition preachers; they bit their political Leaders, who bit the money-lenders, who bit the Thirty Seventh Congress; and now they are all afraid of the waters of cleansing and peace"

There was a silence; then Laura said—

"Here is a letter from an old friend. I'll read it to you to see if you can suggest some soothing thoughts. My brain is too much in the condition of the writer's. 'Help me, oh, my friend! Pity me and help me! What shall I do when my hands point to duties in opposite directions? Shall I plunge my dagger in my mother's bosom? Shall I sheathe my sword in my father's heart? My mother—for I have never known any but my country—calls upon me to take up arms in her cause, to stand by her and fight for her the battle of law and right. In the opposing ranks stands my grey-haired father. My mother cries "On!" my father fixes upon me the eye that never before looked aught but loving tenderness; and my arm falls nerveless. In an agony that might, aye, that ought to rend my soul from my body, I cry out, "Oh! mother, I cannot fight against you. If there be within you bowels of compassion, not yet writhing in the poison of a bloody cup, let me, I beseech you, stand neutral now." I have told you my grievous trouble, my friend, is there any help for me? Is not neutrality my only refuge? Moreover, the woman I love weeps in a Southern home. Shall I, can I, if I be a man, let loose more "dogs of war" on her? No! no! It can never be. I will stand neutral. Oh, pray earnestly that no demon, delighting in unnatural strife, may force me to turn an armed hand against the mother I love too well."

When Laura finished reading, she said: "Does not that letter move you, who have no such conflicting interests? Is our political position anomalous? So is our social."

"I doubt if there is a State in the Union where so much is mentally suffered; a bleeding heart is generally purged of self. Think you we fear the charge of cowardice? It is a new phase of civilisation when a man is to wear the name of coward because he will not challenge his own brother to fight in a dispute regarding the honour of his mother. Wellington's words ring like a funeral prophecy in my ears: 'I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life to do it.' I can hardly repress a feeling of bitter contempt when I hear young madcaps and grey-headed dotards clamorous for a civil war, that this greatest of heroes would have averted by the sacrifice of his life. And civil war for how long? Ah, wise old man, how well you must have felt that a month of civil war bequeathed a rich legacy to hell, and left a debt of hatred and bitterness that years of suffering cannot expiate."

"Oh! I wish that I could never love another person."

"Dear Laura, don't say that."

"I feel it, Miss Emily, I know it is very wicked; but I do wish it."

Miss Johnston knew it would be useless to talk to Laura about her sin; a good physician does not give quinine while fever is raging.

"What has wounded you, dear?"

"I am so disgusted with human nature; it is so unjust, so ungrateful, so contemptible."

"That is true; and yet the same human nature is loving and true and thankful and charming; a man who always lived in a dissecting-room might pronounce the human body diseased, disorganised, and offensive. You are too thoughtful, Laura, to be happy, unless"—Miss Johnston stopped; she had a delicate dread of introducing cherished themes in a manner, or at a time, that would make them repulsive.

"Unless what? If anything can cure me of my morbid desire for perfection, tell it to me for very pity."

"My remedy would increase that longing; but it might be realised in yourself. Yet—"

"Why do you hesitate so much when you talk to me? Lecture me as you do Minnie; I never in my life had a friend who loved me well enough to do it for my own sake; although an abundance of those who can give advice and say disagreeable things when they are in the mood."

With these sad words, Laura seated herself on the stool at the old maid's feet, and laid her hand in hers. This was the second time in Laura's life she had ever assumed this attitude of humility and confidence; the other time was when she heard of the capture of Fort Sumter. Miss Johnston pressed her lips on Laura's forehead—"I have longed for this permission, and I thank you for it. I have prayed for it. I never saw in any one such capacity for happiness or misery; it seems to me that in either world of the Hereafter you will feel more than most natures. But next to the desire for your happiness is my anxiety to see you develop a love for doing good. You look surprised."

"It was a natural thought for you; but it does seem strange to associate it with me."

"Do you remember the parable of the ten talents?" Miss Johnston saw a shade of distaste on her young friend's face. "Tell me, first, what grieved you to-day?"

"The way Clara treated me; do you remember how I nursed her day and night when she was ill? She is poor, and I have made her many presents, and she has no gratitude."

"I want you to devote your life to doing good with tongue, pen, or action, any or all; but the first lesson I must teach you is this; never do anything for thanks. Ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will disappoint you, and you will become embittered. People are very grateful while our favours last, or until they are thrown in the shade by the deeds of another; natures grateful in their essence I have rarely seen."

"You are full authority on this subject; so your warning is more effective than you designed it to be; henceforth I shall confine myself to books and music. I'll cultivate my mind and sear my heart."

"You cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because your heart is too noble to submit to such treatment."

"My will is strong."

"My faith is stronger still in the power of prayer."

Laura coloured. "I wonder if anybody prays for me. It is the sweetest proof of love. I have often envied Minnie because she had sponsors whose especial duty it is to pray for her. I think I could do almost anything for one who prayed for me habitually."

"I do."

"What shall I do for you?"

"Promise me that you will strive not to require more of your fellow-beings than you render to God."

"That would be nothing. I am afraid to promise."

"I thought you had before I asked."

"Then I will keep my agreement; but it will be very hard."

"Not after you have got in the habit of doing good. Benevolence is the most luxurious emotion of our nature; a person who is accustomed to do good whenever and wherever he or she can is more thankful for the opportunity of

enjoyment than the objects of his or her kindness are pleased at being so favoured. I believe, Laura, that some day you will understand why it was the Highest of all beings spent life in doing good. God has a universe from which to select His field of enjoyment. He, the All-wise, chooses benevolence."

"And so have you chosen ; but I cannot."

"I thought as you do, and chose for myself, love ; yet love is but benevolence in its narrowest, though holiest, sense. Will you remember the verdict of my experience if you are ever tried?"

"I could not love an unworthy person," said Laura, proudly.

"The one I love was worthy of the society of Christ and His angels."

"But I will not love any one in that way."

"Will you love the next beautiful poem or fine piece of music you hear?"

"Then you think there are persons we cannot help loving?"

"I don't approve of young ladies catechising old maids. Trials come soon enough. I never prophesy unpleasant things."

"Pray do not for me. I have enough to bear for my country. Did you know, Miss Emily, that I am no longer a Unionist?"

"I heard so ; tell me what caused the change."

"At first I felt only bitter regret at the idea of separation and shame for all my country. My first cause of disgust was with Lincoln ; my contempt for his double-dealing shook what people called my loyalty ; I pronounced him no gentleman, because a liar. I never said a word in defence of Lincoln after his violation of the Habeas Corpus Act. Can you like me as well now?"

"So you have not heard of my change of sentiment?"

"Miss Emily ! I am so glad ! What converted you?"

"I heard Mrs. Lee's letter read, and felt that those as true at heart and better Christians far than I, believed right what I thought wrong, a clear reason for me to investigate farther. Perhaps, General Lee's test of his course by praying and fasting, and his consequent decision was the lever that first began to turn me round. I no longer regarded hatred of Yankees and bogus enthusiasm as the prime movers in the Revolution. Next, my conservatism acknowledged that of the South, as it had impugned the demagogism of the North. One of my Union friends said the Southern Constitution had the amendments the Northern one needed ; so I examined the new Constitution. As I saw Lincoln violate one article of the Constitution after another, I hoped—*inwardly*, I suppose—that Congress would not separate without a vote of censure for his usurpations of unconstitutional power. Can I tell you my anguish when at last forced to admit that by only one vote was the United States saved from the everlasting infamy of justifying tyranny that no sovereign in Europe would dare ? But I prayed for divine guidance. I couldn't stand everything that the Government countenanced, and all the outrages of its officials. Christians ought not to uphold it ; justice is better than the Union ; liberty a greater object than the integrity of the political boundaries of my country. Ah, if politicians had but waited till I died before they ruined my country !"

CHAPTER XIV.

"Heigh—ho ! Let's go to Austria," exclaimed Maitland.

"What for," asked Myers.

"I'd rather swallow all despotism at once than take it in small doses. Better be poisoned than be kept in a state of nausea forever ; a small quantity of morphine nauseates me ; a large renders me oblivious."

"What's up now ?"

"Think of making medicines contraband of war! Combating women and sick men is enough to turn a warrior's stomach. To prevent an ounce of quinine, a sword buckle, a case of darning needles, or a copy of Hardee's Tactics from being taken from the city, a servant of servants, a deputy of the subordinate of a subordinate, is authorized to subject to insult, annoyance, and delay any number of men or women who may have trunks or carpet bags with them. It is enough to give a Kentuckian a fever to see the pitiful interference of the Yankees in everything."

"Blood letting is good for fever."

"Tut! Mr. Earle told me he had to get a permit to take a bundle of tea to his wife, and he lives only twenty miles from the city."

"I have heard of men who could not be governed by paying deference to them; but I have never seen one. Kentucky is governed, as are sister States, by a little body of politicians. To those the South paid no count, seemed quite unconscious of their existence; the North courted them every hour of the day and very late at night. In the first part of February, Kentucky sent a memorial to Congress calling for a convention to make amendments to the Constitution. The Northern president complimented her; the Southern has always ignored her."

"And do you remember what Phillips said in his public speech at Hartford?" asked Myers.

"I am so disgusted with the infidel Fourierite."

"Is that what you call him?"

"I judge so from his own words; you remember the Washington correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce* attributes to him, apparently with justice, a socialistic scheme for the territories the Abolitionists are to make out of the States. Phillips said that the timid Republicans sat at the feet of Kentucky."

"I wish she'd kick them over, but when our Legislature petitioned for Fremont's removal he was removed. Moreover," he said, "Lincoln meant well enough; but he had left his brains and his conscience in Kentucky."

"They won't enrich our soil much; Lincoln's chief business seems to be to keep us in a good humour."

"It is the clown that cracks the whip."

"Davis cannot blame us for being loth to fight; not long has it been since he, according to Douglas, was ready at all times to compromise on the Crittenden proposition, and so was Mr. Toombs. Both were wise men. It was the senseless fanatics that brought on the war. The Little Giant said the sole responsibility of our disagreement and the only difficulty in the way of an amicable readjustment is with the Republican party."

"If the real object of this war had been to restore the Union, the traitors of the North would have been the first victims. This fact makes it evident that the extinction of slavery is the real object of this war."

"Had Kentucky thought so her present position would be much more decided. Crittenden and Guthrie offered resolutions which were as hostile to Abolitionism, as friendly to peace."

"How have Brickenridge, Powell, Menzies, Burnett, and Harding battled for the South, though they knew a cell in Fort Warren might answer their calls for justice! But they obeyed Kentucky, and my prime political doctrine of States Rights is like General Buckner's. I obey Kentucky."

"Kentucky is only an abstraction; we politicians govern her."

"I hope you may not ruin her. Ah, if the people would use common sense."

"Ha! ha! ha! Let us politicians manage one month longer, and the dear people will be of as much importance to us as any other nursery of babies. This babble about popular government is the best joke of the century; popular gullibility would be a better name."

"The more shame for those who pander to the people's vanity. They are opening their eyes."

"If you blindfold a man while the sun shines you need not fear to take the bandage off at night. Frankfort will be a big fly-trap; and golden heads of liberty will invite the legislators in."

"Suppose we have to vote on the question of Secession?"

"What if we do? Every fellow will have his sweetheart before him, and will be faithful."

"What stuff are you talking now?"

"Of the aforesaid goddess. Don't look disgusted. I believe you affect ornithology, and may like eagles. I was only jesting."

"Then talk seriously. We have been sworn to observe the Constitution of the State, and that says 'that all power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their peace, safety, and happiness, and the protection of their property. For the advancement of these ends they have at all times an inalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their government as they may think proper.'"

"That's treason!"

"Capital! The Constitution treason! I grant it is Southern."

"And treasonable," said Myers, more decidedly.

"Neither President Jefferson nor his Cabinet nor Congress thought so; not a man in the nation raised a voice against Kentucky. As far as my reading serves me, neither Clay nor Webster impugned this doctrine, for they were Republicans. This was declared by only the small population of one State, and was unrebuked by true Statesmen; now 10,000,000 declare the same to the sound of the drum."

"Oh, if old Jackson were only alive!"

"To rescue his character from the soiling grasp of tyranny. He taught of such a war as this. If such a struggle is once begun, and the citizens of one section of the country are arrayed in arms against those of the other in doubtful conflict, let the battle result as it may, there will be an end of the Union, and with it an end of the hope of freedom. The Constitution cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved in opposition to public feeling, by the mere coercive powers confided to the Government."

"Was not he a States Rights man? I think most democrats are, if they understand the genius of their organization."

"Confound State Rights!"

"And establish despotism!"

"The time has past when such language is prudent, my friend."

"Not in Kentucky, which is neutral."

"Her neutrality is abolished; the sham exploded."

"By a despot, then, and we are subjects of its Majesty the Union. Henceforth let the name of Union be the watchword of tyrants, the abhorrence of freemen!"

"Be less excitable. All men might not keep your secret as well as I."

"I have no secret. I shall vote for Secession."

"Good. Where do you propose to cast your vote—in Camp Chase, or in the Lunatic Asylum? [There are five regiments of Federal troops in Kentucky, opposite Cairo; 10,000 at Paducah; 6,000 at Cairo, and 800 at Mound City, six miles above Cairo. Important news was expected from Columbus and Paducah when our informant left.] Don't grit your teeth, it injures the enamel."

"The State Guard, where it still maintains an organization, has been disarmed. 'Since Governor Morehead's arrest at midnight no man feels himself safe.' He was charged with no crime. 'The day the Battle of Manassas was lost he passed the *Courier* office, and being cheered, arose in his buggy and huzzaed for the South. General Anderson denies having had anything to do with his arrest, which was made by order of the Government that he had strenuously endeavoured to uphold. I read a speech of his last night, and marked several passages, which, with permission, I will now read. And, remember, he is Kentucky's representative; as he felt, feels, and will feel, she also; as he suffers she will suffer; for as he thinks she has thought, and would speak now, if not gagged. ['I went to New York upon my own expenses, and there I appeared before more than ten thousand people, and in a speech I urged upon them with all the earnestness and zeal with which the importance of a subject of that kind was calculated to inspire in my heart that they should unite—no matter whether they were for Bricken-

ridge, Douglas, or Bell, laying aside their predilections—against that man whose elevation, in all human probability, was to sunder the ties that bound us together as a common people. Allow me to say that in a more fervent appeal than ever I offered to mortal man, I implored Abraham Lincoln, before he was installed President of the United States, to withdraw the troops from Fort Sumter, in order to prevent the possibility of any collision.’]”

Maitland read more of the noble speech; when he finished he was standing in the centre of his office, his eyes glowing, and his whole frame trembling with emotion. This speech of one of Kentucky’s favourite orators had seemed to him all a matter of course last summer, and now he was reading it over the newly-made grave of Liberty, and in the ears of one who heard it only to scoff, and dared to answer his proud glances of deep feeling with a cold and sardonic grin—because the traitor knew he had but to throw up the window by which he sat, call for Lincoln’s armed minions, and bury the noble youth in the filth and secrecy of a prison.

“Hand me the paper,” said Myers, as Maitland sank into a chair, and realizing more strongly than ever before, the bondage he despised, covered his face with his fair scholarly hands.

“Now I will read you the reasons of his arrest; from his own lips I will prove him a traitor. And if his sentiments represent Kentucky’s, let his fate image forth hers.”

“Scoundrel!” muttered Maitland, in a low voice, not from fear but from the physical weakness induced by the strength of his passion. Myers heard, but pretended not to, and read some sentences from another of Morehead’s speeches. [‘The question is, in the present state of the case, are you going to conquer, subjugate, and bring them back by whipping them into this Union, and make them partners with haughty masters in an unwilling Union?—(Voices, ‘No, never!’) Let me tell you, in the language of Senator Douglas before his Indianapolis speech, ‘War is disunion; war is a final and eternal separation; and the man who is for prosecuting this war, though he may have Union in his heart, is a disunionist.’] (Applause.) Kentucky needs no such teaching as that; she is rebellious enough by nature; those who strive to corrupt her will be placed where they cannot injure her.”

“My poor mother is to be left to the chicanery and jugglery of the political dancing-master, born on her soil, but not of her blood, who will call the figures for the legislature to go through while a Yankee plays the fiddle,” With these words Maitland, forgetful of the courtesy due to one in his office, rushed down the street.

Myers curled his lips. “This is a very pleasant office. Damils made a joke the other day; he is now in Newport Barracks. An Italian might as well talk against the Pope, as a Kentuckian against the man whom Maitland detests.”

CHAPTER XV.

“MISS BRICKENRIDGE,” said Lieutenant Huntington, “it is hard for us poor fellows to go off to the wars and feel by the time we come back the lazy peace-men will have married all the pretty girls.”

“No fear of that, I can assure you, there are at least fifty pretty school girls who’ll be ready for you if the present set should have been shut up in private nunneries.”

“Nunneries?”

“Aye. What difference is there between a married woman and a nun?”

Huntington looked pleased ; that did not seem much like the sentiment of an engaged lady ; by some strange association of ideas he sighed.

"Was that sigh for the poor victims of matrimony?"

"By no means, may be it was for Mr. Myers."

"I don't see why you should pity him."

"But you may guess why I might envy him."

"For his political status probably."

"For nothing less."

There was a slight embarrassment between the two young people. After a few moments' silence, Eustace whispered to himself, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

"Miss Brickenridge, I've heard you called a flirt."

"Have you?"

"Yes."

"So have I, very often."

"You take the accusation very philosophically."

"People don't mind what they are used to."

Eustace looked provoked ; but he said—

"You are the strangest flirt— pardon me, you are an enigma."

"So all the beaux say, and to all the other girls, I suppose."

"You're not a flirt from vanity, nor from heartlessness."

"How do you know? Did Laura tell you that?"

Eustace was amazed ; she was too fair a child not to be worth an effort, so with a dash of impudence he said—

"You are fickle as a butterfly."

"Do you mean that as a reproach?"

Eustace's confusion did not permit him to reply instantly, so Minnie continued, "I don't care what you say about me"—here the lieutenant bit his lips in mortification ; "but I am not going to hear my friends slandered."

"Your friends?"

"Yes, the butterflies."

"Like to like."

"I cannot receive so unmerited a compliment."

"I am going to send you a butterfly from every battle-field on which I risk my life ; it will be a delicious way to torture myself."

"Do butterflies hover over battle-fields? I won't like them half as much if they do."

"No," said Eustace, smiling, "but Southern Kentucky, where I suppose I shall be most of the time, abounds in them, and meadows or fields are generally the sites of battles. I'll catch them and stick them before the contest begins."

"Stick them ! then don't dare to send them to me ; I never should like you again if you were to mock me by sending me a tortured friend."

"It's wonderful to me how so tender hearted a young lady can be a flirt."

"Is it? How do you know I am?"

"I thought you admitted it."

"Did I?"

"So you love a butterfly more than a human being?"

"Nonsense."

"Do you ever pet your fickle types?"

"You are not to call a butterfly fickle—I'm as tired of the absurd talk about butterflies' fickleness as of our neutrality. Yes. I pet butterflies. Oh ! I caught such a darling yesterday, he quite covered my hand."

"What a monster ! And did you tame him?"

"See if it is on that basket of flowers."

Lieutenant Huntington crossed the room and bent over a large straw work stand which Minnie's taste had converted into a very pretty flower-basket ; through the interstices of straw, delicate vines, one end of which was in the flower-bowl, were carried, forming a pretty arabesque of maurandias, cyresses and honeysuckles.

"May I have my favourite flower?"

"As many as you want." He took a dandelion. "You surprise me by your selection. Everybody but Auntie laughs at me for putting dandelions in my baskets; but I love them because they seem to me concentrated extracts of sunbeams."

"Again, 'like to like,'" murmured Eustace. "I am fond of the dandelion because it is always bright and ready for love; it is so unconscious of its brightness; it never raises its pretty face above the grass."

"Oh, yes! Don't you remember the puffs?"

"Well then, I'll add till its beauty has departed, its identity forgotten, and it is ugly and of no consequence."

"What a slanderer you are! I don't think we'll ever get along together; you are forever abusing my pets. As long as God bids the dandelion be pretty, it's thoughtless of everything but being happy and receiving the sunbeams, but when God says its beauty must fade, then it throws out all its strength to rise above its surroundings, and having perfected its good thoughts, scatters them over the fields to spring up as new deeds of joy and good. Auntie says she hopes I may be like a dandelion."

Minnie was so unconscious of the compliment she repeated, that Eustace's admiration for her was only increased.

"You are so eloquent in defence of the dandelion, and I am so entirely convinced of my injustice to a flower which henceforth will to me be dearer than ever, that I feel a desire to hear you undertake a defence of the butterfly."

"By-the-bye, isn't one on the basket?"

"No, indeed! The fickle—"

"Don't abuse him. I didn't put any fresh flowers in there for him to-day, and that is the reason he has forsaken me."

"If he had been possessed of the noblest attribute, fidelity, he would have perished on a dead flower before he would have left you."

"And shown he had as little sense as the human beings who pine away or make themselves disagreeable, because they have happened to have a fancy for some who were not worth a button. No; my butterfly did right. God made him to gather sweets that he may live until his mission is accomplished; in obedience to his instincts he braves the morning coolness, the noonday heats, passes fearlessly by his hovering enemies, and unweariedly pursues his calling, rejoicing in the work that God hath given him to do. From one flower he gathers all that the Creator has stored therein for him, and then, thankful for that, passes cheerily on to the next, without stopping to repine that the first held no more nectar. The butterfly is a much abused simile of unthinking poets; he is ever constant to one object, gathering into his life all that our Father hath scattered hither and thither to excite his diligence, and quicken his enjoyment. Are you as constant to the object of your existence? Do you turn to the city, to the country, to fellowmen, to children, to books and to nature that you may gather into your life all that your Creator hath scattered for your use?"

"Be my teacher in Botany and Natural History, Miss Brickenridge."

"So I've converted you to respect two of my friends," said Minnie, with the pleased look of a child.

"Yes; and your arguments have convinced me that when I entered your house this morning I was a fool—pardon me for applying such a word even to myself in your presence."

"I used to be shocked to think of anybody using such a word, but I am getting used to hearing it called since this war began."

A pang, quick and sharp, cut Eustace's heart; he felt it the more that it was the first he had ever felt for a beloved, and by that pang he knew that he, who had come to Vinelea with as much inclination to condemn as to love the fair child before him, now bowed his manhood before the purity of the most artless being he had ever known. Just how he had arrived at this conclusion he could

not have told; but he, like a knight of the olden times, will henceforth live to maintain the truth of his mistress before all the world, and in the stillness of his blessed heart.

CHAPTER XV.

OCTOBER 24.

"OH, Laura, how can you stay in this horrid house," said Minnie, as with sparkling eyes and a bloom which showed her summer did not wear its "last rose," she appeared before Laura, who sat weary and listless, weary of nothing, listless because she dared not feel.

"What exquisite flowers! Why, you magician! how do you manage to have such roses, verbenas, portulaccas, golden-rods, chrysanthemums, and zinnias in such gloomy weather?" Laura looked first at the bouquet and then at the yet brighter giver.

"Gloomy weather? Where are your eyes? What's the use of God making a beautiful world for people who never see anything but books?"

"But I can see something else, Miss Impertinence," answered Laura tenderly, drawing the sunshine down close to her heart. "Where do you get all your brightness from?"

"From the trees, to-day. There never was such a picture painted as now stands near Vinelea. Do you remember the field which lies fallow, where I gathered the beautiful grasses you went into extacies over—General Buckner? It is now of the richest brown and amber and sienna tints. Back of it is a turnip-field—what are you laughing at?"

"Nothing; I am fond of turnips."

"And I don't think they were intended to be eaten, but to be put in the ground only as pedestals for brilliant green when most other vegetables look as stupid as the people who generally eat them."

"Go on. What's beyond the turnip field?"

"The picture. But I must first tell you that in the foreground, beside the turnip-field, is a pasture where our cows feed. Nobody ever ought to paint a landscape without cows,"

"And turnip-patches."

"You need not take the trouble to ridicule me; for I no more expect you to understand nature's colouring than you expect me to comprehend the State Papers and other waste papers. Can you remember the foreground?"

"Perfectly; I see it all and you in the field-eating a raw turnip."

"I was in the pasture, chasing a butterfly."

"If I were an artist I could paint the picture now."

"Oh! I'm so glad I've made you see it all. Now, Laura, shut your eyes and try to see the woods. The dark stems of the trees can now be seen; they are centres for the most gorgeous radiating of—of—oh, I can't tell you! I wish I could. But some of the trees look as if they were dipped in melted gold—these are the sugar-maples, and the buckeyes are still intensely green, and the beeches are the most splendid ormulu ornaments you ever saw."

"I thought beeches were ugly in the Fall."

"Of course you did, because you never looked at them."

"I did only yesterday."

"How? Where? In the bright sunlight and in a proper position? Anybody who talks about art as much as you do, ought to know that a picture shows to most advantage in only one light, and in only one position. I forgot to tell you that just to the left of the woods is an apple orchard, red and green. And this is what you call gloomy! Take off your political blue-glass spectacles and be happy like I am."

"I am now ; but Autumn is a very gloomy time."

"Doubtless ; crimson and orange are proper colours for mourning. Of all the months October is my favourite, because it is the most brilliant."

"It is sad to look at dead leaves, and listen to their mournful rustling, crying out like our lost days for a beauty they will know no more."

"If you would live more out of doors you would not have so many lost days to talk about. But what makes you look at the leaves on the ground ? I look only at the gorgeous trees and the beautiful sky, and I listen to the birds, instead of trying to be romantic, and communing with myself. I may be good enough company for myself when it is raining ; but when the sun shines I like nature best. Come, go home with me, and let us make bright crosses of leaves and white wreaths of everlasting for our bedrooms."

"I am glad to go with you, darling ; for may be when with you I can forget my poor country and its invaders." The last was said with a bitter accent.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRANKFORT, OCTOBER 24.

"WHY, Lawton, you here !" Stark was glad to see his old friend.

"Speak lower. Don't you see my red wig ? I've only a little time to talk with you. I must be off before daylight. I came to find out what the Legislature is doing."

"Disgracing itself. Would you suppose the extra eight senators are allowed to take their seats ?"

"Certainly, for only two of them are really States' Rights men, and even Speed's Legislature won't dare to reject two and accept six, selected in a precisely similar way ; besides one must be smuggled in to disgrace the people he doesn't represent."

"There's no telling what cowards can dare when only their tools are armed."

"I hear Johnston made a good thrust at Fremont."

"For effect, may be ; the Unionists make a great deal more fuss about Abolitionism than we do. But the best hit that has been made so far, was a petition from Christian County asking the Senate to have read the address of the Union State Convention. Twenty-four senators were afraid even to hear it ; for fear, I presume, they might see its ghost at night. But is not that Goodloe a delightful specimen of a representative of a republic objecting to have a poor harmless paper printed ? It was too expensive to put on record the people's protest that the members had been elected to oppose the war." (a)

"It would be more than their reputations could afford. Gower said he could bear the expense of printing the one he had presented ; but the Yankees thought they could not countenance such extravagance."

"What can Burns and such as he do with a frightened herd, governed by a few bull-dogs ?" (b)

"This may not be manly ; but it is more honourable a thousand times than voting against the wishes of constituencies. If a man, after he is elected, changes his mind, and cannot conscientiously vote as would please the people who sent him to his post to carry out their desires, he should resign."

"Or in casting a vote he can say, 'mine must be "yea" because I am morally pledged to vote for this measure ; but I do not approve of it.'"

"He had better resign. One day I counted the members ; there were twenty-three absentees, thirteen of whom had not asked leave of absence. Another day twenty-one were absent. I am ashamed to stay or to go."

"Poor fellow ! Even of this vile Legislature, the minority, honest and true, is like diamonds in a heap of charcoal."

"Then they cannot shine. But even here there were only three who voted against the resolution which declared : ['That in using the means which duty and honour require shall be used to expel the invaders from the soil of Kentucky, no citizen shall be molested on account of his political opinions.']"

"I have heard a great deal of indignation at Huston's Bill, which the ladies think was made to entrap them, as they, by contempt for those whom, without good reason, stay at home, drive many into the army. I'd like to see the infamous bill, if it is on that file."

Stark turned over some numbers of them and read—"Any person who shall within the limits of this State persuade or induce any person to enlist or take service in the army of the so-called Confederate States, and the person so persuaded or induced who does enlist or take service in the same, shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanour, and, upon conviction, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding 1,000 dollars and imprisonment not exceeding six months."

"Pity Huston was not Minister of State to Nero. To carry out such a law here would be beyond expression cruel."

"Myers attacked me about General Polk's violation of our neutrality as he called it."

"What did you say ?"

"I exclaimed,—'His violation of it ! If my father and you have sworn not to meet, and he sees you coming into his house and kicks you out, who is the guilty party ?' General Polk wrote that he had information on which he could rely that the Federal forces were preparing to seize Columbus, and that he need not describe the danger to West Tennessee from such a success ; therefore, his responsibility could not permit him quietly to lose so important a position ! He stated his willingness to withdraw his troops as soon as the Yankee commander on the opposite bank of the river would withdraw his."

"The people of Columbus are suspected of having invited General Polk to take possession."

"They had a right to ask for protection from Yankee cannon. He says in his letter to the Government, that the citizens had fled with terror, and not one word of assurance of protection had been addressed to them ! (a) In his proclamation, he says what no Yankee general could say—'it is gratifying to know that the presence of his troops is acceptable.' The *Mountain News* says, ['On the 6th instant, General Grant took forcible possession of Paducah with 10,000 armed soldiers.'] Since then the Confederate States' War Department has authorised opening recruiting offices in Kentucky."

"As one among many of my observations as regards Kentucky's true position, I may state that, in a neighbourhood where I was lately of forty-three who voted for the Union or neutrality ticket, but four considered themselves Unionists, and three of these were not born in the State. We, in the army, have been afraid the arrest of the Maryland Legislature would intimidate this."

"It has, even more than you, who are under a free government, can imagine. All prudent Southerners keep quiet, for to speak out is to be arrested ; and the most timid vote with the majority, which would not be a majority, were it not for them ; and each satisfies his disreputable conscience by asking it, 'What difference can one vote make ?'"

"And you have begun regal prosecutions of your subjects, having declared, ['That whoever has voluntarily joined, or shall hereafter voluntarily join, any military force that has or may invade this State, or shall give aid and comfort to any military force invading this State, shall be incapable of taking any estate in Kentucky by bequest, descent, or distribution.']"

"Let us talk of something else ; the very title of Legislature makes me sick !"

"It will be to you and the minority a glory that those in more favoured States can never learn."

Mr. Stark drew a long sigh.

"I was in Franklin last Tuesday. I find the women, almost every where, are rabid Secessionists. Badly off as most families are for woollen and cotton goods, in many instances they are known to give their last rag and their last blanket to the volunteers going to the war. Many of them are in the habit of assembling at the Town Hall, in Franklin, and other places, every evening, to practise rifle-shooting and the use of other arms, in order to take care of the plantations in case the men there should be all drawn off for the war."]

"Governor Maguffin so far has done nobly."

"Poor man! He must put out a Yankee buoy, or sink, since the appointment of a military board to supervise his action. If the necessity for a military board doesn't show our true position, I don't know what could."

CHAPTER XVII.

It is one of those clear, bright November days that seem like a sparkling draught of iced-champagne. Laura, ever too susceptible to every change of the atmosphere, throws down a volume of history—not the best companion for a champagne-mood—and picks up the mitten that lay beside her. Deftly go the bright needles, and rapidly go her thoughts, round after round. I am trying to analyse her mood; but in truth I cannot, any more than she herself could. One thing only she is quite certain of; she is knitting these mittens to be added to a pile of socks and gentlemen's wear that awaits its chance of being sent to the Southern army. Loyal she, aye to the core, but not to a tyrant who broods over despotic schemes in Washington; before she was conscious of it as a virtue she was loyal to truth and independence. When a little child, if a book was given her, the first question she asked was, "Is it true?" If not, the story was cast aside. Now she reads many a novel knowing that it is true, even if the characters be not all real. She deserves no more credit for her love of truth than for her appreciation of music; it is this instinctive devotion to the true which has made her a Southerner in heart and language. Now, after all this, can I confess the woman's thoughts are on a Northern officer? Is that the reason she knits so briskly for the South? Possibly; but I think not. A friend would not hint to her that she could love any particular man, certainly not one of Lincoln's officials. No, no, Laura is in a sweet trance of the fancy, she lets her will nap while very absurd imaginations float through her brain. Ah! now her will awakes and exclaims, "I will be an old maid; the weather makes me childish. If I were a Yankee woman I'd soon have on a pair of skates, but as I am only a Kentuckian, what shall I do?" She curled her pretty lips in self-disdain. "I've lost my senses—ice enough in Kentucky to skate in November."

In a little while it is arranged that her mother and she will go into the country and pay some visits.

"You know, Mamma, some of the Unionists are exceedingly civil, and I love Mrs. Murray and Miss Young too much to sacrifice them to Lincoln's whim for despotic dominion; and so we'll go to see them. The friendships of political opponents that live through these days may be written down as sure for all time."

"Yes," answers Mrs. Bucnker, "avoid the sore point of disputation and all will be pleasant enough."

"Pleasant enough to sit beside a friend, reach out your hand to her in an impulse of love, and feel it fall against a barrier of ice! Pleasant? No, the intercourse between Northern and Southern friends is not exactly that; but it is precious. I cannot say how precious to me. I feel as I should if a fearful

epidemic were raging and they or I might be next to fall. Then it seems to me several of my dearest Union friends are singularly tender to me. I wonder if it is because they pity me as I do them? Ah! there are none whom I will pity as I shall the honest Unionists when they awake to find out they have put weapons into the hands of negroes to cut the throats of their own wives and children! Mrs. Crohyier passed me yesterday with scarce a nod; she used to make a great fuss over me. I liked her no more, so her coldness can't distress me. But she was always narrow-minded, and how can I expect her to like Lincoln and me at the same time?"

The visits to the country paid, they are now on their way to the city. The afternoon before a heavy rain had fallen, and a very cold wind having risen in the night, the road is crusted with frost. Merrily clatter the horses swift feet. A Yankee regiment is resting by the wayside, but she does not turn her head to see.

"Look," says Mrs. Buckner, "looking can't do you any harm."

"It is not my habit to pay attention to disagreeable objects. Why are these fellows here?"

"Because they love the Union."

"Stuff! I'd have more respect for the North if it would tell the truth and say, 'We are fighting for interests.' These miscreants are only fighting for pay."

"Are not our soldiers paid?"

"Not universally; I might perhaps say, not generally. Mr. Marks said in his letter that there [were 117 men in his company, and when they were called up to receive their pay, all but three refused acceptance, and they drew only half] Captain Lloyd's sister told me he [drew only a small part of his pay, and that was to support the few men in his company who were not independent gentlemen.] Marks and Lloyd both belong to Morgan's cavalry. Do you ever hear of Lincoln's officers doing this? Do you ever hear of Lincoln's soldiers refusing their wages?"

"Here is a noble-looking man sitting on the fence eating ham and bread."

"A company of youngsters," is the reply of Laura, who contemptuously looks half around—"There! See those two Lincolmites talking to half-a-dozen Blacks."

"What have they to say to them?"

"That's more of the North's deceit. It loves the negro—does it? Then why don't it take care of those in its midst? Why do our runaways write such piteous appeals to their masters, and so often return? Why do not more slaves go North, when there is hardly one near the Border that could not go whenever he or she liked? Those who have been North don't bring back reports of Hesperian gardens. I have a respect for even fanatics; but for simulated fanaticism I have no words strong enough to express my contempt. There are, I dare say, zealous Abolitionists from principle in this regiment. What, then? Am I bound to like the conscientious Samson who ties foxes by the tails and applies a fire-brand and sends them through the land? Is it my duty to love and shelter the foxes, thereby setting my house on fire?"

"I thought you were opposed to slavery?"

"I loathe it. I'll never hold a slave in my own name if I can help it; but if I do, and they can be fitted for missionaries of civilisation, I'll hand them over to Miss Johnston, who may ship them to Bishop Payne, as she did her own, but I'd as soon go to the Alms House and House of Correction and set the inmates adrift in the cold world, as emancipate negroes to send North."

"I thought you respected true Abolitionists?"

"I do; but they are not numerous enough to take care of the free negroes already on their hands. Those who use Abolitionism as a war-cry for home-bred fools, or as a trap-bait for Europeans, need as many prayers as the Pharisees of old. Look!" A smile plays over the lips that have been firmly enough closed to destroy the "curve of beauty?"

"You bidding me notice soldiers!"

"Oh! I'm not looking back at the soldiers; but at a lover. Is not that a picture worthy of Hogarth? The Falstaffian-looking blue-coat with a buxom lass on his arm—see, how they have lagged behind the others."

"Both faces in a grin; they don't look much like lovers."

"Do you think lovers ought to be sad? I think they should be the jolliest—no, the most intensely happy—people in the world."

"I suppose these half dozen women will leave the company soon. There a valiant votary of an untried gun takes leave of his lady of 'rueful countenance;' she's inside the fence, just by the cedar."

"Poor things! they may never meet again."

"Um! That fellow on the curb-stone is actually taking a biscuit from that little darkey!"

The ladies are now in the city limits. A sudden movement on the part of one of the soldiers frightens one of the carriage horses, which begins to prance menacingly; an injudicious lash of the driver's whip stings him to fury, and he dashes on at a mad pace. Everybody springs out of the way at first, and then, when the horses have passed, start after them to increase their fury. Laura's strength is almost exhausted in her efforts to prevent her mother springing from the carriage. Happily, the clatter of the horse's feet draws the attention of a United States' officer on the side walk.

The ungovernable fury of the beasts is more appalling than the enemy drawn up in battle array. Shall he throw himself before them? Madness! Another glance, he recognizes the livery. Is it self-sacrifice, or is it impulse that makes him leap into the street, and as the wild animals reach him, seize the bit, and throw the one at his right hand—and, as it chanced, the mover of this mad frolic—back on his haunches?

"Take them out!" he shouts to the men nearest, guessing that some ladies and *she*, of course, are within. The vicious horse has given his conqueror a kick on the knee. Hardly are the ladies on the ground before he rears, plunges, and this time breaks from the man who had seemed endowed with superhuman strength. Who can understand the mysterious impulses of a man's heart? Surely, he had not risked his life for a woman to whom he had never spoken? The God Who had cared for His children, alone can comprehend the workings of the inner life.

"Who is our deliverer?" rapidly articulates Laura.

"There." Several point to the hero.

"It is impossible for me to thank one who has saved my mother's life!"

"And yours," says a smith, who still holds an iron in his hand.

"No, I should not have jumped out; but it may be so," she added, turning pale, as though her danger is but now realized. She looks up at her deliverer; he has laid his hand on the shoulder of a bystander, and his leg is bent; there are some drops of blood where he stands. "You are wounded," exclaims Laura in a tone of mingled horror, surprise and grief. Again she raises her eyes. He wears the United States' buttons! Did he fancy it, or, was there an almost imperceptible drawing back as she catches sight of the hated uniform?

"May I send you a surgeon?"

She will not be indebted to a Federal officer, is the thought which brings the hot blood to his face before white with emotion. Does the blood now surge in anger or disgust? So ignoble a feeling in presence of her rescuer might be intruded on Laura's mind for an instant; but could not be entertained. She hastily adds—

"As you are a stranger, I thought you might not know whom to call. Pray do not stand any longer. I cannot express my grief that you are wounded."

"A mere scratch," he replies, losing his momentary indignation in her gentle mood.

"I assure you, my daughter and myself can never be grateful enough," says Mrs. Buckner, still trembling.

"Such an action as yours is above any reward but the consciousness of

having performed it," quickly adds Laura, with freshened emotion. There is no haughty Southern light in the eyes that look at him now.

"Ladies, walk into my store," said a fruiterer, standing by, who was not experiencing such overpowering sensations as the three most interested.

"Mamma, do you go in. I'll step round the corner to papa's office, that he may look after the driver.

"Oh, poor Henry! How could I have forgotten him so long!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. BUCKNER had suggested that his wife and daughter should have respect enough for the man who had risked his life to save theirs, to send him every day, while he was confined to his room, some mementoes of their gratitude. Captain Wilson had politely declined Mr. Buckner's offer to be immediately removed to his house, to stay until his knee was well enough to allow him to walk without a crutch. The kick inflicted by the horse had been more serious than he had at first supposed. The morning after the accident Mrs. Buckner sent him a large bowl of whipped cream and a basket of French fruits. Laura, who had an original tasteful way of doing everything, took from a wine-glass on her dressing-table a camellia, traced the word "thanks" on a petal, and laid it on the foamy cream. Mrs. Buckner protested it would spoil the flavour; but her daughter said "No," and the camellia was sent. When Captain Wilson saw it he thought of the pretty fable about Venus rising from the sea, but wished it had been his favourite flower, the fragrant *Devoniensis* and not the cold, impassable *japonica*.

When Henry returned from the hotel, he said with the customary gratuitous criticism of the negro, "Miss Laura must have written mighty bad; the gentleman read Missus' note very quick, but it took him longer to read what was on the flower. He must have mighty good smell, cause he seemed to be smelling the flower as if he liked it 'mazingly, and I smell it when you brought it down stairs, for I love roses, and I thought it was not sweet one bit."

Laura was bending over her flowers, and turned to her mother, saying—

"Oh, is it possible that I have got to see and entertain that man?"

"Who," asked Mrs. Buckner, more from surprise than ignorance.

"That horrid fellow who saved my life."

"Laura!"

"Oh, I am ashamed of it already! ashamed of my feelings, ashamed of my sin, for, truly it sometimes excites me so to think *he* saved me that I feel I would rather die than be under an obligation to a man whose business it is to enslave us."

"I am shocked at such a sentiment."

"I am in a very bad humour."

"With yourself, I hope."

"Of course. I feel mean. I owe gratitude. I feel detestation," said Laura with emphasis, to drown in her own brain the word "fear" she had so unaccountably begun to utter. "How can I help it? Suppose a man had saved my life, only that I might see him put his foot upon your neck? Kentucky is my mother, just as surely as you are."

"You are always extravagant."

"Oh, if he were only a poor soldier, and could be paid with one half of my fortune! That is just what I hate so about him," said Laura, referring to an unspoken thought.

"What?" asked her mother, not knowing it.

"Why, as Lincoln's officer I owe him contempt, aversion; but I feel that he is—Well! there's no use talking."

Laura went out of the room, vexed enough to cry. Alas! poor Laura! the detested Lincolnite was the man she had paid such unconscious obeisance to a few Sundays previous; and he had not a face that a woman like Laura, gifted with eager eyes for all that is beautiful and true, could feel averse to looking at. The complexion was of a clearness not often seen in a man, and his quiet life on the Northern frontier had not exposed him to bronzing; his eye was remarkable for clearness, but whether open or shut you would as soon suspect a little fair-haired child of guile as Keble Wilson; translucent was the one word that suited his face, and Laura felt that the light transmitted from the inner man was just the ray that was the complement of hers. It was undefined presentiment that made her shrink so from being exposed to his influence; might not he be her worst enemy? For to know him might be to give herself up to the most exquisite pain.

"Freedom forever!" was generally her exclamation after thinking of him; or else it was "*Sic semper tyrannus*."

CHAPTER XIX.

"ALWAYS glad to see you, Dr. Lawton."

"I am sure, Mr. Buckner, that is a generous welcome, for if the Yanks knew I was here, a speedy arrest would be the reward of your hospitality. How is Yankee recruiting progressing? Kentucky regiments are famous exotics."

"Enlisting here is slow, according to Prentice, who says, ['The soldiers are about the only people that are now making a livelihood. The Government pays most liberal wages—fourteen dollars per month, board, clothing, and doctor-bills paid.']"

"We can't ensure our soldiers' pay. Many say, as Blanton did, 'I'd rather fight for the South, but I hadn't rather my family should starve; even if Jeff Davis pays me, I'll have a hard time to find a way to get the money through the lines, and then if the Yankees catch the bearer my children will starve. No, sir, I love the South, but I love my own flesh and bone better!' Colonel Hecker said he came here to help us and he found Kentuckians on one side of the question and the Yankees on the other. (a) A stranger here asked a Dutchman where were all the big Kentuckians he had heard so much of. 'If you wants to see big Kentucks, just go down farder to one man named Buckner,' was the answer. The *Courier* says, ['Regiment after regiment, full to the last man, has been raised in Kentucky for the Confederate cause, and others are being raised.' A letter from Owensborough says, 'The fact is, Kentuckians in this section are not willing to fight for the Union, but on the contrary the presence of Union men seems to annoy them greatly. Three full companies of rebels have been raised here, and are in the Confederate Army, whilst not a single company is yet full ready to fight for our flag. Indeed, I believe that two-thirds of the people of Southern Kentucky are ready and willing to fall into the arms of Jeff Davis at any time, and nothing but the presence of gunboats and a large force of Union troops on the border prevents a general uprising in favour of the Southern Confederacy.'"

"The Evansville journal says, ['There is not a single full regiment from Kentucky in the Federal service.']"

"The Yankees have sixteen encampments in the State. I think we have five. General Thomas, in his Report to the United States' Government [states that after visiting important points in Kentucky, he found that the Union sentiment in that

State was not near so strong as had been represented; that 'the young and active men in Kentucky were nearly all secessionists and had joined the rebel armies there;' 'that although the aged men were Unionists, yet they had not, and would not, enroll themselves to engage in conflict with their sons and relations. But few regiments of Union men can be raised in Kentucky;' that 'the arms which the present administration had sent to Kentucky'—over 20,000 in number—'had passed into the possession of the Home Guards of Kentucky, and could not be recovered; that they refused to surrender them, expressing a desire to use them in defence of their homes; and that many of them were already in the hands of the rebels.' General Thomas continues:—['Before we left Kentucky, we were convinced that no large bodies of Union troops can be raised in that State, and that the defence of Kentucky must devolve upon the free States of the West and Northwest.']"

"One Yankee official can't be bought or frightened by the Unionists here."

"Sherman was superseded for telling the truth. He said it would require 200,000 men to hold Kentucky. A captain offered the Home Guard to him as a body-guard; he courteously sent them to h—"

"It was not strange that he didn't receive them. The day the Home Guards were ordered out to meet General Buckner, who was supposed to be marching here, one whole company could not find its arms. The members of the Home Guard are in the possession of the public arms. But of what use are arms to men who will not shoulder them when their State and their country call? Of just about as much as spectacles to the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Cave! The young Southerners clapped their hands when General Anderson was removed, because he was too gentlemanly to make rebels of peace-men. Sherman was never severe to us. We need a man to commit illegal acts in the true spirit of the Government. To remove the cataract from the eye of the blind may be considered very cruel by a child; I am not such a child. But confound such a doctor as Buell; he is too fond of chloroform."

"I should think Seward would cure them. Colonel Throof and some other Kentuckians went to see him about the illegal visits made to some of our citizens. [They opened their mission by remarking that they had called to see him in reference to the Maysville prisoners. He abruptly replied that those prisoners would not be released. Frederick asked 'what are the charges against my brother?'] Mr. Seward replied, 'there are no charges against him on file; I do not care a d—n whether they are guilty or innocent. I saved Maryland by similar arrests, and so I mean to hold Kentucky.' To this it was remarked, that the Legislature and public sentiment of Kentucky were averse to such arrests. 'I do not care a d—n for the opinion of Kentucky.'] Senator Powell we can trust, he has never betrayed his constituents."

"Garrett Davis accused him of being popular."

"An accusation the representative of a popular government did not see necessary to controvert."

"Have you heard Crittenden's last speech? ['Glory be to God,' shouted an excitable gentleman to John J. Crittenden this morning, 'McClellan is sending 20,000 men from Washington to Cincinnati, for Kentucky. We're safe now.' 'Safe!' exclaimed the veteran Senator, 'Doesn't it blister your tongue to tell it? Safe! by Ohio and Indiana troops, while Kentuckians allow themselves to be protected by others. It's a shame to old Kentucky, sir.'] It would please you to see foreign regiments march through our streets without a cheer or nod except from the negroes. Some troops the others day were so impressed by the silent reception, and scowling faces, that they refused to eat the dinner provided in the dépôt for fear it was poisoned. (a) I must give you an anecdote too characteristic of the times not to be repeated. The other day a procession was advancing through a crowded street, when the officer very peremptorily ordered a gentleman standing on the kerbstone, to move a wagon. He replied, 'My servant has stepped aside. He will move it directly.' The Yankee cried out, 'Do it yourself, sir! that is always the way with you Kentuckians; you ask us to come here and fight your battles, and when we come this is the way we are

treated.' A modest lady of my acquaintance was standing very close to the officer. So offensive was his manner, that she naturally, and I presume, almost unconsciously, exclaimed, 'Nobody wants you here, Lincoln hirelings, go back where you came from!'

"Good! I wish Louisville had a thousand ladies as bold."

"This lady was much mortified afterwards, and said she intended to stay at home until the war is over. Henceforth that lady will be 'spotted,'"

"How?" asked the doctor.

"Happy man, who has been out of Louisville long enough to forget the meaning of that phrase! It is a peculiarity which I have adopted in these times to give illustrative answers. Mrs. Goddard was walking behind two blue-coats, and heard one say to the other in rather an under tone, 'Every Secessionist in the city is marked, and if Buckner comes their houses will be burned, and their throats cut in their beds.'"

"Nonsense!"

"The lady is a friend of mine, and I know this to be true."

"The rascal was drunk."

"She could not perceive it; but drunken brains let out only what sober ones take in. She said the soldier's scowl was horrible, and she had no doubt he would do his part of the work with a good will. Some poor women are almost distracted with fear; it is common to hear remarks of houses and men being 'spotted.'"

"If the women are distracted, General Buckner must come quickly; for, I observe that whenever women go distracted men need strait-jackets."

"Our population is well supplied with them. Louisville is improving with every Yankee who enters. They search our houses now, policemen come here and look in places so small that you would suppose they were searching for weapons for Lilliput."

"Confound them!" Dr. Lawton ground his teeth, and said, "I must give you Laura's experience of the other evening. As she was entering Care Hill, she heard piteous cries, and saw some soldiers beating a little boy unmercifully; he begged they would not kill him. Laura tried to make Henry interfere, but he was afraid, so she told him to tell the ruffians that she would pay them if they would stop; then the cowards ceased. The boy's cause of offence was that he had huzzahed for Jeff. Davis." (a)

"I can believe such a rascality only because Miss Laura witnessed it."

"I was returning to Vinelea with Minnie and another friend, when our carriage was stopp'd. The ladies had to jump out into the mud; it was too dark for them to see where they put their feet. They examined my person to see if I was carrying weapons to Jeff. Davis, in the company of two ladies in party costume."

"I met Mrs. Brady on my way to the country. She was going to Camp Sherman, her little babe in her arms; she looked so weak and worn she excited my sympathy, and I gave her a seat in my buggy. My courtesy gained her sympathy, and she told me her story. The day before she had been to the camp to see her husband, and found him lying in a pit on a pile of wood. There he lay all day. The poor wife spoke with some bitterness of the way she would always hate the Unionists, often affirming that they were the most wicked set she ever saw. Her husband had been made drunk and then enticed to enlist. Against his sober will he was forced to the camp, though he was sick. She said they don't care whether the men are serviceable or not, if they can make up the companies. She sent to General Sherman. He told her he could do nothing." (a)

"When will our noble Buckner come? It will be fatal if he waits too long. He must not let the people learn to be slaves. As soon as you teach a man that he has a master you implant a feeling of fear. Every day that Buckner waits adds to our fear, and fear is always cowardly."

"I am ashamed of human nature very often; but is it possible to live here without being cautious? A bold man is at once put in Castle Thomas or the

Military Prison. Caution, when it become habit, is apt to produce cowardice. Besides, the Southern party in the State gets weaker every day by our best men leaving, and as fast as they leave jackals from over the river fill their places."

CHAPTER XX.

LAURA was lying on the sofa in her boudoir ; Minnie sitting beside her.

"And so you have been trying to get up a scene with a blue-coat ! Who would have thought it ?"

"Minnie, touch lightly," said Laura, half deprecatingly, half jestingly.

"I suppose now I'm to enjoy a romance. Papa must often call and be polite ; mamma must be cordial (for he saved her too) and, of course, Miss is very grateful."

"Minnie Brickenridge, you have gone far enough ; you know how I detest the sight of a blue-coat—it is galling sufficiently, abundantly so—to be obliged to be a lady in my present circumstances. If I had intended to acknowledge no obligation to a Lincolnite hire—official."

"That's right ; speak respectfully of your chevalier."

"I should have sprung back in the carriage, and waited until a Southerner had stopped the horses."

"I doubt if you could have escaped an obligation already incurred by the effort. But, Laura, I wonder if the Roundhead may not be the same who eyed you so closely the other night."

"Where ?" said Laura, blushing as though she knew quite well.

"At the Mozart. He was a little in advance of you, to the right. He was a magnificent-looking man ; I repent of calling him a Roundhead—his hair was not cropped like the old English fanatics, but fell as softly as a woman's about his noble face."

"Take care, Minnie, or I'll prophesy another flirtation."

"With him ! But I believe I won't flirt any more. I never profess to be enraptured with what I can't understand, and so, at the concert, I found less amusement in the music than in observing—"

"What nonsense to say it is necessary to understand music before you can enjoy it ; of course, the more highly cultivated the taste the greater the capacity to appreciate. Although you profess to love intensely all rural sights and sounds, am I to believe you except the songs of birds ?"

"There is no music in the world half as sweet, except 'Cheer, boys, cheer,' and 'Dixie.'"

"But you can't understand what the birds say."

"They don't say anything to anybody except Auntie."

"Still you can enjoy their songs."

"Ah, you sly thing ! you have made me condemn my own—"

"Nonsense. Do you understand instrumental music ?"

"I'm afraid the adventure with the officer hasn't put you in a good humour ; I wonder if such a Yankee propensity as guessing is becoming in a Southerner."

"Not if it be accompanied by Yankee curiosity."

"I confess to as much of that commodity as any man, woman, or child in the New England States. I was about to guess whether I could account for your excitability."

"Excitability !"

"If I were in your place and exhibited your composure, I should consider myself worthy of adoption by the Indians, but you—"

"Ought to be what I am—impassable to every emotion but love of country."

Minnie's eyes twinkled now; the idea of Laura condescending even to comprehend her insinuations was good; but that she should seek to deny them was capital.

"Don't you remember I've always told you I'd have my revenge when your time for surrender came! The man who undertakes you ought to have as much courage as he who starts out with a lasso on the prairie, or—throws himself in front of two furious horses! Ah! but the proud, wild, untamed quarry will be worth the struggle and risk. Swell out your nostrils a little more, dear. I wish Captain, Major, Colonel, General, or whatever he is, could see you now."

"Minnie, I've some beautiful flowers in a vase in my room, if you'll go for them you may have them."

"So I will; but I've a question to ask when I come back!"

"Never! never! never!" ejaculated Laura, after the door was closed, and raising herself up she gazed fixedly in the fire.

It was scarce a minute before Minnie rushed back.

"Oh, Laura! What an exquisite basket! I never saw anything so beautiful!"

"I thought you did not have much admiration for camellias."

"Because they are cold and scentless; but what an exquisite idea—under the surface of cold purity to hide the delicious heliotropes!"

"Heliotropes?"

"Yes. Don't you smell them?"

"A perfume like theirs, and I considered its presence an evidence of vitiated taste; artificial sweetness in the representations of immaculate purity."

"What are you talking about? I'll leave you the camellias and I'll take the sweet flowers."

Laura looked surprised as Minnie gently lifted flower after flower and appropriated the hidden perfumers.

"Leave some, please. I never suspected that, how did you discover them?"

"By my sense of smell. I wonder you didn't by the common sense you prate about so much. The idea of not being able to tell essences from flowers!"

Laura unconsciously sighed, but very gently.

"What are you thinking of?"

"The difference between us."

"I'm obliged for your pity," said Minnie, giving her a child-like kiss because she felt something was wrong.

"Pity! It was envy. You laugh."

"Indeed, I am electrified."

"You well may laugh; for in truth," said Laura, getting up and taking her work-basket, "I would not give one ounce of my pride and resolution for your whole weight of thoughtless joy."

"Very poor judgment."

"No, sweet; I need all the pride I have."

"What for?"

"To choke down fearful presentiments."

"Oh Laura! your brain must have been wofully shaken by your fast drive."

They were quiet for a time; Minnie lost in the pleasure of holding a lapful of heliotropes—and Laura? Had she not seen the stolen glances of those magnificent eyes which were as eloquent as half-a-dozen tongues whose clatter she was inured to?

"Well, Lady Boastful, do you remember how you felt when Judith was sung the other night?"

"Yes; my heart was on fire. I could have died then and there for my country; my hands burned so that I pulled off my gloves, but didn't know it until the song was over and Mr. Stark laughed at me."

"I saw your great eyes growing larger and more luminous; I saw the rich blood reaching to the white 'cloud' that touched your forehead; I saw the lips part, the hot breath rush out panting and exulting."

"Are you crazy?" asked Laura, laughing heartily, and entirely unconscious that Minnie was drawing a true picture. "Besides, you were behind me and could not see all this."

"Ah, but I did! I saw it in the face of another; and I knew when the piece was finished and he felt it was time to turn away, that he sighed."

"Don't you think it's time for luncheon? Let's go down."

"Ahem! The room is somewhat close."

"Is it?"

"I judged from your complexion; you are usually pale."

Laura turned hastily—

"Minnie, you have always said what you pleased to me, and I loved you well enough to enjoy your licence; but I warn you to try no more jokes on this subject."

"By-the-bye, Laura," replied her wilful friend, not in the least intimidated as others would have been by her dignity, "who sent you the basket?"

"I don't know."

"Whew! No card?"

"None."

"Can't you guess who sent it?"

"My beaux are not so numerous as to defy your curiosity."

"I shrewdly suspect—"

"You'd better tell your suspicion to the one you think sent it, and you may be able to judge by his countenance."

On descending they found Mr. Buckner, who had stopped for lunch; he said, "Laura, I've been to see Captain Wilson; I found him so weakened by the loss of blood that I talked but little with him. The surgeon was in attendance; he said the bone was not broken, but the limb was so stiff his patient could not go about for some days, so, of course, I invited him to stay here."

"I am glad you did," said benevolent Mrs. Buckner.

"Papa did what was gentlemanly," said Laura in a tone of dismay.

"Minnie, this is for you," said the host, handing her a letter.

"Indeed," said Minnie, blushing and looking delighted, "where did you get it? There's no postmark on it."

"A little bird dropped it."

"I see I'm to ask no questions."

"Read it here, Minnie; you needn't mind us."

"No, why should I?" said she opening the envelope. "It is written in Somerset."

"Don't be selfish. Give us the news."

"It is an account of a battle, I believe," was Minnie's remark, after she had glanced over it, "do you want to hear it!"

"Yes, indeed."

"Somerset, November 17, 1861.

MISS BRICKENRIDGE,—I suppose when you favoured me with permission to write you an account of our adventures in Eastern Kentucky, you felt well assured I would not long neglect a privilege which I so highly value. I am by no means certain that this may not be captured by the Yankees, and made to figure in their journals as one of the legitimate trophies of Yankee warfare, so I must try to make my letter acceptable to those in whose hands it may fall. [If you look at a map of Kentucky, you will find that two roads lead from the blue-grass country—the heart of the State—toward Cumberland Gap. The first is a good turnpike road as far as Crab Orchard, eighteen miles from this camp. The other is an equally good road until it reaches the 'Big Hill,' nineteen miles south of Richmond, when it becomes as 'hard a road to travel' as ever Jordan was. We passed a great deal of magnificent mountain scenery, high cliffs and toppling crags. In many places one would think that they viewed the ruins of some mighty castle on the mountain tops, as the rocks would rise in walls and spires high above the particoloured forest.] You know my fondness for adventure; so one day, assuming the garb of a mountaineer, I ventured into Camp Wilcoot. I gave the sentinel some old Bourbon and he examined my pass—a note written in your city by a certain beau of yours (who I hope will find a sweetheart in Dixie, 'settle,' and keep out of other people's way). I was soon on easy terms

with the soldiers and gained from them some items interesting to a young lady so anxious for the success of the Federals. They were especially eloquent on the antiquity of army crackers. One said, [‘The crackers we eat are stamped “1801,” and the boys say they have seen several marked “B.C.”’]

In the early part of October, I was one of many scouts (some of them guerillas, properly so called) whose principle amusement was worrying Colonel Sill’s troops in his advance to Piketon from Camp Hopeless Chase; (that is the best name I ever heard of for a starting point for those trying to catch us. Don’t sneer and say it should have been Wild Goose Chase.) I expressed to Colonel Sill’s Regiment a great desire to hear of their marvellous march through the country of treacherous sheep whom these valiant wolves had come to defend. They said, [‘The march was truly a severe one. We took no train but one wagon and our ambulances, accordingly our men were without tents. The road was very narrow, and in many places precipitous. Often it was difficult to find sufficient room for our cannon, and more than once the expediency of not only unlimbering, but of making artificial carriage ways was calculated, so narrow was the road upon the mountain side.

A messenger came from Colonel Garrard, saying that General Zollicoffer was advancing by forced marches toward London and would certainly attack one of us. The Home Guard camp was almost deserted, and nearly three hundred gallant fellows lay wasting with dysentery and measles.

The nearest assistance that could be obtained was from the 17th regiment, which could only come by venturing to reach the Winding Glades road in the face of the enemy, scouring the country with his cavalry, or by crossing mountains traversed by a single bridle path. At Crab Orchard lay the 33rd Indiana, which could advance only by disobeying orders. Forty-five miles to the north was General Thomas at Camp Dick, but so swift was Zollicoffer’s swoop down from his mountains that he was within thirty miles of his coveted prize before the danger was ascertained and a messenger despatched for aid.

We lay down that night fearing that day would break to the thunder of rebel guns attacking us. The sick were hastened through the short night across the swollen river.

The morning came. I went among the boys as they arose from their comfortless bivouac, with no prospect of anything to eat before midday. You must remember that orders to join Colonel Garrard at all hazards had reached our Colonel only at midnight the night before, and there was no time to prepare rations.

It was a scene dismal enough. There seemed to be no spirit left in our hearts. But suddenly a messenger dashed down the hill from Garrard’s camp two miles distant. The sound of Zollicoffer’s morning gun had not been a dream. Our pickets are driven in. The enemy is attacking. The long roll was beaten. In three minutes the regiment was in line of battle, and in a moment more the column was rushing up the hill at double quick, cheering as though the victory was already gained. A little after ten o’clock, three unearthly yells broke from the fatal woods, and their echoes were drowned in the sharp rattle of musketry. Protected by the thickets and trees, the enemy had ascended unseen to within a hundred and thirty yards of the hill top—then forming, were advancing on two sides and in four ranks. Two regiments, 17th and 2nd Tennessee, made the attack on the brave little band of less than six hundred, commanded by Colonels Coburn and Wolford. The firing was so sharp that we could not distinguish that of our friends from our foes. While the battle was raging some of the Kentucky cavalry were panic-stricken and retreated. Colonel Woolford, who was brave as a lion, and Colonel Coburn threw themselves before the fugitives and threatened them with instant death unless they returned to duty. Never did soldiers behave more admirably than did that small force. But the enemy was brave, too. They advanced to within twenty-five yards of a small breastwork of logs, thrown up on the summit, and behind which parts of two companies were stationed. There was a pause, when suddenly, whiz came a cannon ball from the valley below, and immediately

after a long chain followed it whirling through the air. Ball and chain—fit shot for the slave aristocracy to fire! But then there burst forth a sound which shivered the air above us, and before it had ceased to deafen us boom went the shell far down the valley, then a ball, then another shell, and when their last echoes had died away among the mountains, there was silence as of death, till Garrard's men on the right raised a genuine old Kentucky yell, and the friends on the hill answered it, and then we joined in with a right good will, for the enemy had fled, broken and discomfited. From the summits of the Round Hill we could see the lights of the enemy's camp-fires blazing in a narrow valley two miles away, in easy range of our artillery if it had been furnished with shell enough to experiment a little on the shattered nerves of the Secessionists. Through the night our boys lying on the hill could hear the tread of men and horses and the word of command, and at morning we found they had fled but we could not pursue them. Our cavalry was too few and our infantry too tired and unprepared. So sudden had been the danger, so rapid the efforts to give aid, that not a regiment was ready to undertake a twenty miles' march. Zollcoffer fell back to prevent his supply trains from being cut off." I asked the boaster if that was not a rather imprudent position for a whipped foe? He shook his head, and said, 'Those plucky fellows are not afraid of anything.' My companion of the Thirty-Third Ohio enlarged on the victory, which my incog did not permit me to claim. Last week my commander would like to find out something about the Yankee force at Crab Orchard; of, course I was ready for a frolic. Before I reached the camp I stopped at the house of a good Secessionist, a poor woman whose husband is with General Marshall. As in most places in this unfortunate corner of the earth, everything wore the aspect of ruin; her two sons had begun guerilla warfare, as she said, 'bush-whacking.' They could not go off to join any regular troops as the old woman had no support but theirs. At night they would bring her something they had captured from the strolling Yankee soldiers, or, failing that, some wild game. One always tried to sleep at home—(oh, to think of calling such fearful nights being at home!) Sometimes the enemy was too near, or they could not elude the pickets; then the poor mother spent the weary hours in prayer until sleep or morning came to her relief. She said one of her sons was a tender-hearted child, and sometimes 'threatened' to take the oath so as he could stay with her; but she always answered 'No,' and that if he should ever come to the spot where their home now stands and find nothing but ashes, and maybe their dead mother, not to reproach himself, but say, 'Better have a mother safe in heaven than for her to have a perjured son.' But I am getting gloomy over the poor creature, and heart-rending histories are so common they have lost their old romance. I used to think a spy contemptible; but there is nothing I would not now do to help to rid my State of her tyrants. The old woman arrayed me in her only dress, beside the one she wore, and to make it long enough to reach my feet, before I knew what she was doing, tore half her bedspread up to make a flounce. I put on the cap she took off (I presume her only one), and then came the crowning sacrifice of this mountain heroine. She let down her hair from the back part, cut out two locks and fixed them—I'm sure I don't know how—under the ruffle of the cap. I took her largest basket and went to Crab Orchard. This little town has suffered greatly and can testify that our neutrality was broken by Ohioans and Tennesseans long before General Polk seized Columbus. I soon got into camp two miles below; by a fire sat several men discussing their triumphal march consequent upon the great victory claimed by the warriors. I have so largely quoted, I think even a gentle girl cannot help rejoicing over some parts of their experience, particularly after reading the episode of the old woman and her hair. The next day they were aroused by a heavy rain. [The Wildcat brigade, or sorrowful fragments of it, had but just staggered into camp after its disastrous retreat from London, and its tattered remains were still struggling up the rugged road miles in the rear, animated by hope of finally reaching a haven of rest. As that wretched struggle with the elements, over execrable roads, will be remembered

by 5,000 abused volunteers as long as they retain their faculty of memory, it deserves description. You will remember that Wednesday afternoon, Nov-13th, General Schoepf issued an order requiring all the troops to be ready to march at eight o'clock that evening. Commanders of corps were directed to carry with them all their sick, leaving such baggage and stores as could not be transported. The Surgeon of the Twenty-Third Indiana, horrified at the order, protested vehemently, but he was informed decisively, the order from Headquarters is that all the sick must be removed, and orders must be obeyed. He still protested that removal would certainly result in the death of some of his patients, and he was told to quarter them with private families at London. The Fourteenth Ohio had the right of the column. Shortly before eight o'clock, it marched solemnly by the camp of the Seventeenth Ohio, its band mournfully playing the 'Dead March'—thus expressing the emotions of the troops. The Seventeenth Ohio fell in their rear, and its sarcastic lads, keenly appreciating the occasion, burst into a satirical paraphrase of their favourite regimental ditty, one strain of which runs somewhat thus:—

'Old Zollicoffer can't take us,
Can't take us, can't take us,
On a long summer day.'

It was impromptu at the Wildcat fight, so was the song as they retreated:—

'Old Zollicoffer can't catch us,
Can't catch us, can't catch us,
'Cause we're running away.'

I am told we left twenty-two tons of ammunition at London. And yet we are making a forced march to prevent the enemy from cutting us off, or to save Blue Grass. Strange that the soldiers should leave their ammunition and march to meet the enemy.] 'Oh,' exclaimed one, 'if a stranger had seen us, he would have said, "here's a terrified army fleeing from a pursuing enemy." I dare say Miss Brickenridge is willing for the Yanks to have a good many more Picton victories if they will have such triumphal processions after them. Let those who like boast of their late victory; would any of noble Zollicoffer's men have changed places with Nelson's or Schoepf's? The poor fellows had a right to burn fences; for a human life is of more value than a potato-field; but I have heard Yanks in Louisville say their armies never destroyed fences, etc. I wish such could look at the fields adjacent to camp. Cerro Goods Williams, of Kentucky, commanded the Confederates, and Nelson, the Yankees. I have hoped to interest you in our out-of-the-way region. If my letter has not offended by its length a mere card of yours will encourage me to write another.—YOU KNOW WHO WRITES."

"What an interesting letter," exclaimed Laura.

"I hope he'll write again," said her mother.

"Prentice says, ['A Nashville paper announced that the national troops were fortifying Muldrow's Hill! Not a whisper of this had been breathed in Northern newspapers, but the rebels had full particulars. Yet to reach Muldrow's Hill the rebel spies have to pass not only through all the lines of this army, but also through those of the forces at Elizabethtown.']

"I should think the very fact that the Yankes are informed of nothing that goes on in the State and that the Southerners are always posted would be enough to prove which side the people are for."

"I am sorry to see how many of the Southern recruits are captured; it will deter many from trying to pass the lines, as few young men can look forward with equanimity to some years in a bastille, and those taken before they are sworn in the service will not be exchanged."

"Minnie, I understand you narrowly escaped capture on Fast-Day. Don't you know you are disloyal if you don't pray as the authorities here direct?"

Minnie laughed.

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Buckner, "it is true that there was talk of going to Calvary Church and arresting the congregation." (a)

"Why, there is always morning-service there on Wednesday and Friday; but they couldn't have arrested all of us."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because they haven't any prison big enough to hold the crowd. It seemed to me nearly all my acquaintances were there. If the hour of service had not been misunderstood there would not have been room for all. [The medical students, with four exceptions, are Southerners; and as the doctor whose Union sentiments are more offensive to them than those of any other professor, was to lecture at eleven, they resolved to attend service in Calvary at that hour.]"

"To spite the Yankee professor?"

"I suppose that was the general object, though I doubt not some of them must have had the fire of devotion—which, I believe, smoulders even where it is most concealed—fanned by the beautiful Proclamation of President Davis, which I don't see how any one could resist. It is easy to one who reads his various proclamations to see that he is a child of the Church."

CHAPTER XXI.

"WHAT do you think of the capture of Mason and Slidell, Myers?" asked Stark.

"That it is the best thing that has been done this century. I wish I was in the East to attend some of the glorifications gotten up in honour of Commodore Wilkes. In Boston, all the officers of the San Jacinto are to be received with music, hurrahs, etc."

"Do you justify the seizure?"

"To be sure, and so do all Union men, I suppose."

"I hope there are still some who ask whether a thing is right, and not only whether it is popular."

"Tut! everything is fair in war."

"For barbarians."

"[Everitt says that the question arising out of the arrest of Slidell and Mason is easily disposed of under the Law of Nations. He says there is no doubt that their seizure was legal, and can be defended as such. Edward M. Stanton, Buchanan's Attorney General, says that there is nothing more clearly laid down in the International Law than the right of such a seizure, and it extends even to the right of seizing the steamer herself. Moreover, it seems quite clear that Wilkes acted under orders from the War Department.]"

"Then you don't think the government has self-respect enough to give them up unless it is made to do so."

"I'd like to know who can make it."

"I bet before we are through with this business the eagle will come down from its untenable and ridiculous perch of buncombe, and that the paw of the British Lion will break one of its wings so as it will never flap so lustily again; the Confederacy will clip the other."

"What are the wings?"

"Naval and military power."

"I'll take the bet—a thousand dollars."

"Agreed! It's my belief that Uncle Sam will have the palsy when John Bull roars."

"What has become of your beautiful Provisional Government?"

"It's in force where Kentucky or other Confederate arms scare away your Dutch troopers."

"It is a ridiculous scarecrow."

"Which the Abolition blackbirds are terribly afraid of ; but is treason a farce ? "

"No."

"Then, what did you mean when by your vote in the Legislature you pronounced the Provisional Government unprovoked and unmitigated treason of the deepest dye ? Had you not better run if Buckner is coming ? "

"Oh ! there is no danger. 'Buckner is too smart to come to Louisville.' "

"Why ? He would meet a warm reception." "

"From the Indiana shore and from gunboats. It is fortunate for us that you Southerners knew it is impossible for you to hold this city except as Neutralists." "

"When the Confederates came in General Anderson said [this invasion of Kentucky was pure madness. It opens along four hundred miles the route for armies into the South, and it makes the secession of Kentucky from the Union surely and eternally impossible.] "

"This reminds me of the most spiteful, contemptible scraps I ever saw. Did you see the article in the *Journal* headed, 'Dupe, Demon, or Assassin ? ' "

"No."

"Here it is. Read it."

Stark handed it to Myers, and kept his eye fixed on him while the former read.

"[When numbers of men and women in this city were known to be aiding the public enemy in various ways—in sending money, provisions, and clothing to the traitors, the strength of the loyalists in this city was sufficient then to crush out everything of this kind, as it is now. And long before Buckner's piratical crew could place their fingers upon anything prepared by the loyal women of this city for the soldiers, each one of the sympathizing horde would be converted into a hostage beyond the reach of an oath of allegiance. Everything is already prepared for this climax.] "

"Can you imagine who wrote that ? "

"No."

Stark had suspected from a remark made by one of the legislators of Myers' stripe, that he had written it and had put it in his pocket with the intention of making him read it.

Myers was either innocent or brazen, for he gave no evidence of guilt. The day after the insulting offer of a bribe to Stark, Myers kept his bed, and sent for his companion of the previous evening, who was sent for three times before he could sufficiently conquer his loathing to answer the summons. His first impulse had been to challenge the wretch who had dared to treat him as a rogue ; but Laura Buckner was never long absent from his thoughts, and he remembered most painfully how she ridiculed duelling as weak, childish, absurd. It would have been a great pleasure to have branded Myers before the world, but then he would have to fight him, for he was not physically a coward ; but it would be a poor satisfaction to sacrifice Laura for such a contemptible puppy. So he swallowed his wrath and went to Myers' room ; found him in bed suffering, as he said, from intolerable nausea and headache ; and heard him avow that he had drunk so much the night before that he feared he might have said something offensive as his friend had been so slow to come to him. He had a faint idea that their parting had been somewhat abrupt. Stark received the apology ; but made his call short. After that he avoided Myers.

This evening Myers had come to his room. Stark, irritated at the sight of the hypocrite, who never failed to arouse his indignation, hoped to fasten the authority of the article on him ; he had shown it to Laura, and her scorn was so great she had exclaimed, "How can anyone calling himself a man allow that to pass unnoticed ? " It would be charming to give the miscreant a thrashing for Laura and his own honour at the same time, but Myers was not kind enough even to defend the offensive paragraphs, and abused the writer.

CHAPTER XXII.

LAURA was uncommonly introspective ; she had treated her heart much as a girl does her dolls, set up one feeling there and another here and told them to behave themselves ; sometimes she would chastise an emotion and pretend it cried and was forgiven ; at other times she would array her feelings to please her critical tastes and let them play "come to see," and she would talk prettily and very properly for them, "making believe" that they and not her brains were carrying on the conversation. True, Miss Buckner is old enough to have outgrown such childish ways, for she has long been out of her teens ; but I doubt whether a female ever ceases to be a girl until some strong feeling knocks the dolls off the seats where they were behaving themselves ; then she finds they can't cry, if they could they never would have been good so long. The surprise over, the girl finds herself a woman, and looks at her lifeless toys and laughs scornfully, thinking, "I was so foolish." Perchance, she turns her head to see what has created all this confusion, and there at the door of her heart stands a living man, and it was his grotesque overacting that did all the mischief ; though only spectators would call the performance grotesque, or suspect it of exaggeration ; the woman does not see aught but nature in all this. How could "a great big man" be expected to treat dolls with proper respect ? Such is the way most girls pass into womanhood ; but for so long a time Laura had been taking notes about lovers that even when her pet feelings fell as dolls fall, unassisting, unhurt, unconscious, she was determined not to see who had disturbed her "make-believe." No one had a right to have done so without knocking at the door of her heart and waiting till she said, "come in." A good many beaux had tried that and gone away as they came, and Laura began to feel herself rather above her sex ; she need not fall in love till she chose, and certainly she does not choose to now. What ! think about conquering any man while her country is enslaved ! He would be a bold man who dared to ask her to stop knitting for the soldiers and reading the newspapers, to think about himself and herself. Was any man absurd enough to think she could lay aside the *Congressional Globe* and the *Constitution*—which she read together, being a professed lover of paradox—to open his love-letters ? And then, even if he had the patience to wait until she had knitted up all the yarn in her region, there would still be cotton left to make shirts for the expected Southern army. Besides, Laura protested that she had no respect for any unmarried man not in the Southern Army, and, as she had there nearly a hundred acquaintances of all ages she was not much pestered with hearing about the time the horses thought it would be fine to run away. Laura was very glad she had heard all Minnie had had to say a few days after the rescue ; but quite provoked that she had allowed her to say it. She had seen and watched the handsome stranger before Minnie had. I hope she will never see this or she will not forgive me for letting it be known that she had condescended to observe one who wore United States' buttons. Seated in Minnie's pew in Christ Church, and not having learned how to pray for herself, she had had leisure to take notes. In front of her was a magnificently-formed man, whose attitude expressed a fitting devotion which touched Laura more than a sermon. She had great appreciation of fitness of time, place, and conduct. She always prided herself upon being able to judge of persons' dispositions and intellects by their physiognomy, manners, voice, and dress. There was reverence in the attitude of the worshipper before her, and although she had never developed much of that ennobling characteristic she must have had capacity for it, or she would not have been so irresistibly attracted by it now.

The worshipper—he was no dandy listener—spoke in low but firm tones ; voices had great power over her ; there was something in this that she shrank

from. Did she not like it? More than any she had ever heard. She was glad when the Litany was over. "Now," she thought, "I'll hear some music, and that man will keep quiet awhile." In this she was mistaken. I said Laura had little reverence; but there was an attribute that ever floated where she moved, while to her it was an invisible thing, and that was purity. She once said to Minnie, "How can you let Prosperè hold your hand? surely you cannot marry him." "I don't believe what Sue said about his having a mistress," replied her friend. To whom Laura quickly responded, "I never thought whether he did or not, but before a man presses his lips to mine I must feel sure that they are as unsullied," and she drew up her figure to its fulness of proud height, and thought, "Catch me laying a pure white rose on a dung-hill!"

To woman purity is but an abstract thing, and Laura had never thought of it until one of her lovers in addressing her had quoted the sixth Beatitude. She had laughed at the time, and had she spoken her thoughts she would have said,

Of course I am pure; did the simpleton take me for a — ? But afterwards she had thought, "And so he sought me for my purity; could I have accepted him for the same?"

These thoughts were doubtless the result of novel-reading, for until that Sunday morning she had but once connected such a characteristic as purity with any individual; and now a Psalm had suggested the idea, for in looking for the one given out her eye had fallen first on the second part of the ninety-seventh Psalm. She was not a worshipper, only a spectator and listener in God's house, so she kept her seat, and, without being observed by anyone, could watch the officer's countenance, as his head was slightly and unconsciously turned to the choir, at the right hand of the chancel. His eyes were luminous with calm purity, and the impressible woman felt it would rest her to have him look at her. His features were not insipidly perfect, but very manly; the forehead and contour of the head denoted more than ordinary intellect. In the Church sooner than elsewhere is manifest true elegance, by which I mean a compound of one-fourth reverence, one-fourth refinement, and two-fourths unconsciousness. Laura had never thought of this before, and would not have liked to have been judged by it; but she felt it now; she felt that the man before her was pure, refined, devotional, and brave; for, it is not every man who dares to kneel down and say his prayers, who dares to stand up and praise God. She was sorry when the Psalm ended; but only because she particularly liked the tune, and she regretted she had not come in before the chanting was over; she liked to hear a rich voice chant. When the sermon was finished Laura bowed her head while the Benediction was pronounced—not that it brought any peace or blessedness to her—how could it when she had not joined in the Confession and petitions?

She was not a churchwoman, and only went to Minnie's House of Prayer, because she had fine taste. The unsuspecting friend beside her, when she saw Laura bend forward for the last prayer, was glad to think the sermon had had some effect; how should she guess that the only sermon which had entered her heart was admiration for a young man who was not ashamed to be devoted and capable of being so, therefore, her superior? I think he is the first young gentleman who Miss Buckner has ever felt her superior. She measured by a higher gauge than genius, intellect or age. Laura reflected everything around her; whatever she took into her heart she threw out in her tones, sentiments and actions. As the congregation rose from silent prayer and turned into the aisles, the organ breathed forth sweet, humbling, yearning strains, and Laura thought, "Oh if I could only enjoy church as that man, Miss Johnston, and many episcopalians do!" Sad wistfulness was in her eyes as she turned her head to speak to Minnie whom she supposed at her side; she looked into the eyes of the United States' officer. From that one glance Keble Wilson drank sweetness; and the wistfulness of her expression fell upon his spirits. The complexion and hair made him think of a little child, but the eyes, forehead and mouth spoke of intellectual and moral power. "I hope she is a Unionist and that I may meet her again," he thought, and yielded to his fate. What it is, time may show.

As she walked home Laura was thinking, "I wish I knew what good thoughts

he is thinking now." As he wended his way to the Galt House the officer's heart was murmuring dreamily, "Only her eyes remind me—"

Is there such a thing as unconscious animal magnetism? Do you answer "No?" Then you cannot understand all this; but another can. Have not most of us seen a flower, a picture, a landscape, a face, and loved it at first sight? It may not have been beautiful by man's law of criticism; but to us it was beauty and music and poetry and love. Ah! What if an angel had rested the tip of one wing on Keble Wilson's bowed head, and the tip of the other on the irreligious Laura, and so what I have called unconscious animal magnetism might betimed angelic influence, or better still, a thought of the all loving Father?

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE one proverb of the Yankees used to be 'All men are born free and equal, and are capable of self government, like father, like child. The Puritans clamoured for religious freedom until they had a chance to establish that or a despotism, when they, under Cromwell, forgot their old war-cry. The American chips of the old English block wanted Church and State divided, and as soon as they had a Church and State they united them and persecuted with all the zest of new converts to a long opposed theory. The American Roundheads of '61 have forgotten the motto of those of '60, and their present one is, Nobody is equal to the Yankees and negroes, and nobody else deserves to be free; therefore, nobody but Yankees shall govern themselves and the rest of the world, and nobody but negroes shall be considered equal to them.'"

"Are you not rather hard on Yankees?"

"Ask history, and the events of to-day; but I am not polite to regale a U. S., officer on such a subject. I felt combative this morning and tried to be quiet; but you would not let me."

"I only stopped to inquire about your health after the party," said Captain Wilson, rising.

"Please sit down. I ask pardon for offending you, but I do not think you would consider me unladylike if you could understand how those buttons offend my eyes. I cannot forget that you have come to help to enslave us."

Keble stood irresolute, he never could come back again; but must he leave her now without one smile? His soul was thirsty for one more draught of her fresh, sweet nature, which offended him only because it was true to itself! One more draught and he would leave her for ever. Hers was the nature that for years he had been seeking, in boyhood as a friend's, in manhood as a wife's. All his life long, in joy and in sorrow, he had been waiting—waiting before he knew it—waiting when he knew not wherefore. And was the rest of his life to be only regretting? Yes; but he would take with him into the desert one more smile; he would hoard it carefully and it would cool his parched soul by the lonely watch-fire and in the weary march, on the field of battle and of death; he did not now, even in his thoughts, say of victory; for what to him was victory was anguish, and might be death to the woman whose every thought was for what she called her country. He had once tried to make her feel that as her State was slandered in the South her country was still in the North; but she answered in a tone which touched his heart, "Catch the birds of our woods, put them in Yankee cages, and tell them to be happy, for their brethren in the woods scorn them; no, no. We shall wait until the South learns that Kentucky is a subjugated province, captured by treachery as Northern Virginia by the sword."

Keble did not feel impatient for his cause to be triumphant; the victory would come after he had gone and could not know how Laura and thousands like her in fervid Southern enthusiasm would be suffering. He had some minutes for meditation, for Laura was on the library steps looking for something. His unconsciously manifested sadness touched her more than words would have done. Besides, she had been unkind, and she would not be excelled in politeness by a Yankee, she said to herself as a salve to a choking sensation in her throat. She came towards him. "Here is a relic of your General Anderson." He looked amazed. She smiled—the first time to-day that the dense cloud of overpowering feeling had been lifted from her face. "You see I can appreciate a gentleman, even if he is a Yankee."

"But General Anderson is not a Yankee?"

"Far worse."

"Worse than a Yankee! I didn't suppose your brain could contain such an idea." He answered her smile with one that showed he enjoyed the discovery very much. He was appeased more than he knew to find that she regarded anything connected with a United States' officer with other feelings than of abhorrence, "but why is he worse than a Yankee?"

"Because, he is a Kentuckian and fights against his country. I always feel inclined to distrust myself when I can't see anything to admire in an enemy, but when he was here he forced me to admit he had done nothing unworthy of a gentleman, as I believe it is not considered unbefitting to a gentleman to help maintain the power of a despot, so he does not do or order to be done any of his master's dirty work. I am never happy when in a bad humour with myself, and the General restored me to equanimity by convincing me that I had not been to blame for not appreciating what was not to be found. He who shows me how to admire a foe becomes my benefactor." Laura inclined her head towards the Captain.

"Miss Buckner, will you promise to answer plainly a plain question?"

"Not until I hear it."

"Do you remember promising me a favour? I claim it now by your leave."

The blood mounted to the temples of both; to his, that he had hinted at his agency in saving her life, to her's, that her rudeness of the morning had shown, it was for the time, at least, forgotten. She answered, "If the question involves no one else I will answer it."

He was very confused, and did not look at her as he said:—"Pride, perhaps I should say, self-respect, tells me that I should never again offend by my presence; but a strange power has subdued what used to be my chief characteristic. Laugh at me if you will; but I cannot resolve never to see you again unless you bid me. Shall I?"

"Not as a mere formality, but with real regret for my rudeness, I ask pardon for the way I have talked this morning. Let me finish. If you have no pleasanter place of resort in this city of strangers and en—; come here when you like!"

"I thank you. Did I think that you had any personal objection—"

"None in the world, except to your buttons."

"They are not my principles; henceforth they shall not irritate your eye unless you chance to see me in the street."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"GOOD-EVENING, Miss Buckner,"

"Good evening, Captain Wilson."

The lady was very stiff and formal, and the Union officer surmised he could not be mistaken in thinking Laura's eyes had begun to flash as they rested on

his buttons ; though the delicate impulse of a woman had as quickly forced them to the cold calmness which was usually Laura's glance of welcome. At first he has not minded such receptions ; he had always professed a fancy for icicles, camellias, and snow-flakes, valuing purity more than animation. Yet Laura was sparkling when he was by, but so were his inanimate favourites when the sun shone on them.

She had a private theory not whispered even to Minnie, that Keble was above petty weaknesses ; what would she have said if she could have known that he gloried in the consciousness that he—Federal officer as he was—could rouse the cold rebel into an enthusiastic woman ! There was a newspaper on Laura's knees, but she was tapping with caressing finger a charm upon her watch-chain. The Captain had wondered that she, unlike the ladies of her circle, wore no ponderous bunch of tiny charms, a key surmounted by a dove which held a snake in its mouth, was the only appendage to her watch-chain he had ever observed.

"Pardon my impertinent curiosity, Miss Buckner, but I should like to know what trinket you, who disdain all silly ornaments, are petting so assiduously ?"

"*Sic semper tyrannus*," she answered, and her eyes glowed so strangely that the hot blood mounted to his forehead. She could not have felt so triumphant as the dove who held the snake in its mouth or she would not have been so malicious.

"Why do you colour so, Captain Wilson of his Majesty's service ? I but told you what I touched."

"Lincoln is not 'his Majesty' to me."

"I may not have meant him."

"Who then ?"

"His Satanic Majesty."

"Miss Buckner, you will pardon the abruptness of my visit ; good evening."

Her pulse fell from 100° to 80° ; but her judgment whispered, "Easier now," then after a while,

"Good night," she said in an indifferent tone.

He had reached the door ; would she not speak another word ? No. The door was opened ; there was a mirror on the mantelpiece by the door, as he turned the knob he saw her in that, pale, cold, and defiant. It is well for us, His passionate children, that a God is ever about our path.

"Ho, Captain Wilson ! going already ? I had just come down to speak with you. I want your advice," said Mr. Buckner.

"I shall be most happy to call at your office any hour to-morrow you may appoint."

"Going so soon ? Are you ill ?" Keble was white ; possibly with anger probably with pain. He knew what he was doing. He had foreseen this hour which was to be to him the "flaming sword" to shut him out from the Eden of his pilgrimage. Laura, poor child ! knew not what she did ; but he knew only too well.

Mr. Buckner, Southern as he was, was too much of a gentleman to forget his indebtedness to Captain Wilson :—"Laura, certainly you cannot have offended the man who so lately saved your life ?"

Her tones were as proud as the flash of his eyes—hers were downcast—as she replied,

"Captain Wilson, I beg pardon for having answered your question in a manner offensive to one to whom I am so great a debtor."

He bowed very low :—"The apology is more—your apology is accepted, though I am sorry your filial duty required it. Mr. Buckner, will you grant me a favour ?"

"A hundred, my dear Captain. I cannot express—"

"The favour you have just promised me is silence so far as respects Miss Buckner's conduct towards me. You have pledged yourself to me not to mention my name to her—this is the favour I ask."

"Zounds, man! Excuse me, I don't understand you young people of this generation."

"Neither do I, sir," answered the Captain in a gay tone. "But allow me to say that I am not offended with Miss Buckner; she has repaid me a thousand-fold for any trifling service I may have rendered her. Nor has she to-night, sir, said anything she had not a perfect right to say, and I bow respectfully to her decree. I was very presumptuous to think that I, a Federal officer, could be an acceptable guest to so enthusiastic a Southern as your daughter. Good evening."

"Laura!" exclaimed her father.

"I need not remind you of your promise," said Keble.

"Wait a moment, sir, Laura, you are opening your lips to speak—it is time, I should think; what have you to say?"

"Nothing, except to answer the question you cannot ask. Captain Wilson desired to know what I was tapping? It was the seal of Virginia, and I replied, '*Sic semper tyrannus*.'"

"Is that all?"

"All."

"Captain Wilson!"

"I am aware, sir, I must seem in a somewhat ridiculous position; but Miss Buckner's eye told me I, an officer of the Government, was not a welcome visitor. I ought not to have needed a reminder of our relative positions. Her taste surpasses my judgment. I apologise most humbly."

"Fiddlesticks! This might do if you had not sa—"

"You cannot, sir, imagine the deep pain you inflict whenever you remind me that you consider your daughter and yourself as under obligations to me. I have been too slow to take offence. Good night."

As Keble said "good night" for the third time, Laura, feeling her pride strengthened by the cold pride of his indifferent tones, raised her eyes. His has not lost the expression they assumed as they had turned away from her cold, passionless face—he would have been comforted to have found an expression of anger or scorn, anything but this indifference. He could not melt the icicle; but she could freeze his blood into a hopeless, dull stream, yet he had virtually vowed never to yield his heart except to a perfect woman.

Why need he, independent of the sex as he had always been, now suddenly know that he had given all the hoarded wealth of a lifetime to one who but scorned him? This self-revelation was the work of a minute; it was made while she spoke, and her father's eye was fixed on her, and hers on him, and he could dare to look at her eagerly, greedily, as at the face of the dying. She spoke as though she were dismissing a troublesome servant; she ceased, and to him she was dead. It was then he turned his eyes away with a shudder, as though he had laid his hand on her heart and it had ceased to beat. Just then she looked at him and read his story; should she let him leave her with that expression on his face it would haunt her for ever.

"Captain Wilson!"

Eagerly he turned to her; she was not yet quite dead; one more sign of life, then she would be lost to him for ever.

"Captain Wilson." His face was still so utterly hopeless it pained her; involuntarily she moved towards him. A servant entered, "Master, a gentleman in the hall says he wants to speak with you just a minute." Papa was glad enough to get out of this fool's play. "I'll be back directly, Captain." The officer had to step farther into the room to let Mr. Buckner pass. Laura had raised her hand, was it only to protest? I don't know, nor did she; but it fell in his.

"I did not mean to insult you." She waited for an answer, it seemed a minute; still he held her hand, why not? it was the last time.

He was so deadly white, she added, "Indeed, I did not."

"You will not mourn for me; not even when you hear I have fallen in battle." The hand he held drew back with a quiver. Must Laura stand up all the evening to bid good-night to him who was so slow in going? He, too, sat down, this time beside her.

"Mourn for you?" Why should I, when there would be one enemy less to fight against my country."

The tone was so like her usual banter he did not seem hurt. Even bitterness was better than death.

"But I should not suppose you would want our numbers lessened; the greater the resistance the greater the glory of conquest."

"But you might kill one whom I love."

"God forbid!" His tone was so earnest she started.

"You would not?"

"Not if his bayonet was at my breast."

I don't know whether it is customary for lovers to have as many long silences as Keble and Laura kept; but neither ever thought them awkward. I suppose that was because neither was conscious how many seconds were consumed in delicious reverie. At last Keble spoke.

"Miss Buckner, I promise you not to wear military dress again in your presence. I deserve to suffer what you have inflicted to-night for being in such haste to see you. I had been out of the city and returning by your house the temptation to call was so great that I forgot not only my brass buttons, but my dusty appearance."

CHAPTER XXV.

MINNIE was staying with Laura when Myers called. After they had talked some sentimentality, she said, "I want your opinion on a subject which is troubling my brain very much."

"I should rather hear you complain of trouble in the heart than in the head, Miss Minnie; but if my little wit can serve you I shall be most happy."

"I thought I heard you say Cushing, Reverdy Johnson, Case, and Everitt maintained that the seizure of our commissioners by Captain Wilkes was right."

"Y—e—s."

"Well, if it was right last week, why is it not right now? You know I never professed to have a logical mind, and I confess this question sorely puzzles me."

"I would not blame so fair a mind as yours for anything."

"Oh, I have another question, Mr. Myers! Why is it that whenever a man don't know what to say to a woman he begins to flatter her?"

"No one flatters you. Your mind is—"

"Very far inferior to those of the people of New England. I remember what a fuss they made over Wilkes's seizure of the Trent; I couldn't then understand why they made it; if Mason and Slidell had been the only men who could have been sent to Europe there might have been some sense in all that Yankee rejoicing; but—"

"Wasn't it strange to send the author of the Fugitive Slave Law to England?"

"May be the English are like me in one thing, and can acknowledge the justness of an act that they dislike. But tell me why the Yankees are just as glad to let our commissioners go out of Fort Lagitte as they were to put them in?"

"W—e—l—l—"

"But is this inconsistency well? Let me tell you a story about a little boy who was so happy after he had robbed a bird's nest, and put the young ones in a cage; then a big boy came by and told him if he didn't let out the birds he

would whip him. A short time after the same little urchin was rejoicing that the birds were gone; his sister asked him why he was glad; he said, 'Oh, I won't get a beating now.'

"If you think we are afraid of England, you are mistaken."

"I expect I am. The story I was telling you says, that the little boy slapped his sister when she told him he let the birds out because he was afraid of the big boy." Miss Buckner entered and spoke to Myers.

"Oh, Laura! you are just in time to be enlightened on a recondite subject. Mr. Myers is going to tell me why it was right for Lincoln to hold our commissioners before England interfered, and wrong afterwards."

"I pray you mercy, ladies."

"Why, Mr. Myers, have not you learned the tune of your party? If not, I can give you a valuable hint. On the 28th the *National Republican*, speaking of Boston said ['The city was much excited last night by the rumour that Mason and Slidell had been handed over to the British authorities, and that the telegraph operators had been ordered not to dispatch the news until Saturday night. What the truth is we cannot say, but we understand the character of Boston well enough to know that these arch traitors will never leave the shores of New England alive, unless they are stolen away.'] On the 31st it said ['In Boston the public received the announcement of the surrender very philosophically, having generally anticipated such a finale. The street talk is that Mason and Slidell were not worth their board there or elsewhere.'] Learn the lesson, Mr. Myers, you'll have it to practice often enough before the war is over. I had supposed that for very shame the United States would retain those commissioners."

"When they knew their rôle was opposed to international law?"

"As a paper blockade! When I hear of the United States disavowing one wrong act because it is wrong, not because it is dangerous, I shall entertain some respect for them. I have another nut for you to crack. If the Yankees should insist upon a war for the annexation of Canada, would not that justify the South for dissolving so unequal a partnership?"

"The man who dares defend such a theory should be hung, drawn, and quartered," said Myers, mock heroically.

"Then you had better take up the remains of John Quincy Adams for your elegant revenge."

"Why, Miss Minnie?"

"Indeed, I heard Mr. Buckner say that he with Giddings—and—and—I don't remember the other names, for I never heard of them before—but there was a baker's dozen, who in '43 (I haven't forgotten the year because it was the one in which I was born), signed a manifesto against the annexation of Texas, and said that it would fully justify a dissolution of the Union. And mamma said if that was loyal twenty years ago—

"You are not twenty yet."

"Listen to what mamma said, and see if she wasn't right. She said that if the annexation of slave territory would justify dissolution on the part of the North, the annexation of free territory would justify the South for the same. And Laura said that now she would pitch in—no; she don't use such words as that."

"Weigh?"

"No; she had something about preponderating Adams against Calhoun."

"But what harm could adding a little more dirt to the Union have done?"

"A great deal; considering it was much too dirty already. The North has been prancing about on her Rosinante, spattering the South with mud long enough."

"I don't think she would have hurt her sister."

"No; only told somebody to cut her throat. Wait a minute and answer this argument." Minnie went to the centre table and came back with a soiled pamphlet. "Read the name."

"Catechism for Free Working-Men, published by the American Tract and Book Society of Cincinnati," I am amazed. Where was this procured? I did not know there was such a publishing society."

"I suppose not; you Kentucky Unionists never know anything except what Prentice and Harvey choose to tell you. A soldier gave the tract to our carriage driver, who reads very well."

"I'll see to this."

"You are rather late, Harry said that thousands of tracts, some much worse than this, had been distributed among the soldiers and their pets, our servants. Can't the governor drive away the carrion crows waiting to feast on Kentucky, that they are trying to deliver to Lincoln to be slain?"

"The North loves the South too much to part!"

"There is no pretest for which I have such contempt; it is too much like Satan's logic, particularly in its conclusions. I am heartily disgusted with this farrago; one might suppose that Barnum had educated the politicians, so accomplished are they in political ragtaggery. Call things by their right names. But I suppose it would not be so grand to elocutionize about your interests. It is thought to be for the material interests of the North to make the South abolish slavery; so the descendants of the puritans suddenly discover that they have to keep the spiritual accounts of their rivals, and endeavour to apply the principles of witch-burning and ecclesiastical persecution to the Bible and the constitution."

"We are right in calling the Puritans old fogies; had they not been they would have been more under the softening influence of young witches, and less afraid of old ones."

"Governor Robinson asks for an appropriation of secret service money, some Senators, afraid to vote for it or unwilling to second it, higgledy and stammer excuse and ask time to consider."

"A-hem!"

"It is easier to clear your throat than your conscience in answering this question," interposed Minnie maliciously. "Are you aware that the state policy of your confederacy is buried in the Tombs. I dare say its ghost will give you legislators a fit."

"May I have the honour of escorting you young ladies to see Anderson this evening?"

"The juggler? my juggler acts at all hours for my convenience," said Minnie, "Mr. Lin—"

"Thank you," said Laura, "but I have no heart for trifling amusements now."

"Miss Minnie, pray go."

"I have heard him. That night someone wrote on the card that he was to read without seeing, 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' What an outburst of applause then!"

"What delightful weather!"

"I don't think so. I shrink from the atmosphere in winter because I feel it."

"Because you feel it? Don't you always feel it?"

"In spring I drink it in and seem to be wafted over fresh flowers with birds and butterflies; in summer it wraps me in gratitude." Myers smiled and so did Laura. "I mean it would if people would only let me alone."

"But there is an irresistible fascination about you—"

"And the South; How can we get rid of our pests?"

"By uniting with them."

"But tell us, Minnie, how does the autumn air affect you?" asked Laura.

"Oh! that is the picture-forming atmosphere, which I love. I look with a lover's longing at the magical picture-veil it hangs over earth and sky." A short silence.

"Laura, please play for us," said Minnie, who had a slightly abstracted air, and did not feel as much interested in Myers as usual. "Play us some waltzes or marches; you've been nervous lately, and they'll be as good for your nerves as laughing."

"But I prefer operas and nocturnes."

"Because operas turn your heart inside out; nocturnes concentrate all your life in a moment."

Laura looked up, somewhat surprised.

"I had no idea that you felt music so deeply."

"Nor do I. But I remember your own expressions, and like to quote in company sentiments you are too shy or too proud to tell to others."

After Laura had played several waltzes, Minnie asked her to play the nocturne she had composed while hearing her Auntie sing the *Te Deum* to an old and beautiful chant. When she had played it, Myers remarked: "Miss Minnie, your enthusiasm is the Church."

"It is to me what music is to Laura."

"Do you belong to the Church North or South?"

"To both. It is the one thing in the North which I do not loathe. I feel as if the United States were a foreign nation, their enormous sin is an ocean between us. But the Church of the North still commands my homage and owns my love. There, for the sake of humanity, I think God has said to the devil-tossed sea of passion and strife, 'Thus far shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' How delightful to feel that while the United States seem as far off as the Czar of Russia, and more abhorrent, yet the Church is a Milky Way of heavenly spirits, binding in one brotherhood those whom war and cruelty have torn asunder."

Laura sighed, and played the "Lancers." When she had finished she said she would talk a while with her papa. She went into the library.

"Papa, Ellen would not come this evening as Mr. Myers is here, and she says she scorns him because he is a traitor! I wish Minnie did not like him."

"I must see about that. Why, he is going! Minnie must be teasing him that he is leaving so early. Go out, dear. I'll call him in and sound him for her sake." After they had talked a while, Mr. Buckner said, "Rumour affirms you have a rebel sweetheart. What's the reason you loyal men nearly all have rebel wives and sweethearts?"

"Because it isn't easy to find loyal ones in our circle, nor, I believe, in the tier below. Women like fine acting and, confound our men! *entre nous* the Southerners have most of the *éclat*. As for disloyal wives, most of the loyal men—alas, that I have to confess it! were born north of the Ohio, and have married Southern women and raised Southern children."

"You zealous loyalists may overdo the thing; even a Federal lieutenant was shut up by a sentry because he jestingly said he was Secesh. (a) Sentries ought not to have such power; but so many of our law officials are not trustworthy; even in the Court of Appeals three of our four judges are disloyal. (a) Think you you will be able to hold your own to the end in the Legislature?"

"Yes; by putting on grand airs, and acting as if the whole State belonged to us, and as if we were assured of her loyalty."

"That's your best plan for success."

"Yes," said Myers, thinking the man in his presence loyal henceforth for prudence' sake.

"But," said Mr. Buckner, "some of your members must be very green not to 'discern the signs of the times.' Some young one professes to pass resolutions that any attempt on the part of either branch of the Government to assume power delegated to it, is an infringement upon our Constitution, and he will resist it. That the trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury. That no person shall be held to answer for infamous crime, unless on a presentment or by a grand jury; and that the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury. That whenever Congress assumes such power, that they are making war upon our constitutional rights, and they are in rebellion against our government. If you permit such impudence to pass uncensured, the Legislature is gone. I wonder such men as the mover of these resolutions haven't sense enough to see the inconsistency of such declarations, and of allowing any little clique that you may befooled or buy up to control the elections."

"I don't think you property-holders need feel uneasy; no more agitators will be put in office."

"And those now in will be expelled?"

"We've already cleared the Legislature of its worst hornets, by the expul-

sion of John Q. A. King, of McCracken county; George W. Ewing, of Logan; George W. Silvertooth, of Hickman; John M. Elliott, of Floyd; John G. Gilbert, of Marshall; George R. Merritt, of Livingston; Daniel Matthewson, of Calloway; and A. R. Boon, of Graves. The Southern men show their impudence in the field; we must show ours in the council. Debtors will swell our ranks, for it was resolved [that no service of a summons in a civil action shall be valid, if at the time of its execution the defendant is engaged as a soldier in the army.] This will be effectual; a rogue, to prevent foreclosure of a mortgage, or forfeiture of prepayment, has only to write United States' Army after his name."

"There are men who won't or can't read, and never travel out of sight of their homes to learn anything; but every man knows something of his representative's opinions."

"Or thinks he does, which is better."

"Can you trust the fate of Kentucky in the hands of a Republican (so called) Administration?"

"Very easily, Mr. Buckner."

"You approve of its platform?"

"By no means; but it has individually pledged itself to let the slaves alone; (perhaps Chase should be excepted); but Seward is its head and Lincoln its tail."

"And Chase its backbone, you will find before long."

"One of the self-chosen Kentucky delegates to Chicago told me his party was so pledged."

"And you are green enough to trust to a party of whose platform the first eight declarations are virtually or inferentially false?"

"How, sir?"

"As to the first, if they expect to destroy slavery, why do they pronounce it 'permanent' in its nature? In the third, they declare that they hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion; yet their principal men have called for it on stumps in the wood, and on stump-pulpits, in lyceums and in Congress, by the press and in private conversation. And some of the very men who were then in Chicago had done this."

"As you have passed over the second, you have no fault to find with it."

"Did I? That is the most contemptible lie of all. A man who quotes things in a connection which falsifies them, is beneath the contempt of my boot. This Platform quotes sentences from the Declaration of Independence, which was drawn up and signed by slave-holders, and says the same sentiments are embodied in the Constitution, drawn up and established principally by slave-holders, to prove that negroes should all be free."

"Jefferson was opposed to slavery."

"Then he was not very honest, for he held them till he died; he couldn't hold them any longer. In the fourth declaration these men denounced the lawless invasion by armed force, of any State or territory 'no matter under what pretext, as the gravest of crimes.' This referred to Kansas particularly, I presume; in which case preachers took up collections to send men to cut their brothers' throats. I had a ward at Yale College at the time and the church doors were locked to give Southern boys a premonition of what Abolitionists meant by liberty, until a collection was taken up for this most christian work. One of the principal professors told them how many pistols they should give." (a)

"You removed your ward?"

"Yes; wrote him word to try Trinity College, Hartford, to see if christians inculcated the same sort of Gospel there; and if they did, to travel down to the University of Virginia as fast as he could; for, though Alfred needed Northern air, I thought he had better suffer with weakness of body, than congestion of the heart, or liquefaction of the brain. Yankee boys will be Yankees; but if the heads of a college have common-sense, a spirited fellow like Alfred can take care of the hands. But I forget my text. The fifth

declaration says the Democratic Congress cares for only a strictly legal interest ; here the tariff-bill is the best exemplar. But I won't examine this, as my party-politics might blind me ; at any rate, a Whig like you would say so. The sixth insinuates that men who want to steal Southern property, will be honest when they get hold of public money."

"Oh ! Mr. —"

"Please, sir, wait until I get through with my tiny Philippic, and then answer a question. The seventh declaration shows the most astonishing effrontery, or the most egregious ignorance. If I thought it was the latter, I'd send them the State Papers and Congressional proceedings. I laughed aloud to see Washington, Madison, Monroe, Pinckney, Rutledge, Henry, Lee and others, pronounced Abolitionists in the eighth declaration. This was as amusing as the writer's forgetfulness of when the United States came into political existence, and of what they were composed. Interpret this administration by the light of these articles, written by Lincoln's supporters. Don't you see that the fourth makes him and all advocates of the war, the greatest of criminals ? The fifth denounces all Abolitionists as they now are. The sixth, read by the light of late investigations, is more farcical than Mother Goose's ditties."

"The *Journal*?"

"I wish it would come out for Abolitionism ; one can't make the ganders about here believe that this is an Abolition war because Prentice is so bitterly opposed to emancipation by Congressional action or force of arms. No other man could have gulled the people so long about neutrality—a blue Yankee of Connecticut ! I heard Mr. Adams say that he felt that he and the others who brought him here had got their reward. They invited him to Louisville, supposing his surpassing powers of vituperation would drive away Shadrach Penn, who so tormented the Whigs. Who but Prentice could have palmed off neutrality as—"

"Curse neutrality for a humbug ! We knew from the first that it could not be maintained.

"Leave my house, sir. A man who confesses himself a liar cannot visit my daughter or myself !"

"You will receive my card ?"

"To throw it in the fire."

"I challenge you now."

"Do you suppose me so contemptible as to put myself on terms of equality with a liar ? or, to take time to chastise a puppy, when my State is betrayed ?"

"You shall repent this insolence !" hissed Myers, as he left the house.

"I don't doubt I shall, in some dungeon," was Mr. Buckner's reflection. "Well, a man can't stand everything."

CHAPTER XXI.

"If you had been born in a heathen land and left to choose the object of your admiration, what, or whom should you select ?" asked Laura.

"The Invisible," answered Captain Wilson.

"I like your idea, and see the reason you would."

"Why ?"

"Because you could attribute to it imaginary virtues, and then worship them. Do you know I consider you the most romantic person I ever saw ?"

"Oh !"

"I do not mean reproach. When copper becomes better than gold then will

practicality be of more intrinsic value than ideality. Truly copper is very necessary; one wouldn't wish to have the kitchen utensils made of gold; but if you get a wedding ring let it be of gold," said Laura.

"To remind one of the golden streets which husband and wife may tread when life's drop-curtain falls, and we can turn weary eyes from fallacious glitter, or from the mournful and false scene which formerly attracted, and gaze, heart into heart, at the one by our side," said Keble, in a low voice.

"There are not many women who could stand that. The heroine of the stage," continued Laura, catching the picture in his mind, "painted and bedecked with flowers and gems, whose beauty is enhanced ten-fold by the witchery of foot-lights, would fascinate a man's imagination, when the plain woman in plain dress, with no ornament but a true heart, would pass unappreciated."

"By no true man. There may be those who may find gas-light more glorious than the sun; such deserve to pine in darkness whenever they are called to the loneliness of the country, or of a sick bed, or—"

"When coals get scarce. Don't look insulted. I understand your fancy, but am not worthy to entertain it."

"I should rather not be comprehended than be understood only to be ridiculed."

"Do you, then, think me so exceedingly matter-of-fact? I inquire what I would worship?"

"I can imagine. A compound of Dixie and Utopia; but differing from both, inasmuch as you would tolerate nothing so weak as love except from such a hero as Lee, or such a statesman as Davis."

"Guess again."

"Then I was wrong?"

"As you generally are when you attempt to read one of my fancies."

Keble's heart grew lighter; would she for one morning be herself, forget that he was a United States' officer, and ignore politics and the war?

"You would worship mere intellect?"

"Bah! I should always be struggling with that. I must rest on whatever I adore."

"Then moral perfection united to Infinite Power?"

"As no great mind of the age even imagined such—or if a philosopher did, it was a dream too dim to be worshipped—I do not suppose I could."

"I must confess it puzzles me as much to study your fancies as yourself. What would you adore?"

"Music."

A perceptible change came over Keble's face; he could not tune an instrument, or turn a tune; but he asked why she would worship music?

"Because it is creative. My mind under its influence can create almost anything. I can be played into tears or laughter; can be nerved to the work of a patriot, or made weaker than a child."

"So there is one power to which you submit without cavil?"

"Two; but what the other is I have told to none. Under music I am like Minnie, who used to say she would never be accountable for what she said on horseback, not even if it was 'yes' to a lover."

"Oh! this I can understand. Me, too, does the motion of a splendid horse intoxicate. The proudest moment of my youth was that of the conquest of a favourite mare, so beautiful an animal that she satisfied the eye; her movements were the very poetry of motion, dignified as though conscious of superiority, and yet as full of frolic as a colt. She defied my father's groom, and so his master never tried to mount her. But I loved the animal for her sympathetic beauty of form, motion and colour; she was a pure silvery white. So when my father bade me buy myself a horse, I replied, 'give me Eratoline.'"

"What a pretty name!"

"Do not you understand its meaning?"

"Erato—love."

"Yes. I invented the name for her, because she pleased my fancy better than any woman I had ever seen."

"Oh! for shame, and she a brute!"

"Less so than many a fine lady I have known."

"Horrid! Did you ever ride her?"

"Yes, I was determined she should never feel whip or spur; then she might have feared me, and I meant to conquer her by persuasion—I knew I could."

"Vanity!"

"Only consciousness of power."

"I'll remember this," thought Laura to herself.

"I walked directly up to her; she shook in my face her mane that looked like crumpled silver, she doubtless supposed I should draw back; for thus she had intimidated others."

"Who did not love her."

"I let her shake her mane in my face as long as she liked. Then she turned and looked at me, seeming to confess my courage."

"Or impudence."

"Eratoline was to true a lady too accuse me of so ungentlemanly an attribute."

"Well," said Laura haughtily.

"Surely, I have not offended you? you only spoke in jest. Next to untruthfulness I think impudence most despicable."

"I but jested," said Laura, somewhat mortified. "Did you tame Eratoline?"

"When she saw I could not be frightened at any play as pretty as the tossing of her mane, she turned in defiance and raised her foot to kick me. I was a powerful youth and she rather light. I caught her foot, and as I took her by surprise threw her to the ground. Then I sat down very quietly on her, smoothed her mane, called her Eratoline and fed her with some turnips I had put in my pocket for a lure."

"Did the coward submit without more efforts to be free?"

"No, indeed, but they were fruitless, as I am not easily moved; she soon discovered I was rather too heavy to be discarded at her will. I caressed and soothed her till she, worn out with struggling to rise, went to sleep, at least seemed to do so, after I threw my handkerchief over her eyes."

"What an idea!"

"I knew that if I could gain her confidence our strife would be over; I had a pocket edition of Wordsworth; so I read until I thought she had rested enough, when I whispered Eratoline in her ear. I kept her mane in my hand until I mounted her, and did not let her go until I had ridden her miles. Afterwards, she knew my voice, and as I gave orders no one else was ever to call her Eratoline, she always answered my summons."

"Where is she?"

"In the far North-west, on the prairies. When my company was ordered to Kentucky, I could not bear to have her undergo all the horrors of steam-boat and rail-travelling and long, hot, dusty marches and then, perhaps, perish lingeringly on a battle-field, and so I let her go free."

"To suffer?"

"How?"

"Had not you taught her to love you? I could not be more cruel to Coleridge than to banish him from my side."

"That I believe."

"You should have brought Eratoline here."

"She is blessed to have excited your sympathies. If she can be reclaimed, will you permit her to stand in your stable and—"

"Certainly, papa would be very glad to do so small a favour for—" She saw him bite his lip and stopped.

"Would you love Eratoline—only because she is so beautiful—and ride her? I assure you you could do it without danger. You would have but to allow me to raise you on her back, and learn to say Eratoline as I do."

"Your offer is very kind."

"A-hem!"

"But I do not care much for riding these days; I have no pet but Coleridge now."

"Is your dog named after the great writer?"

"Yes, English authors are my chief friends, and Coleridge the dearest of all."

"I am pleased to discover in you a partiality for English writers; I consider it a mark of good taste and a guarantee of improvement. Bulwer is your favourite novelist?"

"None can be compared to him."

"Your favourite poets and philosophers are English?"

"Yes; and yet I think I enjoy Novalis more than any English poet. By-the-bye, who is your favourite German author? Goethe?"

"By no means; Faust disappointed me."

"For the same reason that the Mammoth Cave disappoints some persons of true taste."

"I could not read a fifth of Wilhelm Meister."

"Indeed! It was to read that book I principally desired to learn German; but I have not yet got it."

"May I ask you never to read it?"

"You can ask me, certainly!"

"Oh! I beg you to promise me. I can't tolerate the idea of seeing a camellia spattered with mud. I know the descriptions of art in it are very fine; if you will promise me never to read it I'll engage to get up an expurgated edition for you."

"Oh no," exclaimed Laura, quickly. His countenance fell.

"Pardon, then, the impertinence of my request."

"Impertinence! If I were about to open a vial of carbonic acid gas, would it be impertinent for you to take it from my hand? Yet you need to be pardoned for supposing I should wish to read anything that had disgusted you."

"I misunderstood your negative."

"I meant I would not have you go through a coal mine to get me a chaplet of diamonds?"

"I should not have made the selection. Metcalfe knows his works as well as you do Calhoun's Disquisition on Government. But you have emboldened me to make another request."

"Not to read Calhoun? I can't grant it."

"I don't like him; but he was too good a man to injure any one. Will you let me give you a list of books I don't want you to read? Works which such an omnivorous reader as yourself will be very likely to light upon?"

"And have you read them all?" she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone. What, if after all, her angel's wings had been beating about in smoke and soot?

"I never read through one of the books on my Index Expurgatorius."

"Oh, tell me every one! I will never open one of them. I have no respect for the person who would sacrifice purity of thought to any desire for intellectual benefit or amusement."

"Then never read Don Juan, Byron's Cain, The Sentimental Journey, Tristram Shandy, Anatomy of Melancholy, Rousseau's Confessions, Musset's poems."

"Never; I pledge myself." With a sudden impulse she laid her hand in his. He did not press it, nor did it tremble, but a groan unconsciously burst from his lips. Laura withdrew her hand and looked up quickly.

"What is the matter?" Perhaps her thought was of sudden physical pain.

"I never can ask it," he replied, as calmly as though speaking of a ribbon. It was a strange scene. Neither blushed, nor showed the least consciousness of love; Keble did not, because he felt utterly hopeless of winning such a Southern heart, and would not have tried if he had thought he could have succeeded. Had not he pledged his word never to marry any but a Christian? Laura did not blush, for her emotions were too little like any love she had read or heard of for her to know what it was she felt; she had heard the absurd remark that men

were never so pure as women, and never had she done so without an involuntary shrinking from the idea of intimacy with one. She would never commit her unsullied purity—which no school-girl had ever dared to insult with vulgar confidences—to the keeping of one less pure than an angel. When Keble confessed to her that he could not read a book of talent because it was vulgar, she made him instantly the guardian of her heart; he must never know this, for he was the enemy of her country, but henceforth she acknowledged a guardian-angel. He could not ask her hand—that was a very sweet assurance; the Southerner was now quite safe with the United States' officer; no more fear that he would insult her patriotism by asking for her Southern heart. Why he could not ask it she had not time to question herself. Was he engaged? Would he leave her and forget her just as she felt that he was elevating her into a higher world, would he forsake her and let her fall back into the selfish and isolation of her old life?

"Captain Wilson, I have always wanted a brother. Will you be my brother? I need a great many lectures; will you undertake to give them? I'll be wayward enough, I promise you. But did you not say that you would rather give birth to noble thoughts which would be acted out in other people's lives than have any personal gratification?"

"Don't ridicule me—not now," he said.

"Have you then so soon concluded me to be incorrigible?"

He had not raised his eyes since she had laid her hand so unwittingly in his; but now looked up in amazement; was this the proud woman who so often forced him to bow to her intellect? "What do you mean, Miss Laura?"

"That I want to be a better woman. You have lectured me."

"Oh!"

"Into being ashamed of myself, and now refuse to reinstate me in my own opinion."

"Can I have been of any service in arousing you? If this is true, I care not how soon I am called to battle and death." He added, but in his heart only, "then she may be mine for ever."

Laura found herself shuddering; so she laughed and said:—"Do you think I am so zealous in propagating the opinions I adopt, that I shall try to advance your ideas as I do my master Calhoun's?"

"I scarcely know what you are talking of."

"Neither do the stars; but they and you have a mission to accomplish in me."

A sudden hope must have risen in his heart, for his cold sorrow seemed to fall from him, and he looked into her eyes so eagerly that she blushed. The dream was over, Laura awoke.

"As you sympathise in my appreciation of the English, I suppose you like them as much. Would you like to be under English rule? Why do you laugh? We had no cause of complaint against the mother-country sufficient to justify our Revolution."

"Miss Laura, I believe you have been trying to quiz me all the evening."

"Ah!" she said in an acquiescing tone; for, as I said before, Laura was awake now, "the grievances of our forefathers justified their inducing a seven years' war."

"The guilt of that rests with those who endeavoured to coerce freemen. What grievance? Taxation can never be acknowledged by freemen unless they have representation. Parliament took away their right of trial by jury; ordered that persons should be tried in another country from that in which the offence was committed; it closed the port of Boston."

"And refused to acknowledge the right of self-government. I am glad to know that you approve of Kentucky's rebelling against the United States."

"But I do not."

"Which cause of complaint that you have just mentioned has she not endured?"

"Do you not really think it absurd to compare this Rebellion with the Revolution?"

"What caused the Revolution?"

"The Stamp Act lit the flame; but the fuel was ready long before."

"What was the Stamp Act to the duty paid by the South? the tariff throws it into the shade."

"Is it not right to protect home-manufactures?"

"If you can do it without robbing your neighbour. The tariff robbed the South. Why are the Northern cities richer than the Southern? They have reaped all the benefits of the duties on import. The North derived from \$40 to \$50,000,000 of annual tariff from the South, and the aggregate of the trade of the South in Northern markets was \$400,000,000 per annum. It was calculated by a Northern writer that the gain reaped from unequal taxation and the courses of trade between the two sections exceeded \$200,000,000 per annum." (a)

"But the North has paid back what you consider fraudulent gain. Who carries your mails and conducts public improvements?"

"Give an atlas to any school-boy, and he can tell you. But we are quite willing to pay for our own railroads instead of those in the North, and to pay our own men to carry our mails. Remember King Solomon's decision that first gained him a reputation for wisdom. He gave the disputed babe to the woman unwilling to have it divided."

"So, ho!" Laura did not mind the interruption,

"In other words, his good sense taught him to trust to people's instinct where their interests are concerned."

"All nations are governed by their interests."

"Which in civilised lands are supposed to be synonymous with riches."

"Rightly so in nine cases out of ten, unless principle or liberty is involved. No government has a right to disregard the money-interests of the nation; if it does it steals from its own children."

"If the North and South were to plead before King Solomon he would say, that as the former claims to spend so much money on the latter, she had better part company with her. I, King Solomon, thought I had nothing new to find, but I have yet to learn that the Yankees are celebrated for indifference to expenditure."

"You believe yourself capable of seeing an argument even though it prove you wrong?"

"I do, and am equally capable of seeing when an opponent is not."

"I am not afraid of your sharp-sightedness there. And you have the moral courage to say, 'I am wrong'!—hardest lesson to learn."

"To confess that I have not would be to own myself capable of falsehood," said Laura.

"I hope," answered Keble, with a smile, "that when you draw a conclusion you will not be hasty in pronouncing it as plain as twice two are four. Remember I can't challenge a woman."

"You are not the man I presume you to be if you are capable of challenging a man."

This was a proud moment for Keble; such deep respect was there in tone and expression. She caught the gleam of his eye and laughed. "But you have already challenged a woman."

"Then it is for you to appoint the ground and choose weapons."

"The ground: The Constitution of the United States, as interpreted by its designers; the weapons, plain-speaking and good temper. Is it a fancy that you looked uneasy when I mentioned the Constitution?"

"It is not fair to test the nerve of an opponent until the word 'Fire' is given."

"Fire! My first bullet is aimed at the heart of a man who would overthrow Constitutional liberty."

"Ah! I had supposed myself your adversary."

"You are."

"Then it is my turn to fire. I aim at the heart of a rebel."

"Who would rather be the victim than the abettor of a tyrant."

"You are caustic as usual."

"I ask pardon, once for all, for my frequent rude speeches; but you can't comprehend how one's nervous organization is disturbed by the daily papers."

"I should not have supposed they could trouble you."

"I dread their effect. The papers are not only brains but consciences also for many men. The *Journal* published a falsehood about there being 2,000 Indians in Buckner's army to massacre men, women, and children. The infamous falsehoods that paper tells about him and his noble men are the cause of terror. I'll give you one sample that I know of. A Mr. Wing, a Mexican volunteer, died just after General Buckner took possession of Bowling-Green. He had been a warm Union man and an opponent of our general; but when he was dead, Buckner sent to Mrs. Wing to ask permission to bury her husband with the honours of war. She refused the favour proffered, and the general actually withdrew his army from the little town that perfect quiet might be preserved. Such an act as this must not be known to the people of Louisville, who would not be likely to have any terror of such a general; so Prentice told a story about his not allowing the dead soldier to be interred with the United States' flag and other such trash. Young Wing saw the *Journal* and came here to have the truth published. Prentice refused, saying that if Buckner was not guilty of that, he was of acts quite as bad. He added that he had to correct something every day. Mr. Wing was so outraged by the infamous refusal, that he went in the street in a passion of honour, and told me and others of the case. (a) I see by the morning papers that ten Yankees have offered \$10,000 each for General Buckner's head. What have you to say in defence of that?"

"Not one word as I value my own self-respect. Anything more unblushingly infamous I never read."

"I respect you because you won't tell a falsehood for fear of being called a Southern sympathizer; you are not a coward. It is as necessary to put a stop to the *Journal*, as it would be to take chloroform from those you wanted to listen to reason." General Buckner was the first who drew my heart to the South, though my head had gone thither when I found there was no other hope of civil liberty. I have occupied a position that I blush at. What if I am but a woman? Is my honour the less precious because I take no part in the government of my State?"

"Did you hear Gottschalk last night?"

"I did."

"Can't you ever go into a woman's usual raptures over the elephant?"

"When the elephant can excite them."

"It is not possible that you did not like Gottschalk? What can be more perfect than his—"

"Nothing. His was the perfection of perfect execution."

"I don't like your tone."

"I'm sorry."

"You are not in a complimentary mood."

"Say something about Generals Lee or Brickenridge, or of Burnett, Washington, or Davis."

"I had rather not, one name excepted. Can't you and I keep off the great vexed question for one half hour? I long for thirty minutes uninterrupted enjoyment."

"The town has quite a number of male and female Union shriekers."

"I am not easily dismissed," replied Keble in his calmness, looking upon Laura's present mood as he often was constrained to do, as the interesting, if somewhat unpleasant petulance of a spoiled child. "If I cannot have uninterrupted enjoyment, I'll accept your mood and pay willing penance."

Laura did not exactly like his tone; it had an introductory sound. And in spite of her bellicose conversations with the officer, she had too entire a respect

for the man to let him ever have the advantage of choosing the throne of discourse. She liked to say the bitter, harsh things her own heart must hear; but Keble was determined to find out why she did not appreciate Gottschalk, and he pressed for an answer with a dim feeling that her musical nature might help him to interpret her spiritual. "I don't want to produce a false opinion of my appreciation of Gottschalk, but I like a musician to master me; that he did not do, and I doubt if he could."

"To master you?"

"Yes; make me laugh one minute and cry the next; thrill for war, or sigh for peace. To master me a man must make me forget that I am."

"A hopeless effort then; for who would try to master you—I use the word because you did—unless he was filled with you? And how could he make you forget the only subject of which he was thinking?"

Laura did not choose to see any but a musical allusion.

"Nevertheless, I have been so mastered," she said, and could not resist a womanly glance; he was quite pale, and she regretted her rashness when she was conscious his changed face and expression of pain was the cause of a little tremor in her voice; so she quickly added, "Thalberg did it."

She did not care to have their eyes meet then; she had a superstitious horror of subjecting herself to his earnest look unless she was discussing a party question. She often thought of the story about birds and snakes.

"Did you ever read Charles Ancester when it first came out? Did Thalberg remind you of Seraphiel?"

"In every department—I use this term because I don't know a better—of life I have an ideal model, or a model of flesh and blood. Seraphiel is mine in the musical world, and when I heard Thalberg I realized Seraphiel whose musical being interpenetrated my heart, and swayed it as he pleased."

Keble sighed, so low he was not probably conscious of it; a couple of minutes ensued before she remembered to say, "Do I admire Gottschalk? Exceedingly. Do I love him? No."

"Do you love anybody?"

"Yes, every strong Southern heart that will pour out its life-blood for my country's freedom."

"I am determined I won't talk, though I shall cheerfully listen to politics to-day."

"Bah! then I'll have no more fun; I'm not to be caught at Captain Fry's game."

"Captain Fry's! What can he have done?"

"The one you are thinking of, nothing. Not only General Buell, but, as far as I know, his staff are gentlemen. I was speaking of General Zollicoffer's assassin."

"Assassin! If he had been a brave man he would have said—'Draw and defend yourself, The general was virtually his prisoner; he might as well have stabbed him in the back.'"

Captain Wilson's face was scarlet. He had loathed the praise bestowed upon Captain Fry for what he considered a dastardly act; how could he say a word to cool Laura's indignation?

"I ought to defend my—"

"Brother patriot, of course you should; you needn't be particular about what you really think; Unionists have an unmitigated salve for mitigated and unmitigated falsehoods. It won't do to let the Secessionists know what we think of this?"

"Positively, Miss Buckner, you are too severe."

"I do not mean to include all Unionists in my sentence of condemnation, I except you, for instance. From your countenance I perceive that you did not intend to defend a crime because the perpetrator was of your party; are you appeased?"

"I ought to be; but I am more grieved to-day than I should have believed it possible for one to be by any opinions I could not pronounce sinful."

"Why?" He shook his head.

"Tell me what you think. I like people who are not afraid to tell me what they think."

"The fact is, what you mean by telling the truth is not a pleasant thing and people are not apt to risk their quiet for those in whom they feel no deep interest, therefore, to do so is an indirect compliment."

"Do you think so? I would tell the truth to any who would listen."

"Do you go to your old friends among the Unionists and try to teach them Secession truths? I mean what you think such."

"I plead guilty. I have Union friends whom I love dearly; yet I avoid them, actuated solely by the fear that something unpleasant may be said. You cannot conceive how nervously fastidious I am about those who are very dear to me. Do you remember Curtis's pleasant little story in which the lover solaces himself for not being invited to the dinner where his sweetheart has gone, by thinking that somebody will spill gravy on her dress, and his rival will see her in a greasy robe, and so have a blot in his picture? I have never forgotten it, it was so like me."

"I am not willing to think you wanting in the sweet charity that not only forgives, but covers over with fair flowers the barren places in the nature of man."

"I see."

"See what?" Keble asked, surprised. A brighter light on Laura's face, and a peculiar look almost tearful in the eye, were her only answer. What she saw was why she was his beloved; although he had not striven to win her, he could no more conceal his feeling for her than a rose can its perfume. And well it was that he could not, for the odor of his love and life was permeating Laura's nature. As one scatters the most fragrant flowers in a room where liquid chloride of lime has been sprinkled to prevent infection from a death laden atmosphere, so had Keble's thoughts neutralized the oppressive, earthy savour of the cold contempt with which she had sprinkled her heart to save it from the putrifying breath of wars.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"LAURA, you won't be angry if I ask you just one question?"

"Angry with you, pet! That's not likely."

"How many men have you seen that you would be willing to marry?"

"Really," said Laura, laughing, "it would be a good thing if you were married, for then you might find time to consider some questions of less importance than matrimony."

"Who thinks more about the war than I do? Who loves her country more?"

"Not I, if deeds are to prove where the heart is. I don't believe you ever let an hour pass without writing letters."

"Half of which never reach their destination, fortunately; I am not going to forget my first question."

"It is easily answered; none."

"Honour bright?"

"Yes."

"Captain—"

"Stop! His title is enough to answer you."

"But if C. S. A. was written after his name?"

"Tut, child! it's bed-time."

"Not for me until I know the truth. Please, please, tell me!"

"Then—" Laura hesitated as if too conscious to answer.

"I know it," exclaimed Minnie, clapping her hands. "Why do you look so sad, Laura?"

"Do you remember the Yankee barbarian who made his prisoners dig their own graves? I feel as they did when they looked at their work."

"If I were a man I'd challenge you for comparing my friend's beloved to that savage. Why do you laugh?"

"Destiny is my savage general. I have dug my own grave, Minnie. Oh, that destiny would as soon hide me from life! But in digging that grave I brought such gems to the light that I would rather look into its chilling loneliness than again pass unheeding over the jewels, which now form the crown of my life."

"Then you think as I do—there is nothing so sweet as being loved."

"Something far sweeter."

"What?"

"Go to bed, sweet, I'm so tired."

"You mean it is sweeter to love?"

"No—yes, I do think so. To be loved is to enjoy music; to love is to be music."

"But what did you mean first? What is better than loving or being loved?"

"To honour and respect. To be able to say, 'I have seen a man that it is impossible I should ever despise—one who is positively incapable of exciting disgust.'"

"I heard you say that you were afraid to marry any man for fear that in time you might lose your respect for him. In fact, I don't believe you ever had a lover who did not disgust you."

"That is my misfortune. Eustace never loved me," said Laura, trying to talk about indifferent things.

"But Captain Wilson does. You feel he could not disgust you. Why Laura?"

"A man who never forgets that he is an heir of eternity, who always takes Jesus for his councillor, need not be afraid of the scrutiny of the most fastidious wife."

"You'll be a Christian now?"

She shook her head.

"One should love the ambassador for the sake of the king, not honour the king for the sake of the servant."

"Oh, Laura, I cannot imagine such a rebel bringing herself to swear allegiance to one of Lincoln's—"

"Stop, Minnie, stop! Lincoln does not own him. Not pay, nor office, nor fear can influence one who asks but one question, 'Is it right?'"

"You are worse in love than I am! what a good joke!"

"In love! What do you mean, child?"

"Why haven't you confessed as much?"

"Never."

"Why, Laura!"

"I said there was something better than love."

"Ah! Ahem! You honour Captain Wilson."

"I ought to. When talking with him I feel as I used to when with your Auntie. I'd like to take a hassock at his feet."

"You are an amazing woman. You lecture him—"

"Teach him some facts, you mean. Any Southern child can teach any Yankee officer some wholesome truths."

"I thought you were giving a course of lectures on Calhoun."

"You are ridiculous."

"Wise enough to see that while you are drilling him in politics, he is surrounding you with an army of remembrances from which you'll never escape. He'll pretend to cry for quarter; but when you open your eyes, you'll find yourself his prisoner."

"Shall I? He'll be merciful I hope."

"You needn't laugh. Stop giving lessons, or make up your mind to marry a Yankee."

"I'm taking lessons; I am learning that the bravest is the first to acknow-

ledge an error, that the noblest is never afraid of the truth. I do not love Captain Wilson; but I honour him. If you had to marry either a man whom you did love and feared you might lose your respect for in course of time, or a man whom you did not love, but did honour, and knew you never could lose your respect for, whom would you marry?"

"The one I honoured. I would rather be honoured than loved by my husband, if I could not be both. God pity the woman whom her husband cannot or does not respect!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"So, Captain Wilson, you are not an Abolitionist?"

"An old-line Democrat, sir."

"Then," said Mr. Buckner, "we can shake hands on one question. But living in the North, how have you escaped the infection?"

"When a small boy, I read the History of our Colonies to my father, and remember the lesson he taught me about minding my own business."

"I am glad of that expression, I understood Laura to say you had been lecturing her about Foreign Missions."

"Could she have used the word lecture? If she did I shall hasten to apologise. But I consider helping missions a part of my business; Christ's last command was, 'Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

"I am no theologian."

"Nor I, nor yet a banker, but I consider that my business may lead me to investigate the callings of both, as I do not wish to be bankrupt either in this world or the next." Mr. Buckner gave the officer a glance of respect and felt his opponent a braver man than himself.

"You were speaking of what your father taught you."

"To mind my own business; but to do good to all."

"Paradoxical."

"A paradox rather hard to illustrate in daily conduct, I admit. But I remember my father's giving me a history of Jesuitism. He joined his thumbs, named one of his forefingers Jesuit, and the other Puritan, engaged them in a mimic contest until each drew off, supposing itself conqueror. Whereupon began a long dialogue as to their respective principles; and I recall the Jesuit and Puritan at last met. Then he said, 'Recollect, my boy, extremes generally meet, and if you wish to be a wise man you will learn to avoid them.'"

"Good advice. Your anecdote reminds one of a speech of that hare-brained fanatic, Phillips—he declared he had 'laboured nineteen years to take nineteen States out of the Union, and if he had spent any nineteen years to the satisfaction of his Puritan conscience, it was those.'"

"Truly, their Puritan ancestors would be startled to come to life and see what their legitimate descendants have done. What would they think of Garrison's motto—that the framers of the Constitution had made an agreement with death and a covenant with hell?"

"Were you ever struck by the absurd position of such men? They, by such phrases, declare that the Constitution justifies slavery; yet when it suits their purpose some declare it not unconstitutional to destroy slavery."

"Strange I never observed that inconsistency."

"You have to look close to see a black spot on a black garment. I can't understand how a Republican Government can force itself upon a reluctant people; such freedom is like that of Cromwell and the Independents; freedom

of conscience for ourselves, and the submission of consciences not our own. Won't it be hard for a Coercionist of '61 to write a history of our War of Independence, and condemn Great Britain without giving Lincoln and his cabinet a hit?"

"I believe the South is governed by an aristocracy; I do not believe the people in general desire disunion."

"In the beginning of the first Revolution the people were not generally in favour of separation. The statesmen were farther-sighted."

"My second lesson was learned from Bonaparte. He said, 'Had any of your philanthropic liberals come out to proclaim liberty to the Blacks or the Arabs, I would have hung him from the masthead. In the West Indies similar enthusiasts have delivered over the whites to the ferocity of the Blacks, and yet they complain of the victims of such madness being discontented.' Speaking of the fanatics' scheme of his day, he says, 'After the experience we have had to maintain the same principles it can not be done in good faith, it can be the result only of overweening self-confidence or hypocrisy.'

"Add, or of ignorance, or ill-judgment, and you have my dictum."

"Very shame, if not conscience, will prevent Lincoln's emancipating slaves by law or proclamation."

"To do it by the first I consider impossible; to do it by the second would be only an absurdity and a moral outrage; so I am by no means certain he mayn't try that. I like individual cases of emancipation. I freed my old mammy."

"Sir?"

"Southerners acknowledge practically what Northerners ignore, except in theory—that the Blacks are of our blood. We claim mammies, uncles, and aunts among them," he added laughing.

"I suppose the mammy is a nurse."

"Yes, and very apt to be the autocrat of the family. Southerners free slaves from a spirit of kindness, for their law requires them to take care of them if they need it, even after they are free. But there is Miss Brickenridge; go help her out of the carriage. Isn't Laura a strange creature, Captain Wilson?"

"I hope so."

"You do! You are fond of rarities?"

"When I feel that the article in the market is below par."

"In the market—whew! I wish Laura had heard that. She says God made her for a nobler end than marriage."

A sigh trembled in Keble's heart. "She says truly, and the man who would desire to have her sink into a mere housewife would be unworthy of her. God sent her on earth to ennoble—"

"And not to marry?" asked Minnie archly.

"I did not say that; though I think she is capable of realising my *beau ideal* of an old maid."

"Well! you are as queer as she is."

"From what I have heard of Miss Johnston I should not have supposed that her god-child would show such surprise at my idea of perpetual maidenhood."

"Faugh! I never call Auntie an old maid."

"Rejecting a positive example for a popular opinion."

"Here comes Laura. Oh, Laura; what do you think Captain Wilson wants you to be? An old maid."

"Unless he can provide me with a Jefferson Davis or a Robert E. Lee he will be gratified."

"Oh, Laura? You told me you had an ambition."

"You do not understand her, Miss Brickenridge. She needs something to reverence; all high natures do; hogs, monkeys, parrots, and their like do not. Do I not interpret the case, Miss Buckner?"

Never had Captain Wilson made so powerful a charge on her heart—she understood her—the woman whom the world pronounced peculiar!

She answered with a soul-glance, "You interpret me aright. Those two

men are the only heroes whose hands I could bow my haughty head to kiss."

"Captain Wilson, why did you sigh?" asked Minnie.

He hesitated, but did not look at all confused. "Tell me," she added.

"Miss Buckner might call me impertinent."

"I will not," Laura answered, certain his sigh had no such origin as her friend had attributed to it. He turned to Laura, "I sighed because I foresaw the great grief in your life."

"And that?" asked Laura meekly, awed by his tone.

"You reject Him 'Who is altogether lovely,' and you will lean on a reed and it will pierce you through."

"I can bear suffering; nor shall I seek aid from aught save my own pride," she responded haughtily.

Keble Wilson closed his eyes unconsciously, and Laura knew he prayed; from that hour he had power over her. The veriest Republican respects a man who is on intimate terms with a noble king. Keble, lost in prayer and love, Laura in reverence—the most delicious of all sensations, felt no awkwardness in the pause; but Minnie did, and feared she had been the instigator of an offence. "Captain Wilson, don't you like Byron's heroines?" was the first thought.

"I may have when I was twelve; since I have read nothing of his but 'Childe Harold.'"

"Um! Don't you like Moore's love-poems?"

"I dare say I shall if you will sing me Stevenson's interpretations of them. I think Moore owes his celebrity as a song-writer principally to him."

"That means you don't like love-songs, at least not Moore's."

"Not exactly."

"Did you put your notions into Laura's head? That is just the way she talked yesterday."

"I am not so happy as to have given her an idea."

"Laura says Byron never knew a true woman and Moore never a noble one, and that neither was noble enough to love."

"Of Byron certainly this is true; perhaps of Moore. Miss Buckner, what love-poem is your ideal?"

"In Memoriam. I know no love I would as soon choose to be loved with as that Tennyson feels for Hallam." Dreamily she repeated—

"And what delight can equal those,
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?"

There was a moment's stillness, and Minnie's laughter startled two. Laura was dreaming very vaguely that Keble was capable of being her Hallam; but felt even at that moment of love-born reverie that if so it could only be as one afar off. In heaven are no brass buttons. Keble was not more delighted than amazed at this new phase of Laura's character. Did either really love? Not yet. They were only feeling their way through the infinitude of being, striving—unconsciously one—to catch each other's hands. Angels looked on and smiled. Keble felt that the laughing Minnie's presence took half the charm from his new deliciousness of feeling. Aroused from his dream by her laugh he said the first thing that occurred to him. He had been reading of Jefferson Thompson that afternoon. "What a simple fellow Jeff. Thompson must be!"

"Judging from what you know of him?" asked Laura.

"From what I read of him."

"Iago's testimony was conclusive with Othello."

"Indeed, Miss Buckner, this is not the first time I have been convicted of hasty judgment, when I learn the truth from you."

"Captain Wilson," asked Minnie, with a very demure glance first at Laura and then at him, "why is it that you always believe what Laura says, and that

she, notwithstanding her contempt for your buttons, always believes what you say?"

Not choosing to give the giddy girl an answer that would disclose at least one secret of his mental life, Captain Wilson answered the last question only—"Because she believes me to be a gentleman. Probably she holds one of my theories of gentility, that no true gentleman will falsify a fact, even to save himself from sarcasm or injustice." There was a slight accent on the last word as he gave Laura what Minnie considered a defiant look.

"So truth being your lady-love, you are willing to do battle in her behalf against all comers? Really, Sir Knight, you ought to wear her colours—blue and grey."

"No, no," responded Keble, laughing.

"What then is her colour?"

"White; she is pure, cold, and passionless."

"What an enviable wife she would make!"

"She is a somewhat exacting mistress."

"But you do not mind that?"

"In truth, I do not."

"In truth! Why I thought we were talking of truth. Who under heaven are you thinking of, Captain Wilson?"

"A lady-love of flesh and blood, I trow," answered Laura. "Convicted, Captain; your looks betray you. Ah! I am sadly disappointed in you."

"Why?" he asked with a bright, stolen glance.

"I had hoped there was one man rational enough to eschew such an infirmity as love."

"Love an infirmity!"

"Certainly," said Minnie, trying to be very sedate. "Laura says she'd like to find a man above human passions, like an angel."

"She might search through every 'mansion' of the land of the immortals and she would not find an angel who had not his or her chosen friend."

"Friend!" said Laura. "I'd like to have a gentleman friend who was half as loveable as a woman. I differ from many women, Captain Wilson, for I never saw a man whom I could love and appreciate as I can a woman."

"Nor I."

"How dreadfully namby-pamby you two are becoming," said Minnie; "you make me sick; good bye." She was gone.

"You should not notice her," said Laura, observing that her remaining companion seemed somewhat confused; "she is such a bewitching darling, we let her do and say what she pleases. Indeed I could not live without her."

"Yet two persons could not be more dissimilar."

"I get enough of myself at all times; I want variety in my friendships. But to return to our first subject—Jeff. Thompson, who issued such a savage order; history, even that of the Yankees if they will give dates, will prove that all acts of barbarism on the part of the Southerners, if any such are enacted, are retaliatory."

"You cannot approve of retaliation?"

"Not unless it is preventive of future outrages. I like threats of retaliation; for nothing else can keep the Yankees in check. What does General Thompson say? Fremont has threatened to shoot any citizen-soldier found in arms within certain limits, also to confiscate the property and free the negroes belonging to the members of the State Guard."

"Which decree of Fremont, the dictator, has caused his supercedure?"

"Lincoln's fear caused it; did not you see his letter to Fremont, published in the *New York Herald*, wherein he approves of the act, but says the time for such has not yet come?"

"I did not; it must be a forgery."

"General Thompson's order is not cruel. If I had brother, father, or lover, 'a citizen soldier' in Missouri should I consider it wrong for a general of the State Guard to say that if Fremont, the miscreant, dared to murder him he

would hang a minion of Lincoln's? I should not wish to have the latter hung; but to have a *life dear to me saved*. And I do not need to suffer personal apprehension to enable me to feel for my countrywomen in a sister-State."

"But you would not like to see a man drawn and quartered?"

"No; nor would I like to see a guerillo burned after he was murdered in cold blood, as has been done in Virginia."

"Do not refer to this disgraceful act; if Lincoln does not punish the authors of such barbarity he will prove himself a savage. Still, I would not scalp an Indian."

"Nor in warring with such as Generals Anderson, McClellan, and Buell, would there be any need of retaliatory orders. But such men are heretics in Puritanic Land; they do not worship the Yankee's patron saint, John Brown, who suffered martyrdom in the cause of Lucifer. But hear Thompson in his own defence:— 'I am anxious that this unfortunate war should be conducted as far as possible on the most liberal principles of civilized warfare, and every order that I have issued has been with that object; yet, if this rule be abandoned (and it must first be done by our enemies), I intend to excel General Fremont in his excesses.' I wish he had not said, 'excel;' but suppose dozens of your friends were at the mercy of the worshippers of old Brown."

"I have heard you were not always a rebel,"

"Never, sir!"

"Not now?"

"The South owes no allegiance to the Yankees. Suppose the Northern States should establish a monarchy and try to coerce the Southern into acquiescence; would they be rebellious to resist?"

"Certainly not; but I cannot see the parallel I presume you draw."

"It is as much usurpation to try to enforce Abolitionism as monarchy."

"If Lincoln ever attempts to free all the negroes I will throw my shoulder straps in the fire. It will gratify me very much if you will tell me what caused you to change your politics."

"I have not. My politics consisted of two propositions: Liberty is the greatest of earthly blessings! Whatever is unconstitutional is subversive of liberty. Lincoln soon demonstrated that he was as lawless as the autocrat of the Russians; but I could not willingly give up what I then thought my country, and I called myself a neutral, hoping Congress would show that freemen might entrust their interests to it. Mr. Wilson's motion approving of all of the acts of the President was negated by but one vote. Let the "Nays" be remembered that posterity may know whom to exempt from curses. Nays—Brickenridge, Bright, Browning, Clark, Cowan, Foster, Grimes, Howe, Johnston of Tennessee, Johnston of Missouri, Kennedy, Lane of Indiana, Latham, McDougal, Polk, Pomeroy, Sherman, Sumner, Wade, Wilkinson, and Wilson—21. Then I knew I must cease to defend the Union, or lie against truth. Could I hesitate? For some time after its publication I would not read J. C. Brickenridge's speech. I may say it was an accident that impelled me to do so. I learned from him but of one violation of law on the part of Lincoln new to me; but Mr. Brickenridge had thrown together all the unconstitutional acts, and such a heap! I recoiled, utterly aghast. Holding this famous speech in my hand, I summed up the acts of usurpation. 1, The Blockade; 2, Increase of the Army, and for an unconstitutional period; 3, Increase of the Navy; 4, Violation of the Habeas Corpus Act; 5, Military law; 6, Illegal searches; 7, Violation of private correspondence; 8, Declaring war; 9, Unconstitutional appropriation of money in the Treasury; 10, Prohibition of freedom of speech; 11, Oppression of the Press. Does the loyalist tell me these violations were right because necessary? Will you please get some of your Yankee casuists to write a new code of morals for the enlightening of my ignorance! Yes, they were necessary; it was necessary for Cæsar to cross the Rubicon; it was equally necessary for him to devote Liberty to the fate ere long to be his. It was necessary for the Romanists to establish the Inquisition. It was necessary for Napoleon to crush independence abroad, and liberty at home. Is there any scheme originated in Lucifer's domains that does not consider it necessary to destroy whatever stands in its way?"

"I have no respect for the South's political position, nor sympathy for the selfishness of her social status ; but I do not pretend to say her wrong-doing can justify ours, it may extenuate it. I am not a politician. As a soldier, educated by the nation, and sworn into its service, I uphold its rights."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MINNIE BRICKENRIDGE was taking a walk on the lawn in front of the house when Mr. Buckner joined her. Colonel Brickenridge, his friend from boyhood, was so much from home that Mr. Buckner considered himself, and was considered by Minnie, in the light of a guardian.

"Come here, Minnie." He drew her down by his side on a rustic chair, and stroked her hair, trying to find a pleasant way of saying an unpleasant thing.

"Do you love me, child ?"

"Have I not two fathers ?"

"Can you trust me ?"

"Trust you !"

"Yes ; if I were to tell you something you did not want to believe, would you have enough confidence in me to credit it if I did not feel I ought to give you all my reasons ?"

How could I doubt you ? But what can you mean ?"

"Minnie, I know most persons think you a wild, thoughtless girl, but I understand you better than you understand yourself. I don't think you a child to cry for candy if you knew it would make you sick ; I don't think you would do what you knew to be wrong ?"

"Oh, no ! Auntie has taught me better."

"Would your Auntie consent to your marrying a man who was not a Christian ?"

"Why do you care for such a thing, Mr. Buckner ?" He felt mortified, but replied—

"More than you think, when a young girl's happiness is at stake."

"Oh, ho !" exclaimed Minnie.

"Do you guess now what I want to talk to you about ?"

"But Mr. Myers is a Christian."

"He may be. That isn't exactly the point. Do you feel, my child, that so zealous a little churchwoman would be happy with the man who ridiculed her church and refused to let her help its cause ?"

"Oh ! I've settled all that. I told Prospère at once that I was a little bigot and always intended to be, and that I never would marry any man who would not go to church with me. He has never missed a Sunday since. That will be all right, my kind guardian ; he has too much good taste not to be an Episcopalian ; besides," she added naively, "he likes to be thought elegant and refined in his taste and I am sure he will never go back to the sect he joined at twelve years of age."

"I know he likes to be considered aristocratic, my child ; but I don't care about his churchmanship. I only wanted to know whether you would marry a man who could not sympathize with you in your dearest feelings. You answer no ?"

"Of course I do !"

"Do you love the South, Minnie ?"

"Next to the Church."

"I thought even more."

"Perhaps I do." She looked like a child convicted of a trespass. "But," she added after a moment's pause, "I hope not. It would grieve Auntie and God, too. I love them both too much to distress them."

"I might as well come out with my secret at once. I see you won't understand me unless I do. You are a naughty little puss not to have told me you were engaged to Mr. Myers; but I know it, and I'm afraid you are not flirting now, Minnie."

"Do you like me to flirt," she queried with a laugh. "I thought I had had the honour of electing you Aunties' assistant lecturer."

"I'd rather you'd flirt with than marry Myers."

Minnie looked piqued.

"Don't be angry, pet. I am talking to you as I would have Colonel Brickenridge talk to Laura, if I were away. Do you think Prospère loves the South? Child, what I tell you I know. Prospère hates the South; he knows that only neutrality could keep us from secession; but as surely as Arnold—"

"Oh, I can't hear you say that; indeed I can't!"

He laid her head on his bosom, and patted her cheek. "I know Myers is false! he will betray Kentucky to the Yankees."

"Never!"

"Do you love him very much?"

"Not as much as I ought to love one who is so devoted to me; he often makes me feel ashamed; but he says I have frittered away my heart on a few women and birds and flowers."

"Do you love him better than you did your riding-horse when he was first given to you?"

"This is too bad!" said the poor girl, ready to cry with vexation.

"Minnie, I talked with him last night."

"What did he say?"

Mr. Buckner then related to her as nearly verbatim as he could their conversation. He had scarcely finished before he saw Myers approach, and kissing her hot cheek, he left.

"Good-morning," fell coldly from Minnie. Her hand was pressed nervously by her lover, who felt his dishonourable secret had been told. "The morning is fine."

"Very," replied Myers, his eyes unconsciously fixed on a huge, black cloud which hung threateningly over them.

Minnie drew her cloak closer and echoed—"Very, very, indeed." God pity me! she inwardly ejaculated, and the good God, who ever seems watching to save His children's tenderest feelings, caused the third person to join them just at this time—so thought the simple-hearted girl, who forgetting her late assurances of the beauty of the weather, suddenly discovered that as a storm was brewing the air was very chill and she needed more wrappings; so she ran to the house, leaving her companion to keep pace with her mother's more leisurely step. The door of her own room once closed upon her she pressed her cold hands over a heart that scarcely seemed to beat, so stunned was she by her first acquaintance with deceit. She seemed to have just escaped the embrace of a serpent whose head was even now reared to spit its venom on her mother.

Falling on her knees, for a long time she knelt gazing at a little space of clear blue sky left by the increasing thunder-clouds, as though she were gazing into the pitiful face of her dear Saviour. It seemed so strange that He had allowed her to be deceived. Not a word did lip or heart utter; it was enough that her Father was looking at her. She did not need to quote texts to satisfy her mind that in "all her afflictions He was afflicted." Auntie had taught her that there was "a need be" in letters of soft brilliancy over every human anguish. She clasped an invisible Hand and felt the upholding presence of an everlasting Arm. A demon in the room laughed and said, "Her faith is gone; she cannot pray." An angel hovering in the air softly whispered, "Her peace thou canst not understand; neither love nor the world gave it; neither love nor the

world can take it away." Slowly, and with disappointment, the demon passed from her as she arose, calm as one of God's little ones. Minnie has looked sin in the face, is shaking hands with sorrow, not bitter, but humiliating before she had learned more of either than every child of Adam who has lived twenty years must know. It hurt her feelings to think Myers had been trifling with her, playing upon her unsuspecting innocence to disguise his true sentiments, and as Mr. Buckner had suggested, probably also to learn through her from her Southern lovers what he could of the great contest. Her mind could scarcely tolerate the idea that any man had dared to use her as a spy; but the idea of justice had been instilled by so true a mind that she could not help confessing it was just that she, who from weakness of amiability and love of amusement, had trifled with others, should now be trifled with. She had been playing "April fool" just for fun, and because it was the fashion in the April of life to fool and be fooled; but had Prospère been flirting with her, it would not have hurt her half so much as to find out he had been telling her falsehoods; he had tried to win her love under a mask. Minnie received her punishment very meekly; it was sinful to rebel against the chastisement of a parent. She remembered that when her papa had once punished her she had gone screaming to her godmother, who had taken her in her lap and held her hands kindly, and taught her it was her papa's duty to punish her when she was naughty, and her's to bear it patiently, and she remembered how she had sat for two minutes gazing into her Auntie's eyes and feeling her loving clasp, and said, "This is true, because you said it; and I don't mind being punished, because I never felt before just exactly how much you loved me. Mamma shut me out of her room because my crying disturbed her." Blessed godmother, whose early instructions and example had for her darling secured that inestimable blessing the spirit of a little child to be a safeguard in this dreary world of hollowness and sin! Minnie took her writing desk on her lap and wrote:—

MR. MYERS,—Please never come here again; you hate the South and I love it better than anything else; besides, I could never like you again, because you have deceived me.

Vinelea, Dec. 18, 1861.

MINNIE BRECKENRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Oh, mother! Keble's mind is a deep river; hundreds of flowers are floating over its unruffled surface, and you will say his ideas are beautiful when I tell them to you."

"Why does he never express such before me?"

"He does not know he does to me; but his mind is open to me and I read for myself; he is not conscious of a curious gaze. I look down, down, down into the quiet depths, and see thoughts that do lie too deep for tears. But there are depths I cannot reach; when I approach them I veil my eyes; yet I know that if I could look still farther down, I should see an under-current gushing from the river of the water of life, and losing itself in the ocean of Eternity. Ah! it is the grandeur of his spirit that I bow down before. His intellect arouses me to combat; but his piety is so far beyond the reach of my untutored powers that I —"

"Adore him. Beware, my daughter; an idol will fall."

"He fall!"

"Aye, and grind your heart to powder."

"I should be willing to have my old life crushed to the earth, if from its dust could arise a spirit which might be meet companion for his."

"I can not understand why you feel an awe of him. I never saw a man with whom even children seemed to be more at home."

"Those 'whose angels do always behold the face of their Father,' do well to recognise his likeness to their guardians. Yet it is true; he can entertain children; a thing I never could do. He, not I, could talk to the angels."

"Not as he talks to children, I hope. He is very gay with them."

"Flowers, bright and beautiful, floating on the river," said Laura, referring to her first smile, "allure little children to dance in harmony with their joyfulness and innocence."

"Innocent is not a complimentary term applied to a man."

"What," Laura's eyes expressed intensest surprise. "Was not the God-Man innocent? Are not the angels innocent? Only children of the Evil one can do otherwise than revere innocence."

Her mother gazed at the enthusiast, and saw she meant no hit at her coarser nature.

"If a stone is in the way of the river it will run and leap over it, gurgling around it, with all the gusto of a boy at play. Yet its course is ever onward, onward, fulfilling its bright destiny."

"And the Captain's seems to be to captivate a rebel, having first blindfolded her."

"He blindfold me! He would tear out his heart, aye, and mine too, before he would trifle with or deceive me."

"Then he will never convert you to his political views?"

"Certainly not."

"Marriage then—"

"Is a forbidden subject, even to my mother."

"Ah, child! what misery are you storing away for the future years?"

"I know it, and I do not care. He will be farther off from me than if he were dead."

"He may marry another."

Laura laughed.

"Such men as he never betray themselves."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"CAPTAIN WILSON, has the stiffness entirely left your knee?"

"The little that remains is only a source of pleasant thoughts, Mr. Buckner."

It still hurt him to walk, though he would not say so.

Laura had longingly watched for him to come in without a cane, and not limping. She, too, was reminded of an eventful day.

"Papa, Captain Wilson has just been calling forth my enthusiasm about Kossuth—our subject of argument."

"Kossuth, indeed! Impertinent meddler!"

"How so, sir?" asked the Captain, in feigned surprise. "What did he interfere with, or wish to meddle with?"

"Our foreign relations. He was aware that our policy regarding European affairs was non-intervention. If he had been listened to, a fine war we should have had!"

"But, papa, as I always told you, Austria would not have attempted to whip us. Had we espoused the cause of Hungary it would be free."

"Other nations might have been jealous or afraid of our interference in trans-Atlantic politics."

"What if they had? Surely we should have helped the oppressed? You cannot deny the depth of Austrian despotism?" said the Captain.

Mr. Buckner gave a quick glance of suspicion at his companion, who seemed innocent of any design to entrap him, and answered—

"No more than I can that of the North."

"Then, sir, should not we have acknowledged Hungary?"

"Is it possible your ideas of international relations are so radical?"

"Is it radical to acknowledge a people striving for independence?"

"A—h—e—m! I'm an old fool to have been so nearly caught."

"Pardon me. I think you have committed yourself to a defence of England and France."

"Oh! Now I understand you, Captain; you remembered what papa said Saturday about England not acknowledging us."

"And, Miss Buckner, you shall be judge. Has not he pronounced Mr. Mason an impertinent meddler?"

"I don't like such a term applied to one who has so trustworthy a face. When I first saw his photograph, I said, 'I could lay my hand in his in any emergency, conscious of protection.' For my part, I never expected foreign aid—except what we could pay for; history is not lost on me. There must be at least one in the Southern Cabinet who does not abuse England and France for non-intervention."

"Hunter? I remember his powerful speech on the proposition to suspend diplomatic relations with Austria because of Hungary."

"I can't expect England, that owes us nothing, to fight for us."

"Us?" asked Captain Wilson, in a quizzing tone.

"Yes. Kentucky seceded last October."

"Did her delegates assemble in Frankfort?"

"They had no desire to secede to Camp Chase."

"Were all her counties represented?"

"Whenever it was practicable. Men standing in the shadow of a bastille give signs of acquaintance other than *viva voce* votes. Two-thirds of the counties were represented. Had we publicly proclaimed our intention of assembling, we should now be in bastilles. I am told that in most of the Southern States, although there were no Federal troops among the people, they were not informed they could vote until everything was arranged (*a*). The populace must always be in leading-strings. The people of Kentucky have many times declared that if they took sides it would be with the South; the Neutrality they proclaimed was violated, so by their own decree we place them where times innumerable, in private and often in public, they have proclaimed they would be found if not allowed to remain neutral. The only way that the declared will of the people—Speed and Wolfe included—can be carried into effect, is by a Provisional Government. I leave it to any honest man who has travelled here, or read the papers since Lincoln's election, if we do not better represent them than the unreliable Legislature that has abdicated as surely as a king who sells himself and crown to an enemy. Are they who see the design and meet it with counter-influences traitors?"

"The Legislature could not have acted as you wish; for the State Treasurer says there 'is no money in the Treasury even for ordinary purposes of revenue'" (*a*).

"But, Mr. Buckner, I like to see things done with military precision."

"So did Lincoln when he increased the overawing force in Frankfort the night before the Legislature met."

"Miss Buckner, with all the poetry of your nature, can not you understand what we mean when we say 'Our Flag?'"

"I know what it once signified to me when I thought it could never wave save 'o'er the land of the free; the moment that a despot seized it and hoisted it over a reluctant people, it was degraded. I felt towards it as I imagine I should about my wedding-ring if I were to find myself in the power of a tyrannical, unfeeling husband. I should never look at it without being reminded that I had

married an impostor; for he, having vowed 'to love, honour, and cherish me,' had made a slave of me. The ring that should have been the proud badge of union, would be the insignia of a bond-servant, and loathed as though it were the coil of a serpent."

"I'll advise your husband that is to be to ask you once a week how you feel towards your troth-ring. But I did not suppose you anticipated being married with a ring."

"Why not? some non-Episcopalians are married by the Prayer Book. As for me, I like great occasions graced with suitable language and won't let any pious drawler drive the poetry out of my marriage-service. Nor do I want a sermon preached over me before I am in my coffin."

"Is marriage only a splendid festive occasion, a poetical pageant?"

"Pray, what is it to you?"

"If the Roman error had not rendered the use of the word sacrament suspicious, I should say it was a sacrament, typical of Christ's union with the Church, and yielding in holiness to no rites save those of Baptism and the Eucharist, Confirmation and Ordination."

"How sorry I shall be for the poor creature who throws herself in your power!"

"Why?" asked quickly and very nervously.

"I imagine she would feel much like a crazy patient putting on a strait-jacket."

"You!" but he bit his lip and was silent.

"There is only one thing I don't like about your marriage service. I'll make the preacher leave out that hateful word 'obey.'"

"He can't."

"Not if the bishop says he may?"

"It was not a bishop who made the law," said Mr. Buckner.

"The first bishop of the Gentile Church did."

"But, Captain, really I think St. Paul was much harder on us husbands than on our wives; they are to obey, but we are to love to a degree that only a husband can comprehend 'Even as He loved the Church and gave himself for it.' Which command is the hardest? This conversation reminds me I have left Mrs. Buckner alone. Good-evening."

When her father had gone, Laura said—"You know my theory that everything means something."

"That poor, unfortunate man is to be judged by his countenance, voice, manners, even his dress and hand-writing?"

"Nothing concerning him is to be left out of the account if we would have a thorough understanding of his inner life."

"Was anything about me so unfortunate as to call out one of your severe tests for the condemnation of an individual whom I protest you do not understand at all?"

"My thoughts were where they are most apt to be."

"In Dixie?"

"No; but her sufferings called up the idea. Did you ever think of the significance of this filibustering notion?"

"Take care! That's a hit at your beloved South."

"When there was a contest of words about filibustering between the North and South, I sided with the former; but now the North finds her pockets in danger she changes her mind and gets up the grandest filibustering expedition the world ever saw."

Keble closed his eyes as Laura had observed him do occasionally, when he felt nervous about his position, so she changed somewhat her theme.

"I have been looking at a United States coin and thinking of the characteristic story the eagle tells; a bird of rapine not challenging to fight, but pouncing on its quarry unawares, unless its great black shadow rouses suspicion; seeing with only one eye, blind to its neighbours' interest. A hooked bill better to seize than to retain prey; professing to have a home above the atmosphere breathed by

ordinary mortals, yet delighting in the sight of corpses that may increase its strength. The right claw on the coin obtrudes the olive while the left clutches a bundle of sticks to scourge those who cannot be wheedled by the olive branch; but the Yankee bird forgets one thing—her strong right hand holds the olive branch and the rods are almost harmless in the left."

"She can 'change hands'; you might have respected her more if she had done it in the beginning of this contest."

"It would not have been unbecoming in a bird of prey, provided she had not professed to hold forth the symbol of peace while her beak was stained with the blood of her friends."

"How can you condemn Buchanan and his cabinet and condemn Lincoln and his?"

"I am not one of those exceedingly rare individuals who undertakes that. But I always bore you with political themes. Would you like to see the unlucky coin that called forth my last tirade?"

She walked to a little cabinet and drew out a drawer of coins.

"Did it ever strike you that the Liberty Cap of '76 was too small for the 'big head' it is supposed to belong to? Too straitened in its proportions for the old Union, it will better suit her daughter whose brain has not such wonderful convolutions as the Habeas Corpus Act, a free press, etc. to lose itself in."

"Ah! here's a Connecticut coin, 'Auctore Connec.'"

"I had forgotten that legend. What is the date?"

"Seventeen eighty-seven."

"Rather early for States' Rights' doctrine."

"I don't understand."

"I wonder if any Northman since the close of the Mexican war has understood an allusion to States' Rights, for, since that time they have had none endangered. Is it not the act of a sovereign to issue metallic currency?"

"I suppose you think this Massachusetts coin characteristic, as 'cent' is engraved just over the place where the heart is supposed to be."

"And how utterly unconscious of what it publishes to the world is the sublime bird whose head is turned away from such an ignoble object of contemplation, and is generously attending to the interests of its neighbour! On the reverse is 'Commonwealth' and there is only one star before the eye of the presiding genius."

"And here is a Kentucky coin. How proud you should be of its interpretation of 'E pluribus unum.' A pyramid of stars, bearing the initials of the States—Kentucky the apex."

"Very significant of our self-conceit. How many stars are there?"

"Fifteen; I presume the number of States at the time of its issue."

"Kentucky beat the Yankees at guessing when she formed the pyramids of only fifteen stars. Besides, see her idea; each star complete in itself, while the rays of all mingle in one bright light."

CHAPTER XXXII.

"MISS MINNIE, there's an old woman wants to see you. She said she reckoned, may be, the same young lady who was good to poor people and taught poor children, American, Dutch, Irish and Darkies in the same Sunday School, might do something for her."

"Good afternoon," said Minnie, going out on the porch.

"Good evening, Miss. I thought, may be, you'd be so good as to help a poor woman along a little."

"Where do you live?"

"In Lexington, m'am; slept last night on the road side."

"Surely some lady would have let you stay in her house all night. You can stay here to-night; our servants' cabins are comfortable brick rooms, and one of them is empty now. I'll have a pallet laid for you."

"Heaven bless you, sweet lady! But I fear I cannot delay so long."

"Good evening," said Mrs. Breckenridge.

"Hope you are well, ma'am."

"You seem very old to be going about begging."

"Yes, ma'am, old, and tired too. This young lady, like one of God's angels of mercy—as without a doubt she is—has just offered me shelter for the night, and if you will be so good as to let me go to it I will be glad to lie down now," said the beggar, her eyes fixed on a buggy coming up the avenue.

"You may go to the kitchen, and I'll send a servant with you."

"You be Unionist, ma'am? I see Yankee buttons in the buggy. Let me tell your fortune," said the beggar suddenly stopping before Minnie and peering into her face.

An elegant-looking officer stepped up to Minnie and bowed profoundly.

"Major Glenn, my mother."

Mrs. Breckenridge's eyes showed surprise even as she paid the compliment of a hostess.

The major was about to toss a quarter to the beggar, but the old woman turned off with an impetuosity akin to rudeness, and seized Minnie's hand.—

"Let me tell your fortune, fair lady."

"Aye, do let her," said the Blue Coat, "Let it be a good one, old woman, and a dollar is yours. Take this quarter as an earnest."

"Life-money! I would die of starvation, eat my flesh to the bone before even my old withered hand" (which was rather warmly gloved) "stained as it is by many a sin, should be degraded by the touch of blood-money!"

"Whom do you take me for," said the officer angrily, biting his lips lest Minnie should ridicule his passion.

"Whom do I take you for? For a victim of fanaticism or a worshipper of gold, the befooled tool of—"

"Hush, hush!" said Minnie gently.

"And is it you who bids me hush? Can a man or a woman" (in a less excited tone) "think of the fate which threatens every Southern home without a thrill of agony keener than death? Oh God! to think that those we love may be at the mer—"

"It strikes me that this is a very remarkable beg—"

But before the Major had finished his sentence the old woman had tottered, and might have fallen had not Minnie's weak arm suddenly strengthened to support her and seat her on the bench.

"You must not get so excited," she expostulated; "we are of 'more value than the sparrows'; God will take care of us."

The officer reddened more and turned on his heel; but the beggar glanced at the young girl while a sweet smile played about her lips that made her look young and almost handsome. "You are right; God will take care of you. May I tell your fortune now?"

"I know that you cannot."

"If I tell you what you know, will you believe me when I tell you what you don't know?"

"It would not be right for me to listen to such stuff." Seeing the woman about to speak, she added, "Pray don't tell me any stories about it; even if you could convince me that you know more of me than you ought to, I should be tempted to believe your information came from a worse world."

"You will not let me tell you anything about yourself; but this I know—that while a Southern arm is fighting for you a Southern heart is bleeding because you smile upon one of his country's foes." The beggar gave a scornful look at the back of the Federal officer, who had followed Mrs. Breckenridge to

the terrace ; then she turned an eager eye on Minnie's flushed face. The latter moved nervously off, though she could not have told why. Looking back, she said, "Go to the kitchen and tell the servants to show you to the empty cabin, and I will send you some supper."

There came in a servant to say to Minnie about ten that night, "Miss Minnie, the old woman what you sent to the cabin is mighty sick ; she begs a thousand pardons for troubling you ; but says won't you please come and see her. Poor white folks is a heap of trouble, but I declare the way she was groaning wasn't slow."

"Give me a shawl, Patty, and come with me. Bring the cologne from my dressing-table."

The groans were certainly quite alarming when Minnie and her maid entered the cabin ; the old woman was sitting by the fire.

"Why don't you take off your bonnet and go to bed ?"

"I think I've got a cold in my head, and its no use going to bed when I can't sleep."

"I'll send you one of my night-caps." An amused look came over the old beggar's face." "How strange," thought Minnie, "when she is suffering so."

Perhaps her expression was observed ; for the old woman added in a whining tone, "I'm afraid your cap wouldn't fit me ; you fine ladies have a world of trimming, but precious little cap."

"Then I'll send you one of my old silk aprons to tie up your head in ; but I came to see what is the matter with you."

"Matter enough ; there is no sleep for me to-night."

"If you will tell me what hurts you, I may be able to relieve you."

"I don't doubt you could ; but you won't think I'm worth the trouble."

"Don't be afraid of that. If you are suffering, I'll see that you have every necessary attention. You can't be very sick or you would not talk so much."

"It relieves me to talk to you ; the more I think about my troubles the worse I get."

"Let me read a Psalm to you. I happened to be reading in my Prayer Book when Patty called me, and I brought it along ; you may be able to think more quietly afterwards."

"Isn't it late ? Won't your mamma be sending for you in a minute ?"

"She doesn't know I am here ; nobody does." Without waiting for an answer, Minnie read the twenty-fifth Psalm. Then shutting the book, she said, "Are you calm enough now to tell me what is the matter with you, or shall I wait till to-morrow ?"

Minnie had concluded the old woman was not in much physical pain ; indeed, the piteous groans had long since ceased.

"There is a great burden on my heart ; if I wasn't afraid to confess it to you I think I should be—no, no ! I dare not tell you for fear you give me up to despair."

"That I will not. It is wicked to despair."

"Say again that you will not ; it is sweet to hear such words, although you know not what you are saying."

"Have you been a beggar all your life ? Neither the officer," (here such a cloud came over the old woman's face, that Minnie hastily said), "nor I thought you seemed a beggar."

The mendicant bowed her head in her hands for a few minutes, and then, without raising it, said, "If you will send your servant out for a few minutes, I will make my confession. I cannot shut up the volcano any longer in my heart. If there is no hope I had better know it."

"Patty, go into Rachel's room, and wait till I call you."

"Please lock the door, I wish to show you some things."

Minnie wondered what would come next, did as she was bidden, and leaned against the mantel-piece, trying not to be disappointed if she did not receive some memento from Lieutenant Huntington ; she couldn't forget the old woman's words about a Southern heart. "Please sit down." Minnie obeyed the old woman.

"I was young when the war of 1812 broke over the land. My father, like most of the Yankees, could only lose by it and was so bitterly opposed to it that he strongly advocated Secession; in fact voted for it in the Hartford Convention. I had a warrior-lover; he was nothing remarkable, you would have said, but he did not know what fear meant; yes, one thing he feared—my disapprobation. I was very gentle and refined, and shrank from contact with any one bold and daring."

"If you were so gentle, I should have thought you would have liked a lover to be bold as a lion."

"Oh! Is that the way with all gentle women? But his hand was stained with blood—could I let him touch mine? He did not dare to."

"Not if that blood was shed in avenging personal wrongs or in family feuds: not if it was shed by a duellist or bully."

"It was not; the blood was that of my country's foes; but knowing how my father had educated me to feel, and how I loathed war, he never asked me to be his, for fear, he said, that I'd shrink from him; that in my sleep I should murmur, 'Blood.'"

"Did you love him? And did he know it? If he did, he did not love you truly, or he would not have stabbed your heart through any imaginary chivalry. You did not really love him, or you would not have shrunk from the touch of a patriot."

The beggar rose suddenly; but re-seated herself before Minnie observed her emotion, and continued—

"He was bold as a lion with men, but he seemed afraid of my helpless innocence; did you never see a strong man afraid to handle a babe?"

"Not if he loved it tenderly."

"What?"

"Not if he loved it tenderly."

"Will you promise me to remember your words if you think unpardonable what I shall tell you?"

"There is but one unpardonable sin, and that is to reject and disparage the claims of Him who died to save you," answered Minnie, anticipating the confession of a crime.

"In such times of danger there should always be a strong arm near to defend you."

"There is!" Her lowered tone told whose arm she meant.

"But if God were to send you a strong human arm, would you scornfully reject it?"

"I should say it had better be uplifted in the defence of my country."

"Do you think a man would strike feebly because he was nerved by your love and prayers? Besides, he would take you within the Confederate lines and not leave you here exposed to negro insurrections and brutal—but I forget: I saw an officer here this afternoon."

Minnie coloured. "They say a blush speaks of love."

"I should have silenced you long since had not you been so much older than I; if you have nothing else to say, good-night!"

"Stop, if you have any pity in your soul, and answer one question."

Minnie's hand was on the door-knob; but she turned round.

"Let it be of yourself, or of public affairs. What the officer hinted may be true; the Confederatss may think you no bad spy."

"Did he say that?"

"Yes, he was ridiculous enough to say you might be Morgan himself. I think you may have come from beyond Buell's lines—may have seen—"

"Whom?"

"I am as crazy as you seem to be; good-night!"

"Stay one moment, I beseech you. You have guessed right."

Minnie looked frightened.

"But the officer did not." She seemed reassured, as though she had said,

"I am only an old woman, but I am a spy."

"And so you have come to get information for Morgan? Would that I could help you!"

"Will you be very angry if I ask what that officer said to-night?"

"Too angry to answer. Do you suppose I have so little honour as to take advantage of a man's weakness for me?"

"You misunderstand me. There is one thing I want very much to tell you, but I am afraid."

"I can pardon more impertinence from an old woman," said Minnie, thinking of a Confederate.

The sudden lighting up of the face and the closing of the eyes determined the beggar.

"Promise me not to be frightened if I show you something."

"You must think I am easily terrified." Then the colour suddenly left her cheek. "Has anything happened?"

The silence of a minute alarmed her so she could not at once repeat her question; when she recovered her voice she turned round, for she was conscious the beggar had passed behind her. As she did so, Lieutenant Huntington was about to step from a pile of skirts. An old bonnet, a gray wig, and green glasses lay on a table by him. Minnie was not frightened, but giving him a look full of anger, laid her hand on the door-knob. He threw himself on his knees to detain her. She looked at him, and not a muscle relaxed.

"Get up," was said in a tone of rare contempt.

He obeyed, and as he did so, asked in a stifled voice,

"When I fall—the first in the next battle—will you forgive me?"

A cold tremor passed from limb to limb; the proud muscles relaxed, the lips quivered; unconsciously she leaned against the door.

"Will you hear me for one moment? I have offended for the last time. May I plead for pardon in few words?"

She did not answer nor move.

"I will not speak without permission. I have been rash enough. Not until I saw your anger did I realize what I had dared."

"The major suspects the truth. Put on your dress and go; get past Louisville to-night."

"I will; it is better to die fighting for my country and the heart that scorns me, than to hang from a post."

Minnie put her hand to her head and leaned more heavily against the door. He brought a chair and seated her, then drew back several feet.

"You were right when you said I was crazy; I cannot blame you for your scorn—I have deserved it. Will death on the battle field atone for my folly?"

"Don't!" she entreated.

Does a "drowning man catch at a straw?" So did he at her tone. He came close to her.

"May I ask your forgiveness now? Time is precious."

She bowed her head.

"It was necessary that Captain Morgan should have certain information from Louisville. He had risked his life—exceedingly important to our cause—so often that I begged I might undertake this mission. At first he refused, saying he did not have much reason to value his life, except for the service it might be to his country. I replied, 'Nor have I.' 'Is it so?' he asked, 'I had understood you loved a favourite belle near Louisville.' It was strange that I should have said so much, but I exclaimed, 'Captain Morgan, which is worse? to have the lips you love closed in death, or in indifference?' Then he entered eagerly into the arrangement for my coming to Louisville, and he suggested the begging from you. Had it not been for your mother and that Yankee, I should have managed to have seen you alone in the afternoon; but I saw my only chance was to accept your offer of a room and feign illness, I have but one apology to plead—it may be years before—who can measure Yankee obstinacy?—before I can visit you in my true character. I am not as hopeful as most of my comrades about our ability to hold even the Southern part of the State; it may be years before I can

see you again; now you will not even look at me. You cannot forgive my rashness?" This last was said in saddest tones. "When you hear that I am dead you will pardon a man who offended only through excess of love; remember then that I forgive you for your heartlessness; it is easy for those who love to forgive. I cannot ask the question that I dared to send for you to-night that I might ask. Will you call Patty? If my disguise is suspected I have waited too long."

Minnie sprang up hastily.

"Oh, be quick! be quick!" In her excitement she lifted the grey wig and reached up to put it on his head; there was such a look of terror in her face and she trembled so, that before he himself knew what he would do, he had clasped her to his bosom, and pressed a long and burning kiss upon her forehead. She drew back, and said very softly, "Be quick! good-night."

"Am I forgiven?"

"Yes," she answered, trying to open the door she had forgotten was locked.

"And if I fall?"

"Hush!"

"Would you care?"

"Yes."

"Is this true?"

"Yes." Another fruitless effort to open the door; but it was a kiss that stopped the trembling hand this time!

"Will you not kiss me once—only once? You will not see my corpse if—"

Her head fell upon his bosom, and he kissed away the tears and promised to be very careful of his life, which suddenly grew to be so very precious. He was quite afraid he should disgrace himself as a coward, he said merrily, longing to see her smile. She did not seem like the Minnie of his dreams when her face was sad.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was midnight; but one heart was too happy to lay its dreams aside and sleep. Minnie had given herself up; she was revelling in the unselfishness of love. So perfectly did she love another that she had no feeling for herself; his glory, his true service to her country absorbed all sense of pity for the lonely girl who was to pass the weary hours wondering where he was, torturing herself by supposing he might be in danger. Moreover, she might never see him again. True; but he loved her and she loved him—what could separate them now? Man could not; and God would not, for both were His. Her face was bowed on the window-sill, resting in the moonbeams, glowing with light of the inner sanctuary, when a sudden sound of tramping feet broke the holy stillness. She could soon see twenty Blue Coats, who surrounded the house; some stopping in front, others passing on either side. Two helpless women in a house surrounded at midnight by armed men! but Minnie's first thoughts were of thankfulness. Eustace had been gone for an hour. The old beggar woman's clothes were in her wardrobe, and a man dressed in blue jean pants and torn linen jacket had crossed the country to enter Louisville from another point of the compass when the day should dawn. Minnie felt certain that the new arrivals, had come to arrest Eustace, for she knew well that Yankees and foxes generally start on their bold expeditions about midnight. Morehead and other names flashed through her head as she rushed into her mother's room to prepare her for her visitors. She said Major Glover had suspected the old woman to be a Confederate spy, and she supposed these men had been sent to make an arrest.

Mrs. Breckenridge was one of those persons who are, when greatly terrified, too

powerless even to shriek ; she lay as blanched as the sheet which she drew over her damp face ; but Minnie's maid, with more thought than her mistress, had already aroused the overseer who slept there as a protector to the family. Mr. Marks knocked at Mrs. Breckenridge's door to assure her she need have no fear, and then boldly advanced to answer the furious ringing of the bell.

When he opened the door, he was imperiously ordered to deliver up the old woman ; he replied that he had not seen her, but that she had permission to sleep in a cabin and they might go there after her if they thought it was just the thing for a dozen men to go to arrest an old woman at midnight. With severe curses, they ordered him to accompany them. When they entered the cabin, a candle still burned on the table, but the pallet had not been pressed, nor was there sign, save a piece of chicken and a biscuit, that the beggar had been there. An explanation was demanded. Mr. Marks could give none, and was suspected of aiding a spy ; he was willing to take an oath that he knew nothing of the suspicious beggar. Said one, "Let's take him along to prison, anyhow ; he's Secesh."

"Gentlemen, show me your warrant, please."

"A warrant !" and the speaker laughed in his face, or in that of the law. Mr. Marks was left with a guard while several went to search the outhouses, and some went into the main building. Every wardrobe and closet was opened, and many places too small for a man to enter were thoroughly searched. (a) Anticipating this, Minnie had taken the beggar's clothes and thrown them upon the canopy of her bed, which was fortunately so high that they did not think it worth while to get a ladder to look on it. The poor child was uncomfortable enough, for she had under her corset a flag, the staff of which was a half-yard long, and several smaller Secession badges were similarly concealed. When the brave *shirri* had departed the ladies locked up the house and went to bed.

The next morning, Mrs. Breckenridge lost no time in hurrying with Mrs. Marks into the city to inquire after the overseer's fate ; she had no doubt he was lodged in the military prison. Fortunately, Captain Wilson was in a restless mood, owing to his conversation with Laura the night previous, and passed up the street just as Mrs. Breckenridge's carriage stopped at the Galt House. He looked surprised at seeing her in town at so early an hour, and hearing the sobbing of Mrs. Marks, stepped to the carriage and with some hesitancy offered his services if anything was wrong. She related the circumstances. Captain Wilson's face grew very stern as he listened, and he begged Mrs. Breckenridge to allow him to see to the case ; as soon as he could see General Buell he would report at Vinelea. With many thanks, Mrs. Breckenridge said she would await him at Mr. Buckner's. At the mention of the last name his face grew darker, it would be mortifying to have Laura hear of this. The overseer's wife was not willing to trust the case in any Federal officer's hands, and insisted upon seeing General Buell herself—she had "heard he was the only gentleman in the lot." Captain Wilson did not seem to hear the last remark ; but helped Mrs. Marks out of the carriage and escorted her into the Galt House. He spoke a few cheering words and then left her to see if General Buell had come down to breakfast. In a little while he returned with orders to investigate the case, and if there was no cause of suspicion in the man to release him. Mrs. Marks accompanied the Captain to prison. Here in a wet, cold room, without a pallet or blanket, they found Marks. (a) Captain Wilson spoke cheerily to him, and then sent his wife to tell Mrs. Breckenridge that he had no doubt she would see her overseer as soon as he could examine the soldiers who had arrested him. Keble little knew what a powerful advocate he had sent to Laura.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I WISH to discuss with you the present great national question."

"Pray excuse me. I shrink from controversy. I feel too strongly to express myself as quietly as I always wish to do. Convinced by study of the justice of my present position, I cannot see that any good can result from our having discussions unless I convert you," said Laura.

"I, at least, am not afraid to hear arguments on the opposite side. Only when my mind holds an idea in abeyance do I fear to hear its merits impartially canvassed," replied Keble.

"Your last remark is strange."

"I do not wish to be convinced on several points, but nobody suspects what they are unless Miss Johnston does. In all argument it is necessary to have some authority from which there is no appeal. My believing a thing to be so does not prove it to be so, and my disbelief of a thing is small argument for its non-existence."

"True; if we dispute as to whether twice two is four or six, the multiplication table settles the point; if we disagree as to the meaning of a word only the dictionary can decide between us. In religious controversy concerning a doctrine, the Bible is the *ne plus ultra*; concerning a rite or custom not decided in the Scriptures the writings or other monuments of the primitive ages of Christianity must settle the dispute."

"They would not for me."

"Pardon me; I think they would, I do not mean to flatter, but I fancy you capable of perceiving arguments."

"Is that a very flattering remark?" asked Laura, smiling.

"It is; because few men or women are capable of seeing beyond their own immediate atmosphere. Moon-struck lads and lasses are by no means astronomers. Devotion to a principle does not enlighten the intellect; it would have been somewhat troublesome to have made the old worshippers of the heavenly bodies confess that they knew nothing about their real nature, and quite as hard to have taught them what it is."

"Go on; remember my memory is moderately retentive."

"You are ridiculing my prolixity."

"No; only taking notes to be used against you after a while. Go on, please."

"There are two questions I shall first answer for myself that I may be pardoned for proposing them to you."

"No; ask me first, if we are to argue we must not be mealy-mouthed, afraid of soiling our dainty lips with common-sense, or shocking each others fastidious ears with downright truth."

"Question first. Will you never say anything you do not think?"

"I might feel insulted at this did not I know that many persons who would be shocked to be suspected of falsehood do not hesitate to convey false impressions for the sake of winning in a strife of words; I assure you I am not of that class."

"Question second. If convinced of the falsity of any position you assume, will you at once confess it?"

"If Captain Wilson knew me I should feel insulted by that query."

"I beg—"

"No asking pardon. It is not necessary. Experience dictated your second question, and bids me excuse it. I, too have, often argued with persons who considered it more becoming to maintain what they were convinced was false, rather than yield a point."

"I think we can argue without losing temper."

"I shall ask a test question; for, I am practical. If you uphold a man in office whose principles of public policy are avowedly wrong (that is to you) do not you become a partner of his sins?"

Keble Wilson winced a little, but was too much of a man to give a prevaricating answer.

"Yes."

"What do you think of the John Brown raid?" asked Laura. Very much relieved at what he supposed to be a change of subject, he held forth quite eloquently on the horrors the fanatic had wished to enact, and as he loved a Southern woman his speech was not the less impassioned. Whenever these moods of eloquence came on him Laura listened like a little child, judgment quite absorbed in wondering admiration. It was not only gratified vanity that made Keble at such times find her as irresistible as she evidently thought his words; probably there is no mood so fascinating as that of unconscious enthusiasm. After enjoying such a dissertation as Keble occasionally favoured her with, she was wont to whisper to Minnie that she felt as she used to on the seashore when she had taken a bath in the glorious ocean, not a romp with a set of collapsed epitomes of fashion, but as she liked best, with no one but her father by and he not interrupting her communion with the mystic language of the waves that embraced her. Laura had quite forgotten her mischievous intention of worrying Wilson, and gazed dreamily into the fire, not willing to admit that a Federal officer had made any personal allusion when he spoke of the dangers to which Southern women would be liable during the prosecution of this dreadful war and how the chivalry of the North would find its only solace in caring for those whom the chivalry of the South had left defenceless.

Laura had probably gazed five minutes in the fire after he ceased speaking, before she perceived that his gaze was riveted on her as surely as was hers upon the coals. Then she rallied.

"You hold Brown the Fanatic's opinion in utter detestation; Lincoln in fact upholds Brown and you defend Lincoln."

"On some points. But pardon me if I ask you for proof of your assertion concerning Mr. Lincoln."

"In his letter to J. A. Spencer, he says 'Brown committed no offence against the Federal Government, meriting such severe punishment as he received.'" Laura was surprised at the black expression which gathered like a cloud over Captain Wilson's very placid face. "I feel as though you had led me to a dark cave full of devious paths and bade me enter," he said.

"I am dull and do not catch your thought."

"I have always held that a man will, if sufficient inducement be offered, do whatever he justifies."

"What then?"

"Lincoln may command what I will never do or see done. If I resign, Fort Warren will be my hotel." He laughed, and then, fixing his eyes steadfastly on his companion, "The world will say I am disgraced, and those whose opinions are my only cause of vanity, will avoid me as—"

"Too noble for them."

"Ah! How so?"

"I should have thought many of your New York friends would agree with you and applaud you; if not, they are too unworthy for you to value their opinion."

"Then you consider it no disgrace to be imprisoned?"

"Disgrace! There are few Kentuckians whom I honour more than ex-Governor Morehead."

"Then a woman's sympathy may conquer her pride and regard for appearances?"

"What an artificial man you are! Appearances—bah!"

"You do not mean to say you are indifferent to them? I judged you very proud."

"In the extreme of those who fear imprisonment less than falsehood. However, this word imprisonment reminds me I forgot to tell you that your lord said of Brown, that as a monomaniac, 'close confinement might have been more in accordance with the principles of justice!'"

"You will please not call him my lord."

"I beg pardon, you are loyal; I should have said your king."

"Loyal to justice, Miss Buckner."

"And therefore you are fighting for the man who has declared the decision of the highest judicial tribunal in the land not binding in the Dred Scott case."

"I am not long from the North-West, and therefore Mr. Lincoln's opinions on these points I have never before heard. I shall investigate this subject."

Laura went to bed that night with a very happy heart; when such an honest, undisturbed mind as his begins to investigate, it will influence action.

When Keble bade Laura good-night she put into his hand Brigadier-General Phelps' Proclamation to the People of the South-West, in which these passages were marked by her pencil: "Slaves are kept in comparative idleness and ease—"

"Yes," said the Captain to himself, "until I came to a Slave State I had no idea any race of men in this 'fast' country could be so slow. Their masters know they cannot do the work of white freemen, and that it would be unjust to require it of them." He glanced at the next marked passage. ["Free labour . . . is especially the right of five millions of our fellow-countrymen in the State," ("Humph! the Southerners clamour enough about their Rights; I think a United States' officer need not trouble himself on that score!") "as well as of the four millions of Africans there, and all of our efforts therefore, shall be for free labour." ("If you have read the history of the negroes in Africa or on this continent, you ought to know they don't appreciate the blessing of free labour, so, General Phelps, I cannot agree to help you turn half of my country into another Hayti.") "Free labour and working men's rights;" ("are not to be acquired by injustice.") "it is on this basis, and this alone, that our munificent government can be perpetuated." ("Then let it perish! Munificent indeed! Oh, God! any punishment but a slave insurrection! Since the night I dreamed I saw my pure, beautiful darling in the strong arms of a brutal negro, I can never hear of universal negro emancipation, which can be inaugurated only by insurrection—without bitterest agony.")]

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I WANT something to encounter that I may have to overcome," thought Minnie; "it is much easier for Eustace than for me. He has to fight men who are very visible targets; but I have to contend with phantoms that I cannot seize." Minnie was no less a child of nature than was Wordsworth's "Lucy." She was rambling here and there, anywhere but in the paths, stopping now to pick a flower, and then resting her hands on her knees and her head in her hands, while she tried to make out what words certain birds were saying. One seemed to say "Picayune." "That's a Yankee," thought the Southern woman. Another said, "Pretty." "He's talking about his sweetheart." Then her darling, as she called the blue bird, began the courtship that she fancied sounded wonderfully like what Eustace would warble to her, were they both little birds. Suddenly, "Will you? will you?" fell on her ear and she raised her head, smiling to herself, thinking of the day when Eustace had interpreted the notes of the Carolina wren, and named it Minnie's Southern lover. It was after this reverie that the poor victim of the war sprang up hastily and wished for something tangible to resist. Before her was a meadow; she always had a fancy for walking through it. Soon only a pretty little head, crowned with a peasant's hat, was visible above the grass, and that was closely followed by a pair of very bright eyes that were peering over the fence. When Minnie arrived at the fence where her struggle with the long thick grass must terminate, she was startled by, "Aren't you afeard of snakes?"

The one addressed was about to reprove the impertinence of a straggler by a very proper look of decorum; but the sight of a venerable snow white beard changed her mood.

"I never saw any snakes in the grass; why should I be afraid of them? Besides, the only snakes in this country that are poisonous, are the black and rattle, and moccasin; I believe there is one more, but it's a stranger here. I never saw but one black snake, and that was dead, and the rattlesnake gives warning that you may get out of its way, and the moccasin, I suppose, won't bite unless somebody provokes it."

"Surely you be's a remarkable young woman. Aren't you got no garter snakes in these parts?"

"Plenty; but they don't bite; one of our negro men makes pets of them, and generally carries one about in the breast pocket of his coat; queer bosom friend, is it not?"

"No worse than the young scapegraces, the abominable rebels who win the young gals' hearts only to contaminate 'em."

Minnie walked off.

In a louder tone the stranger continued—

"I say, Miss, can't you send no word of comfort to my gal, whose gallant's gone off with all the other young men of our village, to that dare-devil, John Morgan?"

Minnie never resisted an appeal for sympathy, she turned round.

"Tell your daughter she ought to be proud to have a sweetheart who's man enough to follow so brave a leader. If you will tell me his name, I'll ask some body to keep an eye on him, and if he's wounded to care for him."

"So far as that is concerned, Miss, he'll do well enough; John Morgan takes as much care of his men as a hen does of her chicks. I like Mor—"

"Oh, do you know him?"

Minnie sat down.

The stranger did not seem to relish his position, for after several ineffectual attempts to get a look at her face, he said, "If you'd just be so good as to take off your hat, you see I have a hespecial aversion to them things—I'll tell you a story about Morgan and his men."

Minnie threw her hat behind her.

"Tell the truth, stranger, and then I won't be afraid to hear it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh! the people that fear Morgan and his men tell outrageous stories, and I won't listen to anything about them but the truth."

"Wal, I was one of the workmen as was working the telegraph by the railroad. A man looking just like any other man came to us, sat down on a log, and began talking. He took out of his pocket a rusty old musket that I, who was used to seeing the fine things of the Federals, laughed at. Howsoever, he took no notice of my laughing, but axed a heap of questions about the cars and the people in our part of the country. Presently, the cars were heard—bang went the old musket, by chance, I thought; but just like you see in a theatre, ever so many horsemen—but them's were horses as were horses! come right in a circle about our former customer, and he drew a fine sword, and somebody said, 'Colonel Morgan!' Wal, I guess it was; for then he took the cars and when he got the money he burnt some cars; he took us telegraph men prisoners, but he let us go; he never hurts nobody, 'cept those people he's obliged to kill in battle."

"You seem tired, old man; shan't I go to the house and get you some fresh butter-milk?"

"Thank you; I couldn't eat nothing."

"Would you dislike my sketching your face? I do like a long, white beard so very much."

"I haven't got an objection in the world."

Minnie threw down her flowers, which the old man lifted quite tenderly; a little pocket sketch-book was drawn out, and the outlines of the stranger's face

were jotted down.

Presently, the artist said, "I hope you are not tired? I don't like this sketch, it's too young. Isn't it funny how people sometimes draw, not what they are looking at, but something they've been thinking about?"

"Are you tired," asked Minnie, who began sketching the second head.

"Tired! I could sit here for ever; I am not only daguerreotyping a picture; I am reading a poem!"

Minnie looked blank amazement, and the old man laughed at his forgetfulness.

"Did you think that was pretty? I heard Jane's sweetheart tell her that. But what makes you sigh?"

"Nothing; it was strange, but I was drawing the nose when you spoke, and it was so like that of another face in this book that I really thought I heard the voice of—"

"Your sweetheart. I've got a paper—I thought 'twant no harm to look at it, it's a poem—and one of Morgan's fellows told me to bring it to Miss Breckenridge."

"Oh, give it to me! Quick."

"Wal, first you must come down to the foot of this hill, 'cause the chap told me to go at sunset to a place where the trees and rocks were mighty close together, and that you would be there."

"How did he know that?"

"Wal, I guess how you and him's made a agreement for you to go there and think of him at that time."

Minnie blushed and looked at the sun; it was an hour high. "Give it to me, here." She had no idea of introducing the old man's uncouth figure into Eustace's sanctuary.

"He said as I was to give it to you there." The old man picked up his crutch and started down the hill; Minnie followed; her heart in a wild tumult of delight. Eustace had written her a poem. Oh, what happiness!

When they were safely hidden in the dense thicket, where a few sunbeams were the only intruders, the old man said, "Let me go behind you for a minute; I don't want you to see all as I've got in my pocket."

In a minute, Eustace Huntington, dressed in broad-cloth, stood before her.

"Eustace!"

"My darling!" and he kissed her hand. Can all the world show a more poetical way of offering homage? Sweet privilege of the lover, who has not yet attained the husband's right to kiss the brow and lips.

We'll let them talk an hour for themselves only.

"My darling! let me hold you in my arms once, once only before I go from you." He could not say "for ever," and his trembling lips buried themselves in Minnie's hair. Oh, that long moment of intense agony, but deeper bliss! for could death separate them now?

"You will kill me, Eustace." Then his strong arms were passed around the little trembling figure, and she was silently lifted to what should be her resting-place for life; but in that moment both heard those words, "Once, once only." Like a babe in its mother's bosom she wept long and unrestrainedly; and every now and then a burning tear fell on her hair that glistened in the mocking sunlight which shimmered through the secrecy of love's sweet trysting-place. At last, a tear fell on her forehead; she started wildly; one glance at the deep anguish in his eye, and her arms twined around his neck as in years gone by she had twined them round her mother when asking for what she feared she ought not to have.

"Eustace, you shall not go! What right have you to win me only to kill me? You are killing me, Eustace, as surely as though you had run your sword through my heart."

"You can bear it, darling."

"I cannot!"

"God will help you, dearest."

"He will let me die; He has always given me what I have prayed for."

"Then, Minnie, ask Him to preserve my life."

"No; you must die; I know you will. Did you not say 'once only?' You never told me anything that did not come to pass."

"How strange I should have spoken such words to you! I was very foolish, sweet; don't be silly enough to think that they meant anything."

His words belied his heart; but he could have crushed that heart for permitting him to inflict such suffering; her arms fell away from his neck, and before he could prevent it she slipped from his lap and lay at his feet.

Emotion shook her violently; he could not endure this agony. Was she dying then? Could a man who could crush the heart that he had captured, dare to fight for justice and for freedom? He took her in his arms; she was so cold and stiff he could not bend her limbs; but he laid her across his knees and whispered in a hoarse voice,

"Speak to me, Minnie."

She took no notice. A few agonized moments while he rubbed her hands till they were warm and moist as his; and the burning of his face, on which the perspiration of intense suffering stood in large drops, heated her pale, cold cheeks. And then he said in a still hoarser voice,

"Darling, whatever you ask I will do." With a wild scream she opened her eyes; but the joy of hers was met by a glance which seemed to wither her very soul. "Listen, my precious one; hear what I have to say and decide our future. The sun is low; my time is short; I mean, if—What shall I do, Minnie? Shall I resign my position in the army and come home to revel in the luxury of love, while the tyrant binds chains upon us both? You said I had no right to kill you; I have not. I have given myself to you; it is for you to choose the man that I shall be." He fixed his eyes on her.

"Go on."

Already she felt the selfishness and cruelty of her words.

"Will you have a man whom the world will stigmatize as coward, a man who urged Kentucky to resist tyranny, and when the hour of danger came, sought refuge in the chamber of his wife? Or, shall it be said he could not withstand the pleading of the beautiful woman he loved—a woman too weak to bear suffering?"

A deep blush overspread Minnie's face.

"I deserve it."

"Pardon me, darling, but all this will be said and more. And will it not be the truth?"

She hid her blushes on his bosom. He pressed her very closely, and whispered, half afraid:—"One thing more, darling; bear with me. Shall we be parents of a race of slaves? There is one picture; if that is the man whom you wish, he shall be yours. But remember, sweet, if at times my conscience and a sense of degradation weigh me to the earth, and you cannot cheer me—"

"Hush! Give me the other picture."

"A triumphant warrior returns, a free man to a happy bride, who loves her country better than happiness, and values her lover's honour more than his safety!"

"But if you should be killed?"

"Then you will be mine always, and no tyranny can ever break the dreams of heaven. Now, darling, choose."

"Go."

She glided down from his lap, and together they knelt on the green earth. Minnie had meant to pray—she only said, "Spare us, Good Lord!"

A minute, and he answered—

"Oh, God! for her sake, 'cover my head in the day of battle!'"

Then both arose; she was the bravest now; the hour of separation had come; he leaned against a tree and watched her greedily, as though trying to impress every change of countenance upon his memory, while she slowly opened the little ring that fastened a cross to her watch-chain. Then she came to him, took his watch from his pocket, attached the cross to it and put

it back. He seemed to have no power to move. He dared not trust himself to speak. With a woman's quick intuition she looked at him, and suddenly exclaimed—

"Pardon, darling, my selfishness. I would not give my hero for all the happiness of earth."

Her glance was almost a smile. He felt that he folded an angel in his arms. Minnie's only earthliness—a thoughtless selfishness—had been burned out, and she stood in his embrace—the angel of his life.

"Go, Eustace, the sun is down. You must learn to run fast, for my sake," and she gave, or she thought she gave, a very reassuring glance.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THERE was for Keble Wilson a novel pleasure in Laura's company. Always accustomed to command, the unconscious despot of his childhood's home, the very superior youth of whom the cadets of West Point asked assistance in studies, or council in scrapes, who stood aloof from all except one favoured friend; the lieutenant and then the captain, in a far post when lieutenant and captain were much more imposing terms than since Lincoln's accession. His sensitiveness passed for haughtiness and was tinged with fastidious reserve. Few cared enough for his opinions to dispute them, and those who did seldom dared or had the opportunity.

But this cold reserve is a wearisome thing, and it was exhilarating to feel it melting in a woman's gentle majesty of presence, to feel the warm glow of youth come back like the first genial day of spring to sing of hope and summer cheer. Yet except when Laura forgot in the fascination of the man, the condemning evidence that he was a United States' officer, he had to bend his pride to overcome her chilling politeness, or enthusiastic brusqueness; that was not humiliating; but it was to feel she did not care whether he did or not. I never think of a man distinguished for bravery, moral or physical, without a feeling that with his wife or sweetheart he is gentler and tenderer than others. Ah, it must be sweet for such to bow before the gentleness of woman! Is it not pleasant to lay the cheek glowing with pride of victory in the soft and cooling snow?

Laura's and Keble's conversations were generally of an argumentative, or, at least, of a combative nature. With an inborn dislike of controversy, because it usually leads to disputation, an intellectual rioting, Keble had regarded it with proud contempt and was not inclined to yield his opinions to gabblings which he disdained as so many varieties of self-assertion, not capable of conducting a logical argument; or, worse still, mere parroting of stereotyped ideas. Was it not strange that such a man should be dragged by his own self-will into a political controversy with the woman of his love? He had, in his supposed insensibility to rebel argument undertaken to make a loyalist of Laura; and not yet had any doubt of his ground caused him any uneasiness, though he was often ashamed of individuals who disgraced the cause he upheld. Keble seated in his pleasant room at the Galt House, thinking of Laura, was roused from his reverie by a knock at his door. He admitted an old friend, a brother officer passing through Louisville. He had been Keble's college friend and ever since correspondent; from Keble's letters he had probably discovered the danger of the loyalist while the latter rested in fancied security. It was not long before Laura became the subject of conversation.

"She has a fresh gay nature, has she not?"

"Gay? No; fresh? Yes. She impresses upon me very much the same sensation that the first tender green of spring produces. I do not mean the verdure of the

trees, but the haze that envelopes the sweet-briar when the leaves are half unfolded."

"And I presume she also impresses you with a strong desire to protect her from the biting frosts which are soon to blight the prosperity of rebels. 'Pon honour, you can't take a joke."

"Admirably, on fitting subjects."

"Well, don't look so serious ; only take care of your loyalty."

"Loyalty ! I hate the word, very descriptive of republican sentiments !"

"Why not ? one may be loyal to anything."

"Yes ; but those who read much have a way of circumscribing the meaning of terms according to common usage, so that it seems *mal-apropos* to go beyond conventional limits. History teaches me that the term loyalist is never applied to a true Republican. Think of describing Brutus, Tell, Washington, etc., as loyalists !"

"Nonsense !"

"Here's Webster's Dictionary."

After turning to the word, Metcalfe exclaimed, "I declare you're right."

"What is the definition ?"

"Fidelity to a prince or sovereign, or to a husband or lover."

"As I supposed—Webster was too old-fashioned a Republican to have any other idea. Do you think that if a year ago you had asked any boy in the United States who a loyalist was he would not have said, one who adheres to a King ?"

"We had not thought about it much then."

"Except in South Carolina, perhaps."

"Oh ! you have so many absurd ideas."

"But all await enlightening ; as for the word loyalist, I challenge you to find it applied to any Republican in any history of standard authority. Am I worried about little things ? Only when I consider them significant of greater. As surely as straws show the way the wind blows, the general application of a term shows the way men's minds are tending."

"Do you mean to insinuate that the loyal Americans are preparing for a king ?"

"Alas ! I fear I mean even worse. Did ever any minister of despotism have greater power than Seward ?"

"What do you mean ? Are you going to turn traitor for a pretty face ?" The wonderful disdain of Keble's countenance was more forceful than any words, and his friend sprang to his feet.

"How absurd I am to carry every idea that gets in my crochety brain to its extreme limits !"

There was the accent of true friendship in Metcalfe's tone, and the captain, to show that he relented, exclaimed, "I would let a woman tear my heart out before she should, God being my Helper, trifle with my rectitude ; but before I would let the fear of any aspersion the world might cast on my name prevent me from following where my conscience called, I would become the butt of scorn, and die by the hangman's hand !" His form, always majestic in its proportions, seemed to tower above his friend, and his eye spoke a hero's soul. Metcalfe felt his heart shrivel up—he was no longer the friend of the man under whose glance he quailed. The two old companions held a constrained conversation for a short while, and Metcalfe was glad to leave. Then Keble slowly put on his hat, and as slowly turned and left his room. His spirit was oppressed ; it felt an undefinable fear of coming darkness and storm, and in that darkness he saw no angel whose white wings could melt half the gloom away. Keble started for a walk in the back part of the city where he might have time to think. He was not conscious of pretty girls curling their lips, or tossing their heads as they caught sight of his buttons ; he did not observe the superfluity of pavement accorded to him by those who did not turn up their noses. Alone with God, he resolved to face the momentous question, "Where do I stand ?" As he passed up Gray Street, the door of a pretty little church stood open, and some one touched his shoulder.

"You look at the church with the eye of a stranger ; won't you walk in, sir ? We're rather late," continued the old gentleman as they walked up the flower-bound path.

"A stranger ! " Yes ; stranger was he to every man.

As Keble bowed his head he felt more vividly than ever before what it was to have one Friend, Almighty and Unchangeable. It was sweet to hold communion with One who had suffered as no other man had — alone. His dearest friends had slept while He, in agony, sweated drops of blood.

When the short evening service was over, Keble with calmed mind, unconsciously turned his steps towards Mr. Buckner's ; but on the way he forgot to ask any question of self.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY, 1862.

“Those slender fingers in my fevered hand,
Their coldness chills me like the touch of death.”

KEBLE was murmuring half-unconsciously these lines of Grace Greenwood, that he had learned one pleasant summer night more than two years ago on a prairie of Wisconsin, because he had fancied he would like to love and woo a statue, one who was, and ever must be, immaculate; he would, he said then, rather give reverence than demand tenderness. Yet more than once had Keble, a votary of astronomy, turned from his study of the heavens, to press to his caressing lip some delicate prairie flower that seemed purer than the starlight; and in those lone nights when he held communion high and holy with his Maker, he would often fancy that a golden-winged angel swept through the pale, blue air, and bowed her cold lips to his cooler brow, and he was then content to feel that such an one was by, and never longed to demand an avowal of love; so when he had first met Laura and felt the purity and nobility of her presence folded around him like the bright wings of his angel of the prairie, he said, “I shall never ask her love; it would not become an officer of the Government to sue for the favour of a rebel. I do not desire her love, only her companionship; while there is a pause in the war I shall sit down by this pure woman, as a way-worn traveller by a fountain on the verge of a desert; her sweet tones will lull the unwonted fever of my brain and I shall find refreshment and repose.” So, day after day, he had fearlessly lingered to yield himself to a study more engrossing than that of the stars, and more perplexing; for, it often kept him awake until the morning; yet so refreshed was his spirit by waking visions that he felt not the loss of rest. Keble liked Laura because she seemed so cold and far away; so separate from the raging life around her; true, she had more fire when she was aroused by the Southern question than any woman he knew; but what of that? Is not the rainbow far above us and separate from us, though it be brighter than the ribbons which earth’s children wear? So, Keble said to himself, this was the principal reason he loved her: but his biographer thinks that he loved her chiefly because the woman who was so individualized from all other beings allowed her thoughts and sympathies to run parallel and very close to his. True, she professed herself wedded to her country; but what did Keble care for that? No more than had he been a sculptor, he would have been jealous if her thoughts were generally bestowed on a great painting. He liked to hear her talk about the South, because it was inspiring to see her soft, dewy eyes flash into eager passion; to hear her low, and generally monotonous voice, rise into high, though never loud, enthusiasm. He was proud of the brightness and purity of the star which he loved, nor cared that it shone for others than himself. Why it was, Keble had never

asked himself; but he had been unlike most men in that he had had no desire to marry. It had been pleasanter for him to bow his proud soul in the light of a star, than woo to indifferent arms the woman whom he loved from afar. It was not long before he learned that Laura was not one of the heavenly ones; the light upon his spirit came from the blue sky of purity far above the world, beyond the influence of its smoke and fog, but farther still was it from the Throne of Deity. And then in the prairie-like loneliness of a disappointed heart, he prayed more earnestly than he had ever done before, that to him might be given wings of boldness and faith which could carry him up to the height of his star, that so his arms, now yearning with a still and hidden human longing, might manfully clasp her to his awakened heart and bear her higher and higher, even to the footstool of the Eternal One, Whose name is "Love." Admiration had become reverence for purity, nobility, and intellect, and reverence had become love ere the dreamer knew that he, too, was as other men, born to hope and to grieve. He awoke from his dream and welcomed the pain which told of a hitherto unsuspected life; but he awoke to toil and to prayer; for, he first discovered his hidden treasure by a fear that he should lose Laura forever. Knowing now that he loved, he thought of her coldness with a sinking of the heart very unlike the pleasant excitement it had before created. His soul burning with the new pain, he threw off his uniform and donned broadcloth, and walked to Mr. Buckner's. He did not ring the bell at once.

Laura was at her grand piano, drawing out strains so powerful he wondered how her slender fingers could produce such, until self-consciousness reminded him how easily their owner could sway him. He did not think that a worn-out piano would no more have responded to her power than would a roué have yielded unresistingly to such influence. But Laura knew that the reason she had more power over him than over any other lover was because he was purer and truer as a man. While he stood on the piazza listening to her she was playing a symphony to this thought: "Kemble hearkened to the crude melodies murmuring in my heart, caught their wild notes, and sent them back to me, all dissonances hushed, all sweet notes rightly pitched, a glorious harmony."

The bell rang and she received the officer, who, emboldened by a new fear, begged her to take a walk.

She would not; could she be seen walking by the side of a Yankee? She remembered that his power could not hush all dissonances, a political one defied him. He asked her to play, that he might have time to wrestle with his wounded pride, for he knew well enough why she refused his request.

She reseated herself gladly at the piano, and began with an inharmonious air, and went over a short list of non-melodies, turning over page after page of a long scorned music-book. It was the first time her music had not touched Kemble; but he had the happy faculty of not hearing bad playing. If strains stole into his soul he welcomed them; but nobody ever banged a tune into him. So he withdrew his thoughts from the waltz she was fumbling over. A great longing came over him as, after a time, the music passed into strains like low and ill-subdued wailing; he looked to see if she played from notes and was persuaded she was improvising. He could not tell what troubled her; but felt it would be very sweet to take the spoiled child to his bosom, and with gentlest words blow away her ill-humour, as the breeze drives away clouds from the pure sky. If he could but shield her from the rough winds that had blown away the bloom from lives as fair! Laura's hands fell harshly on the keys; they were heavy-weighted by the thoughts of her troubled brain.

"Darling!"

That one word and nothing more; but it filled the room and a self-distrustful heart as the voice of the nightingale fills the night; the gloom vanished.

Shocked at his impetuosity, which had burst forth like a torrent ere it was known to be necessary that the flood-gates should be strengthened, the lover dared not ask pardon. But why should he ask pardon ere he knew whether

she had heard the outcry of his heart beginning its first struggle? The piano changed its petulance into a strain so sweet that his eye and ear seemed to be wedded in indistinguishable melody.

Laura, having finished a prelude born of "Darling," played that exquisite poem of Mason's, "The Silver Spring." The music seemed to trickle from her closed eyes and slightly-parted lips; like a veil of moonlight it enhanced the peach bloom of her cheeks. The spray enveloped Keble; a mistiness stole over heart and soul. What was the fair, wilful woman but a spirit—the inhabitant of a musical world into which he was just admitted, and, as men are wont to be in fairy realms, by a dream? Would he not soon awake and find himself in a parched and thirsty land of hopes suddenly found to be the smiles of a delirium—the "Silver Spring" and its Spirit beyond his grasp? He questioned himself as one does when under the last consciousness that chloroform permits. Is the delicious, painless stupor a natural dream, or the subtle influence of a power that oft produces death? Keble must answer a like question. Can he grasp the dream and prove it a reality? or, shall he clasp reality, and hear he has been dreaming? He will try to decide the question; and too eagerly, as men are wont to snatch at bubbles, forgetful that they may scare away the child that makes them, Keble pressed the magical fingers nervously upon a heart almost stilled. The dream was real. The pulses he felt came from a living heart.

"Let me sing you something sentimental," said Laura, starting from him like a fawn caught when it thought itself alone in the woods. She struck up a mock-heroic air and sang it in mock-sentimental style. What could Keble do? get up and go away. Where? anywhere, to escape from the nightmare was his wish; but its victim could not move. Her voice was the incubus; how he longed to have it hushed that he might go! she got up and he wished she had continued to sing; even her gibes were better than the cold, haughty look she gave him. "Did I ever show you my manuscript volume of Animal Physiognomy?"

"No." He could not force out more words. She opened a book-case and taking a volume pointed to a grinning Sambo pressing his mistress's red woollen mitten to his right side, while she looked on laughing. Keble's anger mastered him for a minute; but he was not a man to let it keep the mastery, and Laura never felt his superiority as she did when he said, while he held the book, "My sympathies have been excited for ex-governor Morehead, and I should like to know why he was arrested?"

"You must think me a sphinx to be able to answer that question; I should as soon attempt to pry into the mysteries of Egypt, as the reasons which actuate our present rulers. He is a traitor, I guess; it is well to adopt the Yankee style when you give a Yankee dictum. Louisville's Loyal Committee of ten, who fooled the people into neutrality, said—'Will Kentucky throw overboard such tried and trusted pilots as Morehead and some others who with him were in the Union ticket for the Border Conference?'"

"Union ticket! Why did he change sides?"

"Because he was too honest to maintain a government which he believed false."

Little could Laura know how her words stung the conscience of the soldier of a corrupt government!

"The cloud of a dark thought is coming over your face."

"I am thinking," replied Laura, but did not add, "of you and him, and how I hoped the answer might yet suit you."

"A penny for your thoughts."

"Quite a Yankee offer; everything is to be bought with money, even a woman's thoughts."

Keble smiled. "Then I shall offer sympathy," and this was said in a very different tone. Laura dreaded he would say words too tender for a Southern woman to hear from him; so it was with somewhat of an effort that she thought of another subject for attack. Her policy did her better service than she knew; for he often thought, "What a heartless woman! No feeling but for her country, as she calls one portion of it."

"Did you ever observe, Captain Wilson, how often a nation's idols are God's appointed instruments of vengeance? As all of the Egyptian plagues, save one, cast dishonour upon some particular god of the idolaters, so it often is now. In this war do you not see the same thing? Money and reason are the gods of the North. To make money, or to save it was the moving spring of this war; it may end in the poverty of the invaders. Then the Yankees pride themselves on their reason. The 'hub of the universe' is in their midst; in literature, philosophy and history, every nation must speak their shibboleth or be found unworthy to go forward with them to the conquest of ignorance and sin."

"What you have said is too true. Saddest of all, it is equally true in religion. The Christianity of Jesus is not elevated enough for Yankee æsthetics; there is no beauty in human depravity, and the need of atonement; the prayers and praises of a thousand years are too inane for their lofty comprehension. How can they be expected to be content with what satisfied Newton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Taylor, Wilson and others? And as for a government instituted by Apostles, it is much too old-fashioned for such elegant people. It is my theory that what a nation is in religion it will soon be in politics."

"Pardon me. But I think the history of the North does not tally with this theory, unless, indeed you mean for me to infer headstrong in religion, headstrong in politics; bigoted in one as in the other."

"Those who deny the authority of contemporary evidence in the history of the Church, invalidate or deny the same in the history of the Constitution." Laura looked a little condemned, but thought he could not cut her on the subject of bigotry, so she said—

"Deliver me from the liberality of the Liberals in Church or State. They generally pity as ignoramuses and denounce as bigoted all who differ from them; however superior the objects of their liberality may be."

"I am surprised at such sentiments from you whom I am happy to discover do not claim to be a Liberal."

"In religion I claim to be a Nothingarian; in politics I am a decided Republican, and am perfectly willing for the North to be ruled by a military despotism if she so wills."

"Charitable, if not liberal;" laughingly responded her hearer.

"Not even that. I wish you to try despotism rule for awhile."

"Why? Do not you think I should submit to authority as readily in State as in Church questions?"

"Yes; if it were as near akin to Methusaleh. Well, I suppose despotism is."

"But my Church's government is eminently Republican."

"What an idea!"

"Will you point out to me the difference in the Government of the old United States and the Episcopal Church of this land?"

"Do not you regard the connection between the General and State Government as a compact?"

"Undoubtedly; as do all writers on the Constitution, I presume."

"And the Constitution is the compact?"

"Yes!"

"If one party violates or annuls the compact, is not the other released from it?"

"So the law decides."

"If a legislative body hears any strong assertion of a novel character made of itself and takes no notice of it, is it not fair to infer it acquiesces?"

"I should say yes, but you are so fond of laying traps for me, I am afraid to."

"Wade said in the presence of the Senators that the Constitution of the United States was suspended. If this be so it might as well, for present security, be annihilated."

"Yes."

"Has not Kentucky now a legal right to let fall the bond broken by her ally?"

"You ought to be a lawyer, so as you might indulge in special pleading."

"For the truth; thank you. You may have observed my penchant for contrasts, so resign yourself to an extract from President Davis's Inaugural:— 'Under all the necessities of our unequal struggle there has been no act on our part to impair personal liberty or the freedom of speech, of thought, or of the press.' Is it strange with such contrasts between the Northern and Southern Governments, we should long to be under the latter? In Mr. Davis's Inaugural he says: 'The right of each State to judge of and redress its own wrongs was laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1788, and they were sanctioned at the elections of Jefferson, Madison, and Pierce.' I wish the children in our public schools were taught the history of our land."

"The doctrine of Secession would be a bad one to inoculate boys and girls with, especially the girls; they might want to practise their doctrine in married life."

"The simile from which your idea is taken is false. Suppose a woman, whose husband is thought to have been lost at sea, marries another man, and the first husband returns, to whom does she owe allegiance?"

"To her first husband, of course; but that is a question you have asked only to trap me."

"I have found an easy way to settle this question of State Rights."

"Ah! The world will be obliged to you."

"Not in the least, because the world will be like you, let it go in at one ear and out the other. You have admitted that a subsequent allegiance cannot invalidate a former."

"Certainly not."

"Which is the oldest—State Government or the Federal?"

"Ah! I see. But only the original Thirteen can urge this."

"Did the subsequent ones agree to delegate any right their older sisters had retained? If South Carolina is the mother of this present movement, Virginia and Kentucky are its grand-parents."

"What new discovery have you made now, Lady Columbus of Politics?"

"It is easier to ridicule—"

"I beg pardon; I did not."

"Than to follow facts to their legitimate conclusions. Do you remember the great outcry against the Alien and Sedition Laws?"

"Rather too young for that."

"Oh! You understand me. Do you remember it in history?"

"Yes, and I opposed know-nothingism on the same principles that my father had opposed those laws. Virginia was the first to protest against them, and Kentucky followed hard after. Virginia, not South Carolina, was the first whose Legislature passed resolutions, declaratory of States' Rights."

CHAPTER II.

"MINNIE, such logic as that is incontrovertible; I'd as soon attempt to ride down a hippogriff, or—"

"Reconcile Mr. Sumner to common sense," interposed Mr. Buckner.

"Have you seen the Resolutions he lately introduced in the Senate?"

"I think not."

"In his preamble he calls the Southern States, 'certain States'; his first Resolution declares that a 'vote of secession is inoperative and void against the Constitution.'"

"Good English!"

"Yet notwithstanding its inoperativeness it is powerful enough to 'annihilate itself.'"

"Annihilate itself!"

"Yes. His next Resolution asserts that it is only, 'a combination of men which assumed to act in the place of a State.'"

"If these men only assumed to represent the State, can the State be held responsible therefor?"

"Just as easily as it can 'annihilate itself.' Moreover, Mr. Sumner admits the decline of State Rights. He says 'slavery has no origin in the Constitution or in natural rights'; but is 'derived from local or State laws.' If slavery has not its origin in the Constitution, it is recognized by it. Yet he says, 'It is the duty of Congress to see the Constitution maintained; and again, that Congress should destroy slavery, for which it had previously provided a safeguard. Yet he has the senselessness to declare that, to return fugitive slaves is to the exclusion of the jurisdiction of Congress under the Constitution.' Again, he says, 'By the extinction of the States, slaves become free.'"

"One would presume he had never read history, or the logic of politics or of honesty, nor had ever heard that slavery existed in the colonies before the States were. He says the Government owes protection to every man, and yet should destroy the political rights of millions of freemen, and reduce States to territories."

"He might as well try to make a man put on a child's dress."

"His last Resolution takes for granted the extinction of the States."

"He will be like a man who shuts his eyes and says the candle is out; but who changes his mind when he finds his bed on fire."

"Yet he thinks Congress forbids them to do certain things which have been 'done by those pretended Governments.'"

"Government?"

"No; governments of the States."

"Oh! so the States came to life even before he had finished writing his resolutions?"

"He says," "In pursuance of the positive injunction of the constitution, whereby every state is guaranteed a Republican form of Government, Congress will proceed to declare them territories."

"As an illustration of Republicanism."

CHAPTER III.

JANUARY, 1862.

"Who is your hero of these warlike times?" asked Captain Wilson.

"General Buckner," answered Laura.

"Are you an exception to the rest of Kentuckians? I mean, can you talk of him without getting excited?"

"As calmly as I can of Washington."

"Hyperbole to begin with."

"It is my turn to ask a question. Can you hear General Buckner discussed without becoming impatient?"

"I can; I want to find out his claims to your admiration."

"Please remember that no matter how personal a remark may appear, I do not intend it to apply to you. The reason I shrink from political discussion is

that a man's politics are like his religion; no, his ideas of religion, always regarded as private property."

"Not by persons who understand the art of discussion."

"Then I shall tell you what I think of General Buckner; he is my hero because to me he is the noblest spirited of Southern braves. I say to me; I can measure men only by my knowledge of their species. One item in his favour, that you will acknowledge, is that he attends what you call 'the Church.'"

"I cannot allow that to weigh much; as most West Pointers do."

"This much I can say in favour of West Point. I never knew a man who had been educated there who was not, at least in appearance, a gentleman. I make a wide distinction between volunteers whom avarice, vanity, or fanaticism have lured into the service, and United States' officers who are fighting, as they say, for the Government that has educated and supported them. I can forgive the Northern fanatic more readily than the Southern who raises his arm to strike his mother."

"Whom?"

"His State. You need not smile; no logic can prove that the Northern States Government is nearer to us and has stronger claims on our allegiance than that of our own State, unless it can prove that a grandmother is nearer than a mother."

"A novel argument."

"Natural enough to a woman's reason."

"I dare not answer you lest you accuse me of breaking the Fifth Commandment," said the captain, smiling.

"Have no fear on that score; I am not given to making badinage of Scripture; wanting in reverence as you Episcopalians think we, who stand bolt upright when we address the Sovereign of the Universe, are wont to be."

"Oh!"

"Spare me a religio-ecclesiastical controversy; politics rather."

"I suspect you are surer of your arguments on the last subject."

"More given to newspapers than to tracts?—yes."

A light that Laura had never before seen in his eye made her heart beat a little nervously—the light was very sad, but intensified by feeling. Did you never on a day of sunshine, see a soft, fleecy cloud, which nothing but intervening distance prevented your tossing your sin-stained heart upon as a naughty child throws itself on its mother's bosom? Laura threw back her soft wealth of hair and felt as a man may when, on the eve of battle with an enemy whom he has prided himself upon despising, he finds in his heart not only respect, but a softer feeling; so quickly the proud woman began a controversy in which she hoped her opponent would lose temper, that she might not be uncomfortably conscious that a Federal officer was the superior of so good a Southern as herself.

"As for General Buckner, what do you Northmen know about him? Nothing but what you have learned from his foes, the secret of whose enmity lies in their fear of him. Base fear is the one word that tells the foundation of all calumny against my hero. Fear laid the foundation; ignorance builds the superstructure, the *Louisville Journal* being chief hodman."

"Why do you despise that paper so? Do you fear it?"

"No; I cannot fear what I despise, any more than I can love what I cannot respect. You shake your head."

"You despise all whom you are pleased to denominate Yankees, yet you do not scorn to be afraid of the soldiers."

"I despise your cause; but I neither despise nor fear you."

"What! Would you not be frightened if you thought there was any possibility that I could make a convert of you?"

An incredulous, low laugh. Then a new idea struck Laura.

"Would it be honourable?"

"Honourable! What do you mean? Honourable to let in the light of truth upon an overclouded mind?"

"Thank you."

"Pardon if I have offended. I almost unconsciously expressed a hope that is almost constantly in my thoughts. You seem to me a bright, warm, yet soft day of June; flowers bloom for you; birds sing for you; you inhale the sweetness of these and drink in the harmony of those; but not with the full free power of womanhood. There is a spell upon your life."

Laura's eyes fell; but Keble may not have seen he had struck deeper than he had thought to do.

"I feel as I used to when a boy I imagined myself the hero of some enchanted lady's story. I am near enough to touch you; but I dare not. The air of witchery is stealing over me—what must I do? Escape while I can? or boldly advance and waken the maiden who sleeps and knows it not?"

"Let her sleep."

"Must I?"

"Yes."

"Is that a command? I beseech you do not answer without a thought. Am I to blame if I have unwittingly found myself in an enchanted bower?"

His words were easy to banter, not so his tone; so she sprang up gaily, tore a sprig of white jessamine from her breastpin, threw it at his feet.

"There is my defiance; make a Yankee of me if you can."

He had his hand upon it.

"Stop! Don't take it up yet."

He bent over it. "Why not?"

"You may be vanquished."

He raised the flower. "This is my badge; white for the purity of truth." His blue eyes grew very dark and in tremulous tones, addressed to higher ears than hers, he whispered, "'May God judge and defend the right.'"

Laura turned away from this new mood and went to the piano; a long time she played, but not well; there was no expression in her fingers, which were cold and stiff, albeit her cheeks wore the flush of June. He waited patiently. A son of Adam, he drank in the strange, weird beauty of his Eve, and in his Eden heard the old, old voice, "It is not good for man to be alone." But he was also a son of the "Second Adam," and while he waited for her to turn again to him, he prayed that God might give him power to make her see the truth. A Unionist she must be, and a churchwoman as well. A divided family—heaven forbid! such conception was not entertained by the lonely man whose idea of matrimony, begotten by the Bible, nourished by the Church, and fed from time to time on the pure dew of true novels and poems, could not tolerate any light, unholy, or uncongenial companionship. Why was Laura's music so soulless? Her fingers were but making an apology for silence, which to her seemed throbbing with some precious triumph woman never won before; other women had been as much admired, of course; but not by just such a man. Yet after all her high speeches, was this proud Southern head to rest on the bosom of a Northman? No! no! and she prayed—probably for the first time in her life, though nearly every Sunday she heard prayers long enough to try her standing posture and her patience sorely. There was such a tremulousness in the succeeding notes that Keble noticed it, and was about to speak, when she ceased playing, and said—

"I beg your pardon."

"For what?" he asked, with a conscious smile.

"Did you like my playing?"

"I liked your playing very much."

"Don't consider yourself bound to flatter me like a *preux chevalier*, because you have accepted my challenge."

"I wish very much that you would learn a piece of music for me. Will you?"

"Yes, if you will hear me sing one of my few songs, and behave like a dutiful knight during and after the performance."

"I have so seldom heard you sing that I can afford to bear a little raillery, or even enjoy your rebellious enthusiasm."

"Ye shall be free
The right to rule yourselves reads but one way,
That ye must will as we,
Govern yourselves ye may—if as we say,
Ye shall be free !

Napoleon Europe forced to Liberty ;
And we will do as he ;
Nor he, nor we can bear a tyranny,
Ye shall be free !

Ye shall be free,
Or with the lash we will stand over you,
Choke on our Liberty,
If so ye list ; but what we say is true ;
Ye shall be free !

'All men are free and equal born,' we say ;
Ye shall not greater be
Than we ; else die, fit prey for Liberty !
Ye shall be free !"

Laura had composed this song one day after Keble had told her this was a War of the Aristocracy, and he was fighting for the masses; happily for him he knew not this. The song mastered Laura, and when she had finished she was strong in present resolution, fearing she might want it in the future. With tears on either cheek she stood before him, hands clasped very tightly.

"Oh! can you ask me longer to tolerate the visits of a man whose aim, whose employment, is to shoot down men whose only crime is love of freedom? Go from me now! go. I am very strong; it will not hurt either of us now to part forever. Go! I cannot touch a hand dyed in the blood of my countrymen. Go! I entreat you, go from me, or I will leave you and forever."

Keble seized her hands and by his man's force gently seated her.

"Laura, will you kill me?"

She struggled to go. He retained his hold of her hands.

"Let go my hands instantly!" she said angrily, while her eyes flashed. "It is like you Northmen, to compel a woman's attention. It is nothing to you whether you are wanted or not."

Keble grew very pale and bit his lip as he released her; not until she had last spoken was he conscious of what he had done. Not the assurance of hope, but desperation like that of a man who clings to his wife's corpse, had impelled him to hold her for a long, lingering gaze. He had let go her hands, but she sat still for a moment. He became calm and knelt before her; but his words were not to her. The high colour left her cheek, and when he arose she said.

"You have prayed for guidance; you thought of my error, I of yours. When I threw down the jessamine I had resolved to make a Southerner of you; but I thought of the mortification and danger you would have to incur, and I relented. You impelled me to the resolution when you said, 'honourable' in such a tone."

"I, too, had formed a resolution."

"But I am not afraid of yours," said Laura in her natural voice.

"Nor I of yours," he answered, growing bright.

"I make up my mind now, God being my Helper, you shall know the truth. I have learned to pray; you have taught me; now you may come back when you like; but before you return, count the cost. I do not speak so because of any confidence in my powers of argumentation; but I am sure I possess the truth, and an earnest seeker like you God will bless. I know now what faith means. Go," she repeated, as he still stood beside her, dreaming the sweetest of mortal's reveries, and evidently without intention of interrupting her and

so rendering her conscious of the self-revelation his heretofore parched heart was revelling in. "Go now, and if you never come back, I will not have one harsh thought of you."

"I will come back; I am not afraid. I will be as candid as you. I, by God's help, will make of you Unionist and churchwoman." When their hands met neither said good-bye.

Very dejected was Laura and helpless her attitude the night of the day on which she had thrown down the challenge. Her thoughts were on this wise: "What is the matter with me? my books seem stupid; a vague cloud of apprehension covers everything. I know only one thing—I am weary. A strange feeling of pity possesses me. I pity everybody. The other night most of the time while Patti was singing, I was thinking what a lonely desolate life hers must be. To her what is a houseful of admirers? Machines to clap hands. And those who travel with her? Machines to extort money from the machines that go to hear her because she is the fashion for a few nights in 'Vanity Fair.' Few people really appreciate music, and perhaps a majority of those who do are too poor to buy concert-tickets. I declare I am positively ridiculous. I think I shall soon have a nervous system to prate about. That man who was here to-day—how different from other people! Men are blockheads and women dolls. Heigh-ho! I am glad one individual dares to be a man and scorns fal-lal. But what have I to do with him? What if he does love me? Other men have done the same and most of them have forgotten me as soon as it became highly proper for them to do so, and, he is like the rest. That's a slander—but no matter. I wish he would give me a chance to despise him. Why don't he justify some of the outrages of Lincoln or his hirelings? Why will he be so provokingly true, even when he thinks he is increasing the difference between us? That's a mistake, unluckily. How can I hate even a Yankee when Right, and not Union, is the standard by which he judges? It's queer he loves me; for I know I don't satisfy him; rather impertinent in him to let me know it. And I'm to be double convert, forsooth! Audacious! I a churchwoman! I'd like to see either the Church or the man that can trammel me! I wish I had punished him for his impudence; but then he was not impudent—he is by far the politest man I ever knew; he spoke those disagreeable words just as he does everything else, because he thought it right. I should like to please him, I mean without 'getting religion,' or, talking like a Puseyite. I have it. I'll quiz him about Puseyism. I hope he won't ask me what I mean. Bah! How much time I do waste on the Blue Coat!" Laura, tired of these thoughts, began to walk up and down her room, but feeling there was only one way to quiet herself sat down to her journal and wrote—"I am lost in the emotions he has called forth. On the deep waters of my heart are reverberating the echoes of his voice; my soul is stirred within me. Fleets of fairy-like ships, all freighted with diamonds, rubies and pearls are dashed hither and thither in wild commotion. The deep-toned thunderings of an immortal soul rouse me to exertion; then the flashing of genius blinds me; I sink cowering in despair. Trembling in spirit, I dare to lift my eyes, and the eyes of a brother fascinate me. In his confidence in my better nature, in his firm trust in God I got a glimpse of what faith means; then the troubled waters ceased their tumult and the Star of Bethlehem was reflected in my tranquillized soul. I have to acknowledge Christ when in Keble's presence. His look commands my better nature, for his face is but the revelation of a noble soul; often there is pensive sadness in his eye, but are not all of nature's harmonies in the minor key?"

I shall turn back to last week's journal to trace Laura's feeling.

"Hitherto, I have really lived alone, completely shut up in myself. Beautiful images were brooding over my heart, but all was chaos; melodies were floating there, the music lost in interminable echoes. Then Keble said, 'Let there be light.' Chaos was lost in the light of his smile; he commanded a melody and the floating harmonies obeyed him. Keble heard the rustling of cherubic wings, called up the slumbering angels of his life, and bade them enter unsuspected into the depths of my closed heart, and lure its inmates to the sunshine of his sympathy. Not perceiving the ruse, the beings of my secluded breast were

charmed with their loveliness and flew up to meet them, and he and I are gladdened with their mystic dance."

CHAPTER IV.

EUSTACE HUNTINGTON'S LETTER TO MINNIE BRECKENRIDGE.—FEBRUARY 1.

"My darling ! Oh, let me in this letter lavish every term of affection that I can find ! I have been writing such stilted letters to Miss Breckenridge for fear they should be opened that I can't bear the constraint any longer, and so have bribed a man who wishes to visit his mother in L. to take two to you. He is an honest fellow, has been serving as attaché to our coloured cook in Camp Ash, and excited my sympathy by his lugubrious face. 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.' One night I discovered him not far distant, with his head buried in his hands, and from the oscillations of his rotund body, I soon surmised he was engaged in a sentimental occupation, in fact crying. I called him to me, and he unburdened himself. He had a sweetheart in L. and they used to get along finely, but her father was a regular Yankee, and the poor swain could no more help being Southern than he could change the colour of his hair—fiery enough ; but he says he likes now to have red hair. He has turned out a red moustache, and as he has a remarkably fair complexion, he says he carries his colours before all the world 'red, white and red.' The father refused to let him have his daughter, who is very much such a neutral as is Kentucky—Southern at heart, but finding herself under the power of the North, and being apparently deserted by the South, for Harry stayed away when he was bidden, she says she takes no part in politics. I was sick for a few days, and the faithful fellow watched me night and day, and confided to me in a most confidential tone that when I was asleep, I talked about 'Minnie,' and one night exclaimed, 'Oh, that I could but get one letter full of thoughts of love to her without fear of its being opened by the petty tyrants who surround her !' I must have been more eloquent asleep than awake, or Harry must have imagination, for he repeated quite a pretty speech. I had a fever ; but don't feel uneasy, my sweet ; for I am perfectly well now. As soon as I got well Harry manifested great impatience to see his mother, whom I know you will henceforth care for, and if she needs anything, remember you are my agent with unlimited powers. I told him I thought he would run a great risk as there are so many foreign troops about L., but I fear I have not used my best arguments to keep him here."

The rest of the love-letter I omit ; let old and young look in their escritaires, or hearts, and read it there.

Harry had strict orders that the note in the little envelope was to be swallowed before it was to be given up to the Yankees ; moreover, a lover writing to his beloved would be rather hard to identify, and no proper names were used except Harry's, who was warned of the consequences of allowing it to be seen. Besides the small envelope, Harry bore a large one, which had been filled a week before, and that he was not necessitated to swallow in case of search. It was as follows :—

"DEAR COUSIN MINNIE,

I never hear from you, and if I could only forget the sweetness of your countenance, and the tones of your voice, I would get angry enough to write a very stirring letter. If you wrote a fifth as many as I do some would be received. You asked for a description of camp life ; I don't *live* here, though I eat, drink, sleep, and drill here very regularly ; my heart has two abiding places, one where lives—(will you give her my adoration ?), the other abiding place

is in the heart of dear old Kentucky, vilified by those who cannot understand her position, loved and pitied by those who know her to be bound hand and foot. We will come to set her free. I joined Captain Morgan's cavalry company the latter part of October when he had about thirty men. He was recruiting at Glasgow; we occupied two buildings at the Fair Grounds and were fed extravagantly well by the people who looked on us as their promise of freedom. Farmers, often without any hint, brought us in loads of corn and oats; not a day passed without bringing us bounteous samples of womanly gratitude—bread, meat, (especially turkeys; they thought us worthy of their best) pies, cakes, cider, apples; and not a cent would be taken as compensation. Sometimes a hospitable farmer invited all of us to come and pass the night, and seemed to feel highly honoured at our acceptance. How such beautiful appreciation of our cause touched our hearts you can readily imagine. Do you think any position in the Confederacy could ever draw our hearts from old Kentucky? For six weeks we lived in this way, when General Johnston ordered us to Bowling Green. But I must not forget the high compliment paid our company. Captain John Hunt Morgan (remember his name; it will be famous soon) expressed great pleasure at our manly, genteel appearance, and good drill, and invited us to join his squadron. If I am not a bad prophet, you will be as proud of this invitation as if we had been summoned to Richmond to be President Davis's body-guard. How would you like us to be the body-guard of our old Mother Kentucky's liberty? To let you see I am honoured to be in the ranks, I'll tell—no, this is absurd; it is honour enough to fight for liberty and be in Morgan's squadron. You must remember serving in the ranks in the Northern and Southern armies is very different. You look at the rank and file of the armed mob passing through Louisville, and shudder at the idea of receiving any but an officer (I imagine you entertaining a Lincoln officer!!); but, as I heard our Captain say, there were in his company but two or three who were not independent gentlemen. (a) My bed is of rails laid on the ground, and on this, straw, blankets, and sheets. Does Cousin Minnie remember the half dozen dainty pillow-cases confided to my care? I have an India-rubber pillow, and am accused of putting on airs by my comrades who have no pillows, or have calico bags with a string at one end so as they can put in fresh straw. Picture me in a roundabout! In truth our company might be termed The Picturesque; our Captain, the most prominent figure, in roundabout of variously coloured stripes, suspected to have once been his *robe de chambre*. Don't be alarmed for the state of our purses; we have more money than we want. Do you know the flower I enclose? It is the chamomile, and was used emblematically in our first Revolution, and with the same meaning now—"The more we are trampled upon the more we grow." (a)

CHAPTER V.

FEBRUARY 5th.

"Do you know there is talk of imprisoning you rebel ladies? It isn't much use to cage the male if the female is always cooing outside. But there are so many Southern Rights' ladies, as you call yourselves, that I fancy it would be a difficult matter to imprison a fifth of you," said Captain Wilson.

"The easiest thing in the world," responded Laura.

"Oh! How so?"

"I suppose you have no qualms of conscience about confining the Southern gentlemen at the same time?"

"Not the least," he laughingly replied. "Then send Yankee, and Dutch, and

the comparatively few Kentuckians out of the town, and declare Louisville one grand military prison."

"That is the only feasible plan I have heard of ; but you make a sweeping accusation."

"Is it an accusation to say that Southern men and women have Southern hearts?"

"But you exaggerate your party's strength."

"You underrate it ; the city officials are nearly all Lincolnists, would be one of your arguments. I reply, it is proverbial that the truest Kentuckians have always avoided the gifts of the people ; they have quite enough to do to make money and enjoy themselves. I grant they are culpable, and I can afford to censure them, for, I do not believe that this generation will again be caught napping."

"But your legislators and congressmen were elected on a Union ticket."

"I beg pardon for denying what to you must seem a fact ; nevertheless, I do. Let me give you one sample ; a friend of mine paid a visit last spring to a strong Union neighbourhood ; that is, everybody talked about the Union and expressed antipathy to an anti-Clay, Calhoun political creed."

"I think the Union owes more to Henry Clay than the Unionists themselves are aware of. The Secessionists better understand that being dead he yet speaketh. Why do you suppose is his influence so great ? His voice and his fascinating address have been silent fourteen years. As for his great talent, Calhoun had greater."

"I can't admit that."

"Possibly you had better say you are not prepared to admit it. I cannot allow that you are prepared to deny it, unless you are equally, or nearly as conversant with the one as the other. May I ask how many of Calhoun's speeches you have read ?"

"Two."

"And how many pages of his Works on Government ?"

"None."

"Well prepared then to judge of his mental qualifications !"

"But his followers have been guilty of so much—A-hem ! so much that I cannot approve of, that I judge of his political doctrines by their acts. But you who are such an advocate of States' Rights, refuse to heed the voice of the Kentucky Legislature."

"The loudest advocate of States' Rights would not complain if Lincoln were to remove our Legislature to Washington. Why not ? It belongs to him. Of course, all members are not silenced by fear or bribery ; there are some honourable 'Nays ;' a few are so blind they can't see ; some too good to be capable of estimating other people's baseness while they hear only good words. Prentice says—"the great object of neutrality was to so order events that Kentucky might encounter the issue as a governmental unit in the full panoply of her constitutional authority." (a)

"Pray do not talk of this any more," said Keble with manifest embarrassment and pity ; "you tremble so."

"At those words 'a governmental unit.' I wonder if those three words will ever cease to burn my brain. Ah ! if I were a man to stand before the world and avow Kentucky's folly while I cleared her of all suspicion of treachery !"

Laura in great agitation arose and walked away to hide her excitement from Keble.

"May the subsidiary politicians see and bewail their grievous mistake. They were deceived—but let them now see their true position, as panderers of lies to the people. Have you read Lane's speech in Kansas ?"

"I have not ; for I knew his style would be offensive to every gentleman, even were the matter acceptable."

"I have read it, and with the same feeling that I should have in a vault had I a presentiment that I should be put in my coffin, in the midst of corruption, while I still lived."

"I cannot understand the simile," answered Keble.

"I believe that what Lane advocates will yet be done."

"I hope not, unless your comparison is hyperbolical."

"Judge for yourself. Please hand me that paper on the piano."

"I should rather hear your sweet tones, or the music you can call forth from that cold, insensate thing."

"I am not going to let you cast such a slur on my friend. I love it because no matter what my mood is, it echoes it."

"A sensible thing could do that better, a man—"

"Would be apt to excite my disgust."

"You would not refuse a love that though it emanated from a heart defiled by sin, was in itself pure as that of an angel? Do you reject the lily because it draws nourishment from corruption?"

"But the lily can't talk to disgust me."

"Did you ever read Andersen's story of the girl who trod upon bread? Pray beware lest your dainty fastidiousness trample even unto death the human heart whose dearest wish is to nourish yours."

There was a sadness in the officer's tone that made Laura say—"Let me have the *Journal* please." And she held the paper up, pretending to be looking for certain paragraphs until a blush, called up by his sad and anxious glance, had faded from her cheek. "Aye, but the loaf that he would offer me is marked 'United States;' better tread upon it than be poisoned. Better starve to death, than eat the bread of dissension." Having said that to her well-drilled heart, she lowered the paper and commenced reading Lane's speech. "I told him I wanted to see every soldier a knight errant and behind him his squire. He is a Republican and would have every abolition soldier keep a darkee for servant."

"Don Quixote Sancho Panzas by the thousands, all in sable armour clad."

"But don't laugh. Hear this: 'If the squires get guns I don't propose to banish a negro, if he kills a traitor.'" (a)

"Cold blooded murderer!"

"I take stock in every negro insurrection, and I don't care how many there are.'" (a)

"The demon!" exclaimed the true son of chivalry.

"Oh no! he is your brother-soldier, your superior officer."

Laura's tone was very cutting.

"Never! If Lane is not turned out of the army, I resign."

A bright glow rose to his companion's face, but the captain did not see it; his eyes glared on the coals, showing as much fire as they. She continued,

"And go to Fort Warren. In your republican army an officer is thrown in a bastille if he resigns."

"Then be it so." The sternness of his voice showed he felt her words might be proved true.

"Pray don't put yourself in Fort Warren before your lord and master sends you there."

He rallied.

"Have you any more lanes to the bastille?"

"I have not shown you all the beauties of this one. Speaking of drilling his black peers, the Federal General says, 'You can see that in the innermost recesses of their soul the devil is in them. Give them a fair chance and they will do the balance of the fighting.'"

"Ha! the coward!"

"I care not who involves the traitors in ruin and death. I care not whether the punishment is inflicted on the battle field, on the gallows, or from the bush by a negro."

"The cowardly, infamous assassin!"

"Now calm yourself to consider the business-like reason of your brother-officer's ferocity. 'We want Kansas a square State, with as much front north and south, as east and west.'"

"Please throw that paper in the fire. I have had as much as I can endure

in one morning. The infamous brigand! He is not even a fanatic; were he, I could pity him a very little; but if he wants to free Missouri to add the land to Kansas, then—”

“I believe he wishes to add the Cherokee land, not Missouri, to Kansas; though I am not prepared to say he would be unwilling afterwards to spoil the square if he could do it by robbery.”

“I rejoice to think I was always a Democrat and never an Abolitionist.”

“So was Lane once.”

“But he had to leave us before he could give utterance to such sentiments as you have read.”

“By-the-bye, you have one man you need not be ashamed of.”

“I am grateful for your wonderful concession. Who is so happy as to gain your approbation?”

“Senator Bright. I liked his last speech in Congress, it was spoken by a man; but I cannot say that all who heard it were men.”

“Oh! I protest—”

“To as little purpose as my ‘bright, particular star’ in your Congress. Is not this fine? I do not understand that my constituents are asking my expulsion, and I want that fact understood before the country, that I am to be expelled because of my political antecedents. That fact cannot be disguised.’ And he ends by calling on Indiana to ‘vindicate the truth of history, by showing to the world that this partisan blow levelled at his head is not merited.’”

“And the people of Indiana will do it. Whether Bright gave a gunsmith a letter to Davis or not, he has never been proven a traitor; therefore, Indiana is insulted by this expulsion of her representative.”

“If you are ashamed to claim Jim Lane as a brother-officer, what do you think of Brigadier General Jennison?”

“I don’t know anything of him, except that he is one of the bush-whackers in Kansas.”

“He served under the notorious Montgomery, was one of St. John Brown’s pupils. You shall hear one of his orders. ‘Hallo there, you Mr. Man! Take a squad of men and go down to yonder house and burn it to the ground, as quick as the devil will let you.’”

“I fear, Miss Buckner, I shall never make a loyal woman of you—”

“While I lay claim to gentility?”

“While you persist in reading so many papers.”

“Honest loyalists must be ignorant or blind.”

“I beg pardon for asking if that is the decision of the purblind?”

He saw Laura’s lips make the peculiar, unconscious motion that always preceded a bitter answer, and hastily begged for a song. She restrained the sarcasm, and immediately went to the piano and sang one she had lately composed.

“Heigh—ho! Sing high! sing low,
For I am ashamed of woe;
Don’t I know when fresh flowers blow,
That I’ll gather when the snow
Is melted off by soft spring rains
I shall be rid of this pain
Which now covers up my brain
In tears, till to die I’m fain?

Heigh—ho! Sing low! sing high,
High enough to drown a sigh
When my lover passeth by;
For he says, ‘Who’s gay as I?’
Well, the butterfly is gay,
Though one wing was torn in play.
On other wing he flies away;
I’ll do as he without delay.”

As she arose there was a nervous excitement about Keble she had not before seen ; he did not thank her, nor seem conscious that he had not ; so she said—

“Can you show me in the literature of politics any parallel cases which are so very far apart as the speeches of the President-elect of the North in his journey from Springfield to Washington, and those of the President-elect of the South in his passage from Mississippi to Montgomery?”

Willing to avoid a direct answer by complimenting Laura on her weakest point, pride of her State, Keble said—

“But Davis was born in a State where orators are indigenous to the soil.”

“Lincoln is a Kentuckian by birth.”

“I wonder you confess it.”

“I never deny facts. And, truth to say, from the notorious Montgomery of the Border, and the rash Jackson of Alexandria to the two Presidents, many of the principal actors and talkers on both sides are Kentuckians. Sidney Johnson and Sumter Anderson, Buckinridge and Crittenden, Buckner and Blair, Hood and Nelson, Yankee Morgan and Gustavus Smith, Tom Taylor and Boyle, Saunders and Holt. But you are not to beguile me from my first thought. I want to know if you have compared the speeches of the Presidents-elect?”

“Well, well! Never very particularly, I believe.”

“Then I shall give you a chance to do so,” Laura arose, took a scrap-book off the table, opened it, and laid it on his knees.

“Twilight?” he read aloud in an interrogating tone. There were, on several successive pages, a column of Davis’s speeches, and a column of Lincoln’s; over the first was written “Day,” over the last “Night,” and the space between was marked “Twilight.”

“Yes,” said Laura, answering his tone; “goodness and evil meeting make twilight; the sun of the South and the fog of the North are striving for mastery. Surely, my friend, you won’t seek evil when good is so close at hand. Between Montgomery and his home Mr. Davis made twenty-five speeches, and I defy you to find any such expressions as ‘I appear merely to see you and to let you see me, and to bid you farewell.’” (c) It reminds me of a child’s letter: ‘I am in good health and hope this will find you in the same.’ Davis, worn with excitement and fatigue, says ‘he comes before the people to assure them of his gratitude;’ his dignity forbids him to make a show of himself.”

“No one denies the superiority of Davis’s education.”

CHAPTER VI.

If there was one subject which could arouse Minnie’s temper, it was abuse of Morgan, “Cousin John” as she loved to call him; the brave and true Kentuckian who more than any other individual had redeemed his State from the reproach to which her credulity had exposed her. Nor was it strange that she should be thus roused by any disrespectful allusion to him, for, was not her lover identified with him as far as the honourableness and legality of his mode of warfare were concerned? The gentle, merry girl, who had trifled with her own fair name by allowing it to be associated with more than one fool’s, had, by the awakening influence of patriotism, and afterwards by the almost omnipotent power of love, developed into the noble woman. A child in the valley, whose most serious care was to gather the sweetest flowers, suddenly lifted by an angel and seated on a mountain. Her cheek would flush with shame when she remembered that the name which was to be absorbed in another’s had been so lately associated with that of a traitor—not to Lincoln, for Minnie acknowledged no king but God—but to sincerity and honour. Prospère was a traitor to

his constituency, yet he had clasped and held her hand with the right of a man who expected to claim her as his own ; no farther than this had any man but one ever dared to go with the pure-hearted child, and the surest proof which she could find in her heart that her love for Eustace was no girlish desire for amusement, was that when he had pressed his lips upon her brow she had felt that he had a right to this inalienable privilege of a pure and holy love. As far as was possible for Minnie to indulge in philosophical retrospection, her thoughts had been on this wise when Mr. Urston was announced. He had heard that Minnie defended Morgan's cause with an assumption of dictation quite novel in one of her temperament, and he felt that there was a woman's reason at the bottom of this championship. He had once been present when some one hinted that Minnie's heart had gone after the hero, and her unconscious scorn, a scorn that would not stoop to denial, put him quite at rest on that score. Besides, there was a strong substratum of common sense under the maiden's childishness, and though she had been allured to flirtations by a handsome face, sweet tones, or fascinating manners that promised her present diversion, she was by no means a dreamer to fall in love with a man she had never seen, and talked about Morgan just as she used to do of Wallace of Scotland, who had been the hero of her school days.

In a fit of idleness the night before, Urston had been reading "Tales of a Grandfather," and naturally the stories about Wallace carried his thoughts to Minnie; so the next morning he rode out to Vinelea.

"Do not you wish Wallace would reappear, and give you a chance for such a flirtation as has never before entered your brain to conceive?"

"No doubt he would be very terrible and disagreeable anywhere but in a story-book."

"I always imagine these redoubtable heroes very gentle men."

"So do I," said Minnie, and a dreamy look passed over her bright face as a soft cloud over the sun to make it more dazzling. Urston unconsciously sighed.

"I came out to-day to bring you a new item of defence for Morgan, whom, as I hear, you have set yourself up to defend."

"Then you have been talking with some ridiculous person. Morgan needs no defence ; I never thought of making myself absurd by any such Quixotic fancy. I defend Morgan! I wish he would come and defend me."

"From whom?"

"The invaders."

"They would not hurt you. I should think you would make an invaluable shield for Vinelea."

"Because of my weakness? North men do not reason so."

"No ; because of the strength of your charms."

Minnie in a passion! Could it be possible? There was no mistaking the evidence of flashing eyes and curling lips, and her silence told the same tale. Not knowing that she considered herself now as set apart from flattery, and unaware of the profanation it was to one engaged to a Southern officer to insinuate that a Yankee one might admire her, Urston began quoting some of Prentice's witticisms about handsome United States' officers, and the Rebel fair.

"Do you presume to insult me, by insinuating that I could ever look with any feeling but that of indifference upon the men who would with one hand spill the blood of those whose lives I would purchase with my own, and with the other hand—bah! Not one of them will ever touch mine."

"Suppose Miss Buckner were to hear such a speech?"

"Well?"

"Do you forget Captain Wilson?"

"Oh! Laura is so different from me ; she is in favour of the rebellion—which she doesn't allow anybody to call a rebellion—as of an abstract idea. I believe she prides herself upon her superiority, in being able to regard friend and foe with equal justice ; to her everything is in itself right or wrong ; and a great many more such sentiments she expresses, of which I confess I can comprehend neither their spirit nor their logic. But what were you going to say about Wallace that would be a new argument for Morgan and his cavalry?"

"When he was accused of being a traitor he replied 'I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject.'"

"Morgan is called a traitor. To whom does he owe allegiance? To Lincoln? Certainly not; for in this country the only loyal oath of allegiance is to obey the constitution and the laws. If he breaks those only the judiciary can sentence him."

"Then I suppose he is a traitor to the judicial authorities."

"No, Lincoln and Seward, and Cameron, have set them aside. Is there a man in Fort Lafayette, or in our military prison, that a judge sentenced to confinement? A man cannot be a traitor to what are virtually effete traditions."

"Morgan did not take up arms until the constitution had been so pierced by the spears of its proper guardians that it tottered to its fall. No true Kentuckian should be willing to stand by in silence and see it kicked in the dust. Do you know it seems very funny to me that people should say a State has not a right to secede?"

"I suppose South Carolina had a right to stay out of the Union had she chosen?"

"Yes, imagine Washington who had just done battling for the right of Self-Government, trying to whip her in."

"If she had a right to stay out, I can't see why she hasn't a right to go out." "I wonder how your future husband would like to hear you enunciate such a doctrine," said Urston, somewhat amused, for to-day was the first time he had heard Minnie try argument; enthusiasm had answered her instead.

"Oh! but I should vow to live with my husband till death, and South Carolina never promised that. Besides, how could one State be married to twelve?"

"Oh! That is a poser."

"If Kentucky is married to any State, it is Tennessee; there is no deep river between them, and I think any Kentuckian who fights against the South, fights against his own race."

"Are not the Yankees of our race?"

"No indeed! no!"

"Ethnology says yes."

"Ethnology—fiddlesticks! All the books on earth can't convince me that Northerners and Southerners are one people."

"Then I won't try it. Do you remember the anecdote about the second Bruce being recalled from his treachery to his country?"

"I don't remember any history except what I've read in novels; some people don't approve of novels; but if they approve of history they ought to, for the sake of hundreds who are in my mental predicament; it would be just as sensible for these wiseacres to close all institutions for feeble-minded children because they thought regular schooling preferable. I'd rather write one of Scott's novels than all of Macaulay's History; and judging from what I hear, it is hard to say who is the greater romancer. But what anecdote is that about Bruce?"

"After a battle in which he had assisted the invader, he sat down to dinner with the English lords before he had washed his hands; one of them whispered, 'Look at that Scotsman who is eating his own blood.'"

"Really," said Minnie, "these 'Tales of a Grandfather' must be uncommonly interesting. I shun history just as I do any paragraph in the paper which is headed, 'Shocking,' 'Terrible,' or 'Atrocious.'"

"I think one reason you are so free of fear is that you never read anything calculated to excite horror."

"When I was a child Auntie took care I should never hear of ogres or ghosts, and now I have no depraved appetite for tales of a similar nature designed for older children."

"Does your last remark refer to histories or newspapers?"

"To both. What is history but a long account of murders and battles?"

"If this is your objection to history you will never get through 'Tales of a

Grandfather.' Nearly every hero therein is assassinated or killed in battle. There seems to have been a curse on the Stuart line; James V. was the first who died in his bed, and he of a broken heart, a self-immured prisoner in the palace of Falkland. James VI. is the only crowned one of his race who can be called fortunate."

"I never beat Laura in but one argument; she was arguing against original sin, human depravity, (not total, for I am not quibbler enough to defend the adjective); I asked her what history taught, and so silenced her. She looked sad, and after some time said, 'And the most terrible records of the depravity of our race, are the Annals of the French Revolution. God grant that republics do not receive a more fatal blow in our own land.'"

"But it is not possible for us to have a monarchy. A kingdom without a long-descended line of nobility is about as respectable an affair as a grand entertainment where float is the only thing served."

"I fear your companion is *mal-à-propos*; for I doubt if a monarchy could be kept afloat without nobles to act as buoys."

"And in our country the only title-deeds to nobility are worth, education and money."

"A title wanting the sign manual." As Urston had nothing but his character to recommend him, he looked pleased, and Minnie considered that she had said very wise things, considering she was talking on a subject to which she had never given ten minutes' thought. Laura happened to come in at this time, and Minnie informed her she had been taking a history lesson.

"I hope Mr. Urston has found you a more patient scholar than it was ever my chance to do. Pray let me, too, be a pupil, Mr. Urston."

"I have an item which may interest one who report says is engaged to a lawyer." Laura's heart was too cold to flush her cheek, but she asked what would interest her.

"If an allusion to Mr. Stark can't do it I am in despair."

"You are Stark mad, Mr. Urston!" said Minnie, bringing up her light artillery to effect a diversion in her friend's favour. "What item have you?"

"I shall give you another lesson for trying to outflank me."

"You may find yourself unable to cut off my retreat; but, like the Yankees, I shall not be discomposed if I have to retire in good order."

"Don't be alarmed, my cannons are as useless as those that blockaded the Potomac all the winter. Miss Laura, the last time I saw you you were benevolent enough to rejoice that there was still sufficient love of liberty to bring Secretary Cameron to trial."

"My joy was premature. But could I suppose that the man for whom the guilt was incurred was to be both lawyer and judge?"

"The very point I wish to illuminate with the light of the fifteenth century. James IV. was obliged to leave the Parliament of Scotland while Patrick Lindsay pleaded for justice. A freeman said, 'We object to his presence to try this cause in which, being a party, he ought not to be a judge.' The King resented this, yet had to retire. But our age is fast, and a President of a so-called Republic pronounces sentence of acquittal on a man accused of a crime committed by his order. Please don't forget to repeat this, Miss Laura."

CHAPTER VII.

"Let us have a little more of Calhoun," said Laura.

"I am your guest."

"And therefore, the spirit of hospitality forbids that I should send you empty away."

"Even if you make me carry off a chiffonier's basket. What trash am I to receive now, or be pronounced incapable of intellectual perception?" asked Keble, smiling.

"Well, you are original; Calhoun has been often abused, and in almost all kinds of language; but I doubt if his ideas were ever before called trash. What do you think of the new trash on the road?"

"What do you mean?"

"The newly laid metal which prevents blind and lame from sinking in quagmires, and even the strongest from being detained in the mud."

"I doubt if Calhoun has made an easy road for any one to travel on."

"Easy? No, up-hill work is somewhat arduous. But to our text-book, Are not terms usually significant of ideas?"

"Originally; but they degenerate often by use."

"Capitally answered. What does Confederate mean?"

"United in a league."

"And Federal?"

"Tut!"

"Say your dictionary lesson; did not you make me say my Catechism last Sunday?"

"I make you!"

"Yes, and gave me studying enough for a week. I am now not afraid to define baptismal regeneration and leave SS. Luke and Paul to bear the brunt of the controversy."

Again that sweet illumination of the sad face, that, like an aurora in a winter's night, reminded Laura of the roses of love and June, and made her forget how cold and dreary was the atmosphere she had condemned herself to breathe. Her heart was restive.

"Be quick, please, and tell me what Federal means."

"One who has laid aside logical niceties for military tactics, one who was taught at College that the defence and not the politics of his country, was to be his life-study, should never have submitted himself to so designing a catechist."

"Oh! I know very well that the only reason I ever get the better of you in these political arguments is because you have never studied them, and I have."

"A man who does not vote, and who has lived all his manhood on the outskirts of civilization, is badly prepared for such cross-examinations as you delight in."

"Do you remember your reply when I told you I was not ready to argue on religious or ecclesiastical subjects?—That, if I did not willingly embrace what seemed my first opportunity for a friendly discussion of them, I had less appreciation of the value of truth, and less self-respect than you had credited me with."

"I am convicted. Federal and Confederate mean the same thing; the 'con' being only an expletive, and hardly that; so concession and cession both mean the act of yielding; conjunction and junction are of identical force. There is no doubt but that Confederate means united by a *foedera*, or league, or treaty; and, truth to tell, our fathers meant the same by federal."

"And Washington was a Confederate."

"But not like those who now boast of the title."

"Let us not be too fast. As you said one lesson so well, I'll try another. Can delegated powers be resumed?"

"Well—I—I—"

"Did you ever hear of a delegate who claimed the right of overthrowing the one to whom he was indebted for his powers?"

"That word delegate in our Constitution is very unfortunate."

"As the word bishop is in ante-mediaeval history," said Laura, smiling, and using the captain's weapons against himself; "very unfortunate for those who need a new interpretation. Permit another question: To whom did the States delegate certain powers?"

"The Constitution says, to Congress."

"Then Lincoln and his Cabinet are usurpers, having assumed the action of powers which were granted to Congress only; Lincoln has no more legal claim to the powers of Congress than to the throne of England."

"You know I never falsify my conscience in defending the unconstitutional acts of the Administration."

"My respect for you is principally founded on this fact; you are one of the very few who have capacity to see beyond your interests, I well remember your expression when you spoke of Lincoln, or rather, Cameron and Seward, usurping the judicial power which the Constitution vested in the Supreme Court."

"It would be as justifiable for me to assume the post of judge-advocate of the army."

"The Act of Ratification of the Constitution of Virginia, says, 'We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, . . . declare that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury.' Kentucky at that time was a part of the Old Dominion, and therefore has a constitutional right to secede. It will not do to make the expression 'people of the United States' mean only those who voted for the Constitution, because that would exclude all but eleven States."

"But I do not believe in State Sovereignty."

"Nor in the Constitution?"

"As devoutly as yourself."

"It did not abrogate the Articles of Confederation any more than the New Testament abrogated the Old. The Articles say, 'Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence.'"

"Although the New Testament does not abrogate the Old as a whole, it specifically abrogates certain rites commanded in the Old."

"The very fact that some are specifically set aside is *argumentum ad hominem*, that those not so specified are to continue, for instance, the three Orders of the Ministry, Confirmation, etc. Does the Constitution deny this provision of the Articles of Confederation?"

"No."

"Then be as honest about this as I was in admitting your argument about the continuity of the Church from the days of Abraham to ours."

"I wish your memory was not so good. But, although by special pleading you silence me, you have not convinced me."

"Cannot any power that ratifies and adopts, also reject?"

"Certainly. Now you will say that as the Constitution was ratified and adopted by the several States, and not by individuals, so fourteen populous States have no right to domineer over the fifteen of scanty population."

"In America, 'majorities rule,'"

"I have a contempt for adages. It requires two-thirds of the States to propose alterations of the Constitution, and three-fourths of the States to adopt them. There is no proviso that the one-third and one-fourth of the States thus defeating amendments must have the largest population. So the Constitution recognises States' Rights."

"I never thought of this."

"Nor I until I studied Calhoun. Let me read you one of his matter-of-fact arguments that a man must be a numbskull or dishonest to deny."

"I suppose when you have read it you will challenge my opinion?"

"The Federal population of the eight smallest States is but 776,969, and yet, small as this is, they can prevent amendments against the united votes of the other twenty-two with a Federal population of 15,410,635, or nearly twenty-one times their number."

"No man can deny that simple fact unless he is more ignorant than any voter would like to acknowledge himself."

"Then why cannot the same eight withdraw from the Union?"

"It would take more than eight now; there were but thirty States when Calhoun wrote that."

"True. But will you not admit his proposition that States, and not individuals, are the constituent parts of the Federal Government?"

"I must be elected to Congress and propose a new Constitution; you, rebels, have sifted the old one too thoroughly."

"We ought to be called Constitutionalists; but how strange that the Northerners, claiming a National Government, protesting against the Federal idea, should call themselves Federals. In vice-presidential elections the States, and not individuals, are the ultimate electors."

"Only when the Electoral College fails to decide between the candidates; then the Senators elect; and Rhode Island has the same vote as New York. In presidential elections the House decides when the College cannot."

"But the members then vote by States; the President is not elected nationally."

"They vote in the same way on questions of impeachment. In fine, the most important questions are not entrusted to the representatives of majorities of individuals of the States, but to the representatives of States. Do you remember telling me that if there ever was a time when Episcopacy did not exist, it was my province to prove when that time was?"

"I rested the doctrine of Apostolic Succession on the proposition that there never was a time since Christ when the Church was without bishops; that all history tacitly argues for this; that Gibbon, the infidel, and other historians, ancient and modern, who write incidentally of church matters speak of bishops; and, therefore, I have a logical right to maintain that there have been bishops for eighteen centuries."

"And you said that if I chose to deny the fact it was my duty to prove when the first bishop existed, and when one man in each diocese dared to assume such power over it; for history, as far as you had read, gave no notice of such usurpations. Do you recede now from this position?"

"How can I, if I claim capacity for ratioscination? And I remember how triumphantly you asked me when the Papacy began, or whether I admitted that to be eighteen hundred years old?"

"Pray don't give all those dates and names again; I withdraw my argument," said Laura.

"But I do not withdraw mine about the Episcopate; tell me now when it began," replied Keble, glad of a change of subject.

"Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity."

"Rather remarkable, when we have such minute accounts of the early Christians, and can recall hundreds of their names, and can repeat scores of anecdotes about them."

"Oh, bah! I don't care if a Church, or the Church, always did have bishops; a Church may be just as good without them."

"What a pity you did not live eighteen hundred years ago; so that Jesus and the Apostles might have profited by your liberal ideas."

Laura bit her lip.

"Pardon my brusqueness. I protest—"

"Protest nothing, but go on with your lesson," said Laura, smiling; it was strange she should smile at the moment she discovered she had found her master.

"I shall take that blessed smile as an earnest of pardon."

"I smiled because I felt like a child."

Keble looked at her scrutinizingly.

"My feelings recalled an incident of my childhood."

A shade of disappointment passed over her lover's face; it would have grown lighter had he known that his manner and her acceptance of his reproach, had recalled to Laura the only time her father had ever slapped her; it was for being rude and disrespectful; and from that moment the petted child had recognised in her father not only the slave of her caprices, and the ready minister of her pleasure, but a parent whom she was obliged to respect.

"Which is the oldest, the Government of the United States or of the separate States?"

"Of course, the latter."

"Is the thing made generally superior to its makers? The Constitution of the United States being created by the States-deputies, it is very proper that deputies of the same should have the power, (*de facto* less than that of their predecessors,) to alter or multiply that Constitution; but it is quite shocking to my idea of propriety that the Constitution should be such a monster of ill-bred ingratitude as to allow itself to be used as a tool by those who wish to destroy the very States' Governments that created it. Occasionally the ferocity so fashionable in Washington is relieved by some Merry-Andrew. One of the best jokes is, that States containing 10,000,000 people shall be reduced to territories."

"The idea of making territories of any States is too absurdly unconstitutional to be popular with any except a class of unscrupulous partisans, or ignorant fanatics."

"Now fashionable parties in the North."

"No logical mind will ever tolerate the idea of destroying State Governments. The Constitution has force in a popular government only because it was framed by the representatives of the people, and how were those representatives elected but by masses of individuals acting in collective capacities as States? To destroy State Governments is to pull down the foundation-stones of constitutional liberty."

"I am glad to see a man who wears U.S. buttons, have sufficient idea of what logic means to understand that the term 'filial obedience' considered as due from States to the Government, is all fal-fal."

"Not exactly; I regard the United States' Government as the foster-parent."

"I presume that children who have attained their majority and support themselves should not be forced to put on bibs and sit down at the feet of a foster-father. States which have fought for and established their independence do not need tender nursing."

"At any rate Kentucky can't make this boast."

"It was not many years after her adoption that she saved her two sisters, Indiana and Illinois; the very ingrates who now hold their bayonets above Kentucky's heart owe their homes, perhaps their existence, to George Rogers Clarke and the heroes of Kashaskia and Vincennes. But I don't blame a Northman for being for his land. However, we won't turn aside from the main question. May not a delegated power always be resumed?"

"No, indeed; the woman at the altar confers on the man a delegated power; but she can never resume it."

"Jesus said if—" Laura coloured and hesitated, remembering the only grounds on which He allowed divorce was not a suitable subject for them to discuss. "When the North proved unfaithful to the Federal Government by annulling the Fugitive Slave Law, the Union was dissolved. Perhaps few suspected it; but I have an idea that the most clear-headed of all American statesmen perceived it."

"Alas for the day that you became a disciple of Calhoun!"

"Would I could claim that honourable title! Even when I was a Clayite I had the candour to admit that he had a more logical mind than Clay or Webster. In his Discourse on the Constitution he asks a question I would like you to answer. The Government of the United States was formed by the Constitution; how then can the Government withdraw the Constitution?"

"It cannot rightfully; and I will never uphold an unconstitutional prerogative. But the National Government—"

"Excuse my interruption, but I object to the term 'national' being applied to the Government at Washington."

"You astonish me."

"Because you are not familiar with Calhoun. When you wanted me to

read Kip's 'Double Witness of the Church,' you said that I was *afraid* to, and that a person who felt his or her faith weak or unsound, always shrank from argument. I will read Kip, if you will read this volume."

"Agreed."

Keble took a book she lifted from the table.

"Do you remember it was a mooted question in the Convention, whether the Government should be called Federal, or national, and that the Federalists prevailed?"

"I recall the fact, which I had forgotten; truly, I feel like a student who has had all his books just where he wanted them for years, but having been imprudent enough to take unto himself a helpmeet, finds all in unwonted disorder, because she is determined to throw open the shutters and dust every thing remorselessly, put up his favourite books, and thrust before his eyes what she thinks he should read."

"I am not to be bantered out of a purpose," said Laura.

"Not by me, assuredly," replied the captain with assumed sedateness.

"Can it be said that anything retains its independence of an object it is dependent upon?"

"Ridiculous!"

"I am glad to hear you apply so flattering an adjective to the doctrine of your party."

"No! pardon me."

"Is it not said in the Articles, 'Each State retains its sovereignty and independence, and every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled?' How then is Kentucky, which never expressly delegated a promise that she would not secede from the Union, to be held in it? Did she ever delegate power to interfere with slavery in her borders?—to say what articles should be declared contraband?—to declare what men should not be allowed to leave her limits to fight where they please? Did she ever delegate the Habeas Corpus Act, or censorship of press, or power to control private correspondence and discourse? Then is not the General Government, which has done all these things, a usurper in Kentucky?"

"But Congress retained the power of making war and controlling its contingencies."

"That clause referred to foreign contests or to partial insurrections in a particular State or States; it never entered the heads of men who had so lately established their independence, to suppose that any of their descendants would try to make fellow citizens relinquish the right of self-government. But Kentucky has committed herself to the doctrine of States' Rights. The Rev. Dr. Craik made a noble oration before our Legislature on National and State sovereignty, which has been widely circulated as an embodiment of its sentiments; the clear-headed author showed far-sightedness when he declared that State sovereignty was essential to Constitutional liberty. No sooner was the denial of this put in practice than liberty fell. Would you be willing to marry a woman if she had been reared to hate you, your family and ancestors, your country, your interests, your profession?"

Keble flushed as he replied, "Not unless she has so great a soul as to overcome prejudices; then I should honour her ten times more."

"But this the Abolitionists will never do."

The captain cleared his throat.

"Yet the Northerners who can rise above such traditional prejudices are valued accordingly."

The captain's face grew brighter.

"If a man in business hates his partner, has not the latter sufficient excuse for dissolving partnership?"

"Certainly."

"Ah! Do you think so? I should suppose you would prove your manliness by

pointing your pistol to his heart."

"Miss Buckner!"

"I judge merely by your acts. What are you doing now?"

"In theory—for I've never yet been in battle, I'm fighting to uphold the Constitution."

"Which you are destroying as fast as possible; the South has taken it from the faithless guardianship of the North to preserve it."

"We promise the South all she asks, if she will submit."

"Do you consider Davis and his cabinet, Lee and his co-patriots, candidates for Lunatic Asylums?"

"What can you mean?"

"If you were a true Republican, an old-fashioned one—not the modern humbug—it would be answer enough, that the right of these States to govern themselves had been denied. But to reply more in detail; the way in which the North construes the Constitution nullifies our essential rights, and makes the South her slave; your lord and master, Lincoln—"

"Excuse me."

"I can't, for calling such a petty tyrant master; he requires not only your servile submission to his whims, but slaps the Supreme Court in the face, and tells it to 'sit still in the corner and be good till he says it may get up.'"

The officer winced. He knew that Lincoln had said that if he were in Congress he would not respect the Courts on the slavery question; how then could he answer Laura?

"I think it very generous to allow you to study your arguments, sitting at Calhoun's feet, while I am on duty nearly all the time, and when I can get off I prefer a little relaxation with you to study. However, I intend to remember your arguments, and when I am stationed where I can't run in a friend's house, I shall send you pages of answers."

"Very well."

"But there was a remark you made this afternoon which seemed to me glaringly false. You said the Constitution made the Union."

"In the Act of Ratification it is stated, 'that the consenting of nine States is sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States ratifying the same.' So you see the Constitution existed before the Union. Any State which refused to ratify it excluded itself, and in those days of freemen no man chose to make himself such a laughing-stock as to propose coercion. If I were capable of enjoying revenge I should enjoy myself now; but such rejoicing is sadder than grief."

"What do you refer to?"

"Of course, the people of the North will be the slaves of cliques, because if they were not ready for slavery they would not teach coercion; those who advocate foreign dependence will soon tolerate domestic."

"Foreign?"

"This is no new idea. Rhode Island (for Yankees have a finger in everything) and North Carolina were considered and called 'foreign States' by the first Union."

"It is ridiculous to speak of any of the United States as foreign."

"Poor, benighted Calhoun says, 'nobody can dispute it; the facts are too recent.' If he had lived till our day he would have learned that when men's interests cry, 'Be blind,' facts are lighter than whip-syllabub. Has not North Carolina a right to secede? And did not Washington and his co-statesmen concede she had a right to stay out of the Union?"

"History so teaches."

"When did she ever give up that right?"

"When she was married to the Union."

"One of the States expressly retained a right to secede. If you were a native of it, what side would you feel it your duty to support in the present contest?"

"That of my State, or I should move out of it."

"Honourable, at least. But do you suppose any particular favour was granted

to South Carolina? In those days of virtual political equality it never occurred to her sister States to imagine that to one State was granted a right not shared by all. Ah! an idea just strikes me. When we speak of national improvements, we do not mean of the States distinctively."

"I'll be generous enough to help you to an idea that has escaped you. Do you remember that before the Revolution the Thirteen were called the United Colonies? Then there was no national government; when their dependence on England was rejected, they substituted States for Colonies, retaining the designation 'United.'"

"Very good; a single body can't be united to itself, so the compact between the States—"

"But are you not begging the question by that form of expression?"

"How so? As Calhoun has noticed, the compact was made *between* the States; so, of course, this compact, *i.e.*, the Constitution, cannot be over them."

"True, for the seventh Article uses the expression 'to establish the Constitution between the States.'"

"What a pity the Constitution is not headed, 'We, the people of the States of Maine, New Hampshire,' etc., because 'We, the people of the United States,' seems to exclude the idea of individual States—I say seems, for I cannot believe that one who has carefully and ingenuously studied the history of the Constitution can say it does."

"Yet the expression is a pretty good argument for our party."

"My oracle has given good reason for the omission of the names of the States—that those who drew up the Constitution did not know whether more than nine would ratify it."

"I have no doubt that the old Confederacy was much such an organization as leading members of the Southern coalition now desire; but they forgot that the old Confederacy had to be abrogated that the Union might be established."

"By no means; as Calhoun has said, 'In their preamble the framers of the Constitution say that their object is to frame a more perfect union, and their expression 'our union' could refer to none but the old Confederacy; and they were to make it more perfect. If you say that a thing is to be made more perfect you do not mean that its nature is to be changed, only to be improved.'"

"Ah, Miss Buckner, talk as you may, you are a political heretic."

"Let Chief Justices Jay and Story prove my orthodoxy. The latter, without dissenting, quotes Jay's declaration that there were thirteen sovereignties. Who should best understand the 'primitive'" (this word pronounced with a peculiar accent that Keble understood) "opinion—the men of 1787 or 1861? Mr. Madison (whom his biographer calls 'the father of the Constitution') drew up Virginia's Act of Concession, and was deputy to the meeting in Annapolis, in 1786, which recommended the Convention with fuller powers which met in Philadelphia in '87. One of Adams's biographers names as the first cause of the Revolution 'writs of assistance,' which, he says, were substantially the same as the search warrants which some years after kindled so fierce a flame upon the prosecution of Wilkes in London. The South has the same grievance now; the North travels like the crab."

"Establish Secession and you will find it practically ignored."

"I hope so. I believe Secession to be a right; but I think it rarely right to secede."

"The South *will* fight; remember the fillibusters."

"Who forgot to fill Northern pockets. No more Texas or California questions for us."

"The first public appearance of Abolitionism was on the admission of Texas."

"And the Wilmot Proviso the first entering wedge in the dissolution of the Union; and that was appended to a resolution granting money to carry on the Mexican war. By-the-bye, I was a child during that war, and was reading about the United States' claims, when papa asked me what the initials meant, and I said Us. To this day the letters reminded me of a school-girl's vulgarism, 'Who

but *us*?' Think of the United States and it is always the egotistic word. New England is always for herself. She talks loudly now; but some of us remember the war of 1812-14. By the way, who ever heard of any Southern States threatening to whip New England back if she dared go out of the Union, as she threatened to do? Were the men of the South better Christians, or 'cuter,' or more nearly perfect gentlemen? Or was New England of less importance to the cotton States than they are to her? It is a common taunt that the South seceded for financial reasons; for the same cause were both the Northern threats of secession. Would Washington have permitted his cabinet to decree that New York must be whipped back into the Union? He would not have dared, for fear the sarcastic laugh of George III. would have echoed over the seas. Imagine Mr. Madison, with one hand scourging England for impressing Americans, and with the other impressing five States! You know Governor Randolph was always considered the most eccentric man of his age; hear one of his eccentric resolutions relative to National and State authority: 'The Federal Executive to call forth the force,' (already existing) 'of the Union against any member of the Union, failing to fulfil his duties under the Articles thereof.' Mr. Madison and Mr. Hamilton, and their compeers, were ashamed of the resolution; I believe it was never so much as seconded."

"Ingratitude is loathsome to me, because I consider it an excrescence that comes only from a nature corrupted by pride or selfishness; the idea of the Southern States revolting against a Government that had done so much for them is repulsive to me."

"I think at the present day government means the administration; at least, it seems impossible to get any idea of government except that exercised for party purposes; and I am not aware that the Administration has done anything more for the South than Samson did for the Philistines, when he set fire to the foxes' tails, and sent them into the corn-fields of his foes."

"True; if the people of the South had known the motives of Robinson and the other pilgrims in seeking a place where they could make money more readily than in Holland (where they had religious equality under a Calvinistic Government) and had they known something of the ante-Revolutionary history of New England, I doubt if it would not have been more closely watched."

"It has always been marvellous to me that while every year the Yankees kiss Plymouth Rock as the Irish the Blarney Stone, it seems to have been forgotten that the first colony was at Jamestown,"

"I hope hereafter our Mecca will be annually visited, and speeches made, and songs sung to commemorate our ancestry."

"Permit me to suggest a better commemoration. The walls of the first Church built in the United States still stand; assemble there every 26th of April, and read the Service read by your forefathers, and chant the words they first uttered in the hearing of the Redeemer, that if possible your commemoration may not produce Phariseism."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Do the Ladies of Louisville receive Federal officers?"

"Some, I think, do," replied Mrs. Ellmer.

"That is scandalous," responded the interrogator, Mrs. Howe, of Missouri.

"At any rate, the cause of a great deal of scandal."

Laura felt that the expression of Mrs. Howe would have been hers but a short

while before, and she had a remarkable characteristic—the justice never to be offended at what really wounded her deeply, if she believed that were she to change places with the speaker she would express like sentiments. So though her face was crimson, and she felt like hiding her guilty blush, she quietly remarked—

“I do not approve of Southern women receiving the visits of their invaders; it is not becoming to lavish smiles upon the men whose bayonets may be plunged in brothers’, husbands’, or fathers’ hearts. Yet I do receive a Federal officer.”

“It isn’t possible?”

Laura’s spirit rose, for she felt that Miss Howe, now knowing the fact, was ill-bred to take upon herself the office of censor.

“A Southern woman should never forget that she is a lady, and I think neglect of one to whom she is unavoidably under great obligations would be exceedingly un-ladylike.”

That word “unavoidably” was said with feeling. The nun who takes the veil to fulfil the vow of another, may feel as did this Kentucky girl. And for what was she to incur suspicion and rudeness? For a solitude of the heart that no lover’s word could be permitted to soften. A Pariah from suspicion, hers must be the life of a true priestess of Liberty.

“There is a great difference between the ladies of St. Louis and those of Louisville; do you suppose,” asked Mrs. Howe, “that one of us would walk on the pavement past a Federal uniform? We take the gutters.” (a)

“I should never smut my face to insult a Darkee.”

“I have often flaunted my dress in Yankees’ faces.” (a)

“Mine is intended to cover my ankles.”

“You have no idea, Miss Laura, of showing your dainty foot to such brutes,” said Mrs. Ellmer.

“A lady’s fittest weapon when she wishes to defy or insult, is quiet contempt.”

“A Kentucky woman would scorn to put herself on a level with Dutch soldiers; I have never heard of the ladies of Louisville flirting their dresses in a Yankee’s face, or giving him the side-walk; we shrink from demonstrations on the streets, but we are not the less resolute; no one knows of the sacrifices our ladies have made to serve the Southern cause. We get no fine dresses; we give no expensive entertainments; it is not only our surplus ‘change’ that has clothed Southern prisoners, supported the families of men who fight for their Southern brothers, and helped to arm those who have gone.”

“I was very much surprised to see that South Carolina has ordered that no more troops are to leave her borders.”

“She is right; self preservation is nature’s first law; but what beautiful consistency she shows in condemning Kentucky!”

“If your governor would only act as did Price.”

“His face indicates beautiful serenity of character and love of peace. But his humiliation was enough to make a guerillo even of a gray-haired man. Woodson and Bass affirm that he had an interview with Lyon to *implore* terms of peace for his people. He proposed to disband every company, and guarantee the State against the introduction of troops or arms.”

“Strange the Government should sugar-coat the pill it gives Kentucky, and pour vitriol upon Missouri; she was kicked out of the Union. No language outside of hell can describe the acts perpetrated by the Unionists of Missouri. A God of justice will decide the quarrel.”

“The devil rules this world. The God of judgment may await the Day of Judgment.”

“Which States were the most eager for war? Those safe in distance. Why are they so irritated against the border States? Because the latter did not think it the object of this political organization to be sacrificed for those to whom they owed nothing. New Orleans railed at Louisville for nearly a year, and then followed her example. And so, for that matter, have done all the cities except Charlestown, Richmond, Mobile, and unfortunate Vicksburg. The Vicksburgers had railed at Kentuckians for taking the oath, and now other Southern cities, to

which it has not yet been offered on the point of a bayonet are reviling the glorious men of Vicksburg. In our war with the Indians did South Carolinians and Alabamians throw themselves on the war path ? ”

Not being able to answer this satisfactorily, Miss Howe said—

“ Letters from England say that the excitement is unparalleled except by that after the fall of Fort Sumter. Secession flags are for sale on the streets. In the Adelphi the stars and bars floated over the ‘Octaroon.’ On newly-painted cabs the banner of Jeff. Davis and the British flag are to be seen.] And yet I hate England ! Why do you look so surprised ? Did you think me too good a Christian to hate ? ”

“ No ; but too philosophical a woman ; of all passions hate is the most absurd and unreasoning, the least worthy to be classed among the emotions of a superior mind. I should argue the question of England’s position with you, but you have just showed yourself incapable of argument on the subject, and you and I would never condescend to dispute.”

“ We both love argument too much even if we were not too well bred. But for the amusement of the hour I’ll hold my hate in abeyance, and argue the question with you. I hate England because she helps the North.”

“ How ? ”

“ By furnishing it with arms and ammunition.”

“ She is a neutral ; and what she refuses to furnish one party with she cannot send to the other. How would you like it if she had withheld not only munition of war, but clothing, especially shoes and blankets, from the South ? ”

“ Not at all ; and I greatly doubt if we should not have had to give up the struggle, if before we had had armouries and manufactories of our own, we could not have got our supplies from England. The North believes this, and hates her proportionately. But she furnishes the South clandestinely and the North openly.”

“ That speech is not the result of your thinking. The sole reason of the difference in the way of the two countries receiving their merchandise is that the North blockades the South, and if the English were to publicly announce whenever they despatch a ship to Southern shores it would rarely reach them.”

“ But why doesn’t England raise the blockade ? ”

“ That is probably the only question on this subject I’ll find it hard to answer. Perhaps she can’t, or is afraid to try. But is it because we have fought her twice that our people single out England for abuse on this subject, when they might as well protest against the non-action of every European Government ? France has now a larger army than England ; England may be afraid of her ; but she assuredly is not of England. I see in the *Dublin Freeman’s Journal*, of November 22nd, that ‘all the uniforms for the Confederate army are now being made in England, a considerable portion in London.’ ” (a)

“ I’m glad you reminded me of Ireland. Why don’t England prevent the Irish from coming over here to fight ? ”

“ She has done all a free government can do ; she has promulgated laws against foreign enlistments, and when any guilty of infringing them could be seized, has arrested them. She can hardly be so autocratic as to prevent her citizens from removing here ; there is only one man who can put a stop to this migration from Ireland and he is the Pope ; he could do it through his priests.”

“ But you forget how many English fight for us. Remember who man our glorious privateers. Privateering has inflicted more injury on the North than the Irish yet have on the South. Were England and Scotland at war, would we help either ? Our memories are conveniently short ; we ignore our sympathies in the Crimean war ; but Russia does not forget those of the larger part of the Union. I have never greatly desired foreign intervention, because I fear Russia would then aid the North ; despotisms sympathize with each other as do free governments ; witness England and the Confederacy, Russia and the Union. Have you seen this account of Mr. Joseph Parker’s fruitless mission ?

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, &c., &c.—

HON. SIR—In reply to your letter of to-day, permit me to state that the address which I have had the honour of being deputed by the parties signing it to bring to this country, and containing the signatures of some three hundred and fifty thousand of my countrymen—from the peer to the artisan—is not from the government of Great Britain, nor from any political party. It is simply an expression of the earnest desire of the masses of the people of Great Britain to see peace again restored to this continent.

Waiting your favour, I am, honourable Sir, yours most obediently,

JOSEPH PARKER.

And Seward answers,

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.

To Joseph Parker, Esq., Metropolitan Hotel:—

SIR—The government of the United States cannot receive the address which was mentioned in your note of this morning. Your request for an interview with the President to present the address is therefore declined.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

"That reminds me of a complaint I saw in one of our Yankee papers about the 'Houghton Address to the people of the United States.'"

"What is that?"

"Never heard of it before. I suppose something like this of the noble Mr. Parker; it is sedulously kept from us. I remember Lady Houghton presided at the Kentucky table in the splendid Liverpool Bazaar. Bless her for it!"

"It was said the Kentucky and Tennessee table was the handsomest; it was the central one. Maryland and Delaware were not represented."

"We are very grateful to the English who help us for sympathy."

"Some help us for money."

"Many of them do it for a very uncertain sort of money—Confederate bonds on cotton they may never get. Moreover, England has given great sums to the South."

"But she wants to waste its strength."

"Have you one fact for proof of this? Do not all her papers cry for peace? Is not she, too, greatly suffering? Does not the throne shake from the cries of dismissed operatives?"

"She is afraid to risk a war, perhaps for fear that in setting another's house on fire she might find her own in flames. Besides, we have never done anything for her that she should sacrifice blood and treasure for us, any more than we should have done for Poland, Greece, or Italy. It is stated that the builder of the Alabama is a member of the British Parliament. A paper said the other day, 'The English nobility and the English Church are in favour of the South. The Tory party would recognize us; but the middle class (or the Puritan portion of it), is against us—naturally sympathizing with Yankees; Exeter Hall and Plymouth Church are co-relations.'"

CHAPTER IX.

"Is it strange I dare not try to win Laura? And yet, I love her so intensely that my self-estimation is increased. I had no idea of my capacity for love. I feel more oneness with Him Whose name is 'Love' since I find in myself capacity

to sacrifice all earthly pleasure, lest I should defile my ideal—the ideal that God placed within me, the vision that floated through my brain while angels watched above. She cannot be mine on earth; but she may be there—may be if I can ‘quit myself like a man and be strong,’ to dare her anger and disdain. Oh, how I shrink from the cold, proud look, which can steal over her soft features and freeze the dewy mildness of her eye! Yet I must bear all this and more. If I saw a seducer at her feet, would I not tear her from him, though I saw the knife which I knew she would plunge into my heart? And shall I see my Eve—a very child in innocence and grace—lend, unconsciously, body and soul to the service of the subtlest of all seducers, while I, like a selfish coward, say I dare not brave her anger? To see her once more, then lose her for ever! Oh, God! if it be possible let this cup pass from me!”

Keble’s head fell on his arms crossed on the window-sill as this last thought shook his manly spirit; but after a while he murmured in an undertone, as though he saw his Father, “Not my will, but Thine be done.” Yet his sad thoughts found a little comfort. “Why did I say leave forever? I must leave her for a Lenten season, but on the last Easter morning I shall clasp her to my bosom, and my arms will bear her to an eternal Eden.”

As Keble lay down that night, his mind reverted to a scene of his early years. A bright boy clapped his hands while his mamma made bubbles in the sunshine. The child, charmed with the miniature rainbows within his reach, tried to grasp them.

“Why do you want to touch them, my son?” asked his father, who watched him.

“Because they are so bright. I wish I was a giant, and then when it is done raining I would stretch up and take the rainbow out of the sky and hang it on my shoulders like dear Mr. Campbell puts that long black ribbon round his neck before he comes into Church.”

“That is a stole, my boy. But if you could touch the rainbow you would only bring down a shower on your head.”

“Oh, papa!”

“Whatever it is best for you to have, God puts within your reach.”

The next minute the child was striving to grasp another bubble. This time he succeeded; but very blank was his countenance when he opened his hand intending to kiss his captive rainbow, and found nothing. Mamma laughed at him and made another; but the boy turned on his heel, crying, “You are just trying to make an April fool of me.”

“Sure enough, it is the first of April.”

“Betty fooled me once and now you.” His countenance was too much for his mother’s gravity and she laughed heartily, so that the child’s eyes filled with tears and he sprang to his usual hiding-place, papa’s bosom. He had seen that his father did not laugh; for, he too had grasped a fancy only to waste his love upon the air. With the philosophy of a child’s instinct, Keble felt that papa and he were fellow-sufferers, and they mutually comforted each other.

Keble, far removed from his boyhood and his boyhood’s home, recalled all this and thought, “Happier an old bachelor with an ideal unprofaned, than a husband who seeks sympathy in vain.” Thinking on this wise he slept.

Earlier than usual he arose the next morning, for a dream troubled him, and although his mind was too well-balanced to let him have faith in dreams, his of the last night had been so vivid, that for a while he could not shake off its influence, any more than he could if a coffin had been borne through a dance he was treading. He dreamed that a gentle woman was twining laurel leaves on a willow twig; he asked for whom, and Laura’s voice replied, “For a true heart.” He bent his knee and demanded the wreath. But she laughed scornfully and threw it towards the South. “What do you mean?” he angrily asked. Her voice was cold when she replied, “No one who teaches man’s right to self-government, and plunges his bayonet in the hearts of those who presume to practise his doctrine, is a true man.” While she spoke a cloud encompassed her; he could not see her, but he stretched out his hands and cried, “Laura!” He

felt only the chill mist. He prayed earnestly that he might find and hold her for ever, until calm faith folded itself about his heart, and when he again cried, "Laura!" she answered from the foot of the hill on which he sat, "Here I am. Save me!" Bright wings went before him and hovered over a woman's crouched figure. He tried to grasp her hands. She shrieked, "Do not touch me. There is blood on your hands." He replied, "I have never killed a man," and was answered, "In your heart, you have. I did not call you to love me. You are not worthy to fold a Southern heart to yours. I called you to save me. I am lost." "Let me carry you home." Home! I do not want to go home. I want to find the truth, and it is not there. Oh, teach me how to pray!" He did; and then it seemed that both, exhausted by their emotions, lay down to sleep. He wanted to hold her hand lest she should forsake him while he slept, but she shuddered and cried, "Blood!" After a while he dreamed he awoke, and the sun was shining, and he knew who lay beside him, and sang out, "Glory be to Thee, Oh God!" From the blue sky he was answered, "It ever shall be." He knew the voice, and looked up hastily. Laura was riding in a snow-white cloud as in a chariot, and as it passed on she trilled, "And ever shall be." His efforts to fly after her awoke him.

Long and earnestly did Keble entreat for Divine help. Laura's words, "Oh, teach me how to pray!" rang a continual echo in his brain; they almost drowned her shuddering cry of "Blood!" As he arose from his devotions the early sun smiled, "Good morning" into his chastened heart. Drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. But Keble's mind was too much under the control of his will for him to remain thus. His step was firm and light as usual when he went about his day's work. Some business carried him to the Provost-marshal's Department. A poor woman was there, begging to see her son who was to be sent to Camp Chase. She received a peremptory refusal. She pleaded with many tears—"he was her only child—she had no husband." The grim condolence was, "Plenty of widows have been here to ask to see their sons." (a) Keble heard this and there was hot blood in his heart. He crossed the room and said to the pitiable mother, "Don't cry, good woman; tell me your name and I will go to Captain Dillard and ask him to give your love and blessing to your boy, and any message you wish to send and bring you back his messages." She muttered between her sobs, "Nancy Hark, and God bless him and you, too! I can write to him; but I want to see his blessed face again." "Go down to the river, and when he gets on the boat you will see him." The woman sprang up—she had not thought of that.

CHAPTER X.

FEBRUARY 15.

LAURA was writing in her journal—her only true confidante, for she would not grieve her mother with her sorrows—"The grass begins to look greener, and the sun, which had been hidden for two days, smiles again on his child. I am glad once more—at least I am resolved to be. Shut up in the house, nothing to gratify my passion for beauty—an ever-essential element of my happiness—what wonder if I long for an ideal? But if Spring will hasten I think I shall be happy with her. Her voice is very melody, it always ennobled, purified, and exalted my being, made frosty by Winter. Keble says the Spring makes him long for heaven; perhaps, because it is the Lenten season. She will give me flowers as beautiful as his thoughts; she will sympathize in every mood! What more could Keble do?"

Her sigh answered the question.

"I feel as one who awaits the approach of doom," said Laura to herself, as Captain Wilson's card was brought in.

"Mamma, for pity's sake go down and talk to that man, I cannot."

"For a little while; I shall give you time to get up a smile."

"A smile! And for whom? One of my country's murderers. But I am a lady, if I have a broken heart."

"What were you thinking of when you smiled?"

"Of how susceptible you are, a human, sensitive plant; no, there's an old-fashioned simile I like better—impressible as wax. Not an air can pass over a nature like yours without rendering it harder or softer."

"The same breath can do both. But how namby-pamby we are getting to be."

"Indeed, at that moment I was breathing a prayer."

Laura's breath came more quickly.

Keble observed it, and grew bold.

"You know that with my detestation of even innocent underhand acting, I warned you I should make of you a double convert."

"I hope you are gratified at your progress."

He did not observe her tone; he was again under the influence of his dream.

"Do not think me base before you hear why I ask if you do not think the life I may have saved—the life you say I saved, owes me something?"

She was not afraid of any declaration of love; his tones were too clear and full.

"Yes; if what you require cannot injure my country."

"You have an idol; I want you to consider the claims of One Who has a better right to such intense devotion."

"You are impertinent."

"I am prepared for humiliation; I have weighed the cost of forfeiting your favour—if, indeed, I ever had the least of it. I love you well enough to be willing to lose you for a time—not for ever."

Laura trembled, but was resolved not to be subdued.

"I have acknowledged your right to ask pay for saving my life; state the terms."

"Do not be sarcastic and cruel. You conquered your detestation of Blue Coats because you felt it would be unbecoming to be disrespectful to one who had done you a favour. A weak woman might not have acted thus; you are capable not only of acknowledging, but also of feeling an obligation. Do you not also acknowledge the right that He Who not only nerved my arm to stop an infuriated beast, but Who created you, has to your gratitude? Does your 'life show forth your thankfulness?' If the time ever comes, when even your pride has to acknowledge the power of—but I will not use a word which will offend you—then you will understand and respect my feelings."

"Cannot you condescend to introduce some subject which I can at present appreciate?" She looked around for some prop to help her bolster up her heart.

Keble did not raise his eyes, nor seem to hear her; so she fell into silence.

Had he been assured of her eternal blessedness, he could have seen her laid in the grave and shed no tear; but that grave his spirit never would have left save when it followed her to the source of love and joy. Such men do not die from excess of grief; there is too much sweet in their cup. The decrepid old man's grey hair would have lain on the same mound where the throbbing head of the man of middle-age had rested.

After some minutes, he said in tones that even her proud heart could not resist, "I cannot tell you because I dare not; how your mood to-day pains my inmost soul. I stand on the brink of the ocean; a tempest rushes upon me, and I am soon to face it and conquer, or die; perchance both. I fear I am sinful, but oh! I wish it might be both. I see the ocean heaving in anticipation of the coming strife, and on that ocean is a woman, and nothing but a plank between her and Eternity. I would stretch out my arms to save her; but hers are so proudly folded I dare not. So I can only close my eyes in prayer."

He had spoken very hurriedly, and under his breath, as though a mighty passion was in his heart, waiting to spring upon him and master him; but a

stronger than he controlled its turbulence. At he ceased he walked to the window. Laura sat motionless as the dead ; she did not feel, it was a dream to her—the one she loved—her own and by a passion so holy that she worshipped not only him but it, was about to leave her for ever. Nevertheless, before he should suspect that she even read him aright, she would trample on her heart until it should become the very stone it seemed.

After a few minutes he turned to her again—"I dare not speak to you of love! for, to me love is a holy spark that should not be laid upon an altar where no sacrifice has ever been offered to the God Who made it. I know you do not love me ; nor do I wish it ; for if you did I could not marry you. To me, marriage is a sacrament, not as the Romanist considers, but as St. Paul meant when he made it the type of Christ's union with the Church. If you do not recognize your allegiance to God, it would not be long before you would refuse it to me. I, who have sworn to defend the Constitution of my country, should nourish a traitor in my own bosom, and the subtle fire might penetrate my heart ; but more than this, when I lay my life at the feet of a woman it will be because I know she will receive the trust only to cherish all my noble impulses and strengthen them for immortality. The woman who breathes next my heart must breathe the prayers I breathe, and when Sunday dawns she must not turn aside in search of excitement and sneer at me for clinging to the Church of my fathers—the Church of my Redeemer. I know what names you are calling me now, although you do not seem to hear a word I say. Let me soften your judgment, only a little ; that need not hurt your pride. Among my earliest recollections are the wranglings of my parents about the Church ; my father was by nature too much of the aristocrat—I do not use the word in an opprobrious sense—to participate in my mother's periodic states of physico-mental excitement in which she held religion chiefly consistd. She could not understand his devotion to the prayers and chants learned from his sainted parents—to have given up which would have seemed to him as beggarly as changing his name. My mother's accusations of my father's want of piety soon convinced me that neither had much, and I suppose I should when old enough have become in theory the infidel that even at ten years of age I was in practice. But I had a terrible awakening from this spiritual torpor." He hesitated for a moment, but seeing that Laura's bosom heaved, and her lips worked nervously, he hastily continued, "One morning I awoke to find myself motherless, and my father a dishonoured man. When I asked him where my mother was, he answered sternly, 'Far away, and you must never mention her name again except in your prayers, my poor boy.' Then in a passionate outburst of grief, that even I could see was as the rending of soul and body, he clasped me to his heart, and exclaimed, 'Poor child ! Your good name and happiness is to be the price paid for my idolatry of beauty, and what I called native nobility and loveliness ; they will not do, my Keble. You must be a Christian.' The next Sunday I was sent to Sunday School, to which, as neither parent was willing to have me go to that preferred by the other, I had never been before. The same Sunday I knelt by my father and caught from his tones of anguish the inspiration that kindled in my heart a love for God and His Church which nerves me now—nerves me to say 'Good-bye' to the woman I love with a love which is only an agony."

His voice was choked ; he took her head in both his hands and turned it upwards ; to his touch it was icy cold—he thought his trembling hands had communicated their chilliness to her white cheeks. He gazed earnestly.

"May I kiss you ? No ! no, I have no right."

As his hands let her face fall she seized one and laid her lips upon it. A strong convulsive emotion made him lean against the table near which he stood. A gasp that was a prayer, and he looked up ; she was as pale and indifferent-looking as before. Not a tinge of love-upon her face, not a tremor on the lips that had just rendered their first homage. She was looking steadily at him, and her eyelids did not fall when he raised his eyes to hers.

"It was only pity then?"

She coldly bowed her head.

"Thank God that it is so! but believe me, Laura, that kiss has made you mine for ever. Do not start. Do not open your lips only to say a proud and bitter word. I know you never can be mine as men speak; you do not yet imagine what love means. But when another leads you to the altar—but oh darling! my precious one! let it be none but a Christian!—feel that my spirit will be above you; for if, as I believe, our Father justifies such love as mine, He will let me be your guardian spirit."

"Will you die?" she asked as one who talks in a dream.

"Only as a Christian warrior should; when God calls me, and at my post; but the post of danger must be mine, and those who have wife and child to care for them shall yield to me the precedence when danger calls. I shall accept the promotion I refused yesterday, because I chose to linger here and be near you. I cannot influence you, and so I go. Good-bye."

She laid a quiet hand in his and no pulse told her secret misery. Keble had reached the door, but feeling in his breast pocket for his handkerchief, his hand touched a little book. A sudden thought struck him and he turned and laid his father's prayer-book in the hand of the woman he loved. Another minute and the door was shut with such vehemence that poor Laura, who could not stand the sudden jar, fell forwards stunned. How long she lay unconscious she never knew; but voices in the street aroused her, and slowly she gathered up her thoughts.

CHAPTER XI.

FEBRUARY 16th.

"THE cannon over the river! Do you hear it, Laura?" asked Mrs. Buckner, rushing into her daughter's room with the air of terror she might have shown had the house been on fire. Of course, Island Number Ten has been taken."

When her mother entered, Laura was bent almost double, her hands clasped around her knees. As she gave her mother no answer, the latter walked to her and gazed in her face to see what such apathy could mean. She had bit her lip until the blood stood on it.

"Trust in God."

"I have no God. What have I loved but my country?"

"Hush, daughter! your words are wild. But I acknowledge now God's Hand is hidden behind the cloud of our self-conceit."

"Excuse me, dear mother. But every word pierces my brain like a two-edged sword. Would you like to read Macdonnell's letter to the ladies?"

Laura lay down on her bed. Her mother went back into the parlour. It was the custom for some lady to open her house for those who chose to cut out clothes for others to make up for the Southern prisoners.

"Laura is too sick to come down, but she has a letter from a prisoner on Johnston's Island she thought would interest you, ladies."

On being asked to read it, she began —

"I was the honoured recipient of your kindly letter. A prisoner in a strange land—for, after being prisoner in the North, we never can call it our country any more, you can little understand the delight caused by the sight of my name in a lady's hand. We are allowed to write but one page a week, and that must be inspected. I have written to my mother this week, but cannot let your letter lie unanswered, so a quarter to a guard will get this mailed. You express a desire to know something of the fall of Fort Donelson, as you can believe nothing you see in your papers. If it will not tire you I shall tell you what I can, and feel only too honoured to be able to do so very small a favour

for one whose kind heart pitied the prisoner, although she knew of him no more than his name and his misfortune. Not I alone, but many in these Northern prisons pray heaven to bless the women of Kentucky for precious boxes and more precious letters. The battle of Fort Donelson began on the 13th of February. Our commanding general was Pillow. The next day the Yankees stormed our breast-works; but our hearts were behind them, and those we would not willingly yield even to Northern ladies; so of course, did not to the men. We had 11,000 souls in the Fort; some say 13,000; I think not so many. Thursday we fought both gunboats and men, and victory was granted us; but the next day numbers of reinforcements arrived and we, worn out, almost perishing for sleep and of hunger and cold, were little able to resist them. It was not, therefore, strange that our Generals Floyd and Buckner decided 11,000 worn-out men could not fight 60,000; and seven gunboats in full armour attacked men not half clothed even in jeans and carpet. Your Buckner could have saved us (*Deo volente*). He advised Pillow to take 5,500 men and cut his way through to the Cumberland and he would cover the retreat. The Yankees fell back too easily for our good, as it afterwards proved; for Pillow scorned to run away from men so easily driven. He forgot an avalanche of sand could overwhelm an army. Nor could we drive gunboats and mortar-fleet at the point of the bayonet. Pillow fought more than three hours longer than was the previously arranged plan. He was surrounded by 20,000 fresh men and forced to retreat. May I never again know the agony I felt when the order came for us to fall back! fall back to death or captivity! Before us was freedom, behind us imprisonment; for a moment I thought several companies would mutiny; but we did the soldiers' first duty—we obeyed. That night Pillow and Floyd left us with 2,500 men; 550 men escaped 'on their own hook,' I presume. I think 600 of our wounded were sent to Nashville, and 700 were taken prisoners. We were ordered on an old, rickety, worn-out boat such as this civilized Government keeps for the conveyance of its captives. We were assured the rotten hulk might give way, or its disordered machinery blow us up at any minute; but God heard the prayers of the Sunday previous, and "showed forth His pity upon the captives." After the fashion of United States' prisoners, we lost all our clothes and were sadly in need of the several thousand garments sent from Louisville. General Johnston, who was then preparing to evacuate Bowling Green, sent a despatch to Pillow asking him if he needed more troops. If he did, he would send him all he wanted immediately. But Pillow never got the despatch. At the end of the telegraph line nearest to Fort Donelson was an operator who kept the despatch instead of forwarding it to Pillow; he telegraphed back in Pillow's name to Johnston, saying that he had no need of reinforcements. On Saturday evening he telegraphed to Johnston in Pillow's name, stating that he was fighting gloriously, and would be able on the next day to drive off the Union troops. On receiving these despatches, purporting to come from Pillow, General Johnston took no steps to succour the rebels at Fort Donelson, and they were forced to surrender. The deception of the operator was discovered, and he was captured just as he was trying to escape to the Union lines. He was hung by sentence of a court martial."

AT JOHNSTON'S ISLAND.

A captive in a dreary Isle,
No woman's murmured cheer or smile
My haughty manhood to beguile,

Beside a window white with sleet—
Where fairy forms each other greet,
I sit while past and future meet.

The present is not in my dream,
For over it there falls a gleam
Which hides in light the joys that seem

In reason's cold and silent hours
Like once-prized, but long-withered flowers,
Culled in Kentucky's sunny bowers.

"Mother has been sick ever since the fall of the Fort," said Miss Gray.

"Why don't you say since the exaltation of the Fort Donelson heroes?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"She had a lingering hope all Monday that Buckner was not a prisoner. Tuesday, she walked early in the morning down to father's store to see if he had heard anything more, and when he told her there could no longer be a doubt, she burst into tears in the street; she had met him at the door."

"How mortified she must have been to have lost her self-control where Yankees could see and exult over her!"

"Tears shed for such a man are not a thing to be ashamed of."

"It was not ladylike, I know," said Mrs. Lynn; "but I was out that morning making purchases for a surgeon's box, and when brass buttons passed by I could not help a little elevation of voice as I bewailed Buckner's fate. Ellen said she wanted to put on mourning."

"Mr. Cunningham was like a half-crazed person."

"My husband bears it bravely, yet he is so hopeless and crushed, poor fellow!" (a)

"What surgeon's box were you purchasing articles for, if I may ask the question, Mrs. Lynn?"

"One of our best—Dr. Bayess, a good Southerner—had permission from the authorities here to go down to the fort to take care of the wounded. I understand from a lady who spent that sad Monday at the doctor's that she never passed such a day. There were fifty, or maybe, a hundred persons there; at first some came to beg the doctor to go down and see if their dearest were among the killed or wounded; then it was bruited abroad that he was going, and people were rushing to send messages and packages. The good doctor couldn't take half of either. (a) She said she felt that she was breathing a sublime atmosphere; no time for thought of self. This dreadful contest will do people good by putting self under the heel of patriotism. But the doctor was not allowed to reach the Fort. General Buell gave him a permit; but the general, in whose district the Fort was, would not allow him to proceed. He might have learned a few truths to oppose to the Yankee accounts."

"Poor Buckner! How such a spirit as his must have agonized ere it yielded to the foe! But he had no right to sacrifice lives uselessly. However, at Fort Donelson he gained three battles in four days."

"We sent off a thousand garments the other day, and those boxes were not our first. The day we met at Aunt Ellen's it rained in torrents, but before 9 a.m. three hundred garments, cut out the previous afternoon, had been distributed to those who came for work." (a)

"In the rain?"

"Certainly. Hadn't the poor soldiers stood in the trenches half filled with water four days for us? All day long work was refused because two rooms full of ladies couldn't cut out fast enough." (a)

"A gentleman has given Buckner's tailor an order for a suit of clothes for him. But some of the ladies 'stole a march' on him and sent the General a box. I was provoked enough to have had nothing in it."

"Mr. Stringfellow, an Episcopal clergyman in Indiana, told us he saw six prisoners put to bed and fed; they went to sleep and never woke again; there was no wound or disease; they died from mere exhaustion."

"Mere exhaustion! you have never felt it if you can couple the words. It is harder to resist than acutest pain." (a)

"Judge Catron has issued a warrant for General Buckner's arrest."

"He ought to be made Chief Justice of all the numbskulls of creation. President Davis will know how to avenge a prisoner of war."

"Did you hear Buckner was to be brought here to be tried for treason by order of Judge Catron?"

"Don't be afraid; the Yankees of Louisville would as soon apply torches to their own houses as allow that."

"Contrast the fall of Fort Sumter with the fall of Fort Donelson, and say which nation has the best right to the appellation of chivalric."

"There was no exultation over the defeated Yankees. Beauregard dictated no terms of surrender which could wound Anderson's feelings; he went out with the honours of war, was permitted to salute his flag and was escorted with all his men to the ship in which he was to embark."

"This was chivalrous indeed. The Yankees have never emulated such conduct."

"In Danville a boy of seven has been shot by a United States' officer for hurrahing for Jeff Davis. When the ball was extracted, the little hero was told of it. 'Then,' said he, 'hurrah for Jeff Davis!'^(a) I could not learn that the brute who shot him had been arrested; I don't suppose he will be until death does its office and carries him to judgment. Danville reminds me of Danforth. He is a Yankee colonel. I asked him why he gave up the law for arms. He replied, 'there was nothing doing in law and he believed there would be a military despotism; some were to be rulers and some the ruled, and he chose to be of the ruling party.'^(a)

"Let's talk about something cheerful in this corner."

"Morgan is the only cheerful subject I know of. The madcap and his men monopolize the exploits in Kentucky brigades. The Union soldiers are ridiculing the Kentuckians in their ranks."

"Kentuckians! Schoef commands Dutch and Northerners with a sprinkling of corncrackers to give flavour; but the brigade has a right to be called Kentuckian, as a few raisins give name to a plum pudding. Prentice says, 'The greatest scandal of our troops is they can't catch John Morgan, the very active and mischievous rebel marauder.' I would not give General Morgan for any general. Don't he stir up the Yankees!"

"And how he does help himself to whatever information he desires!"

"The ruffianly soldiers camped near Judge Hunter's place have nearly ruined it, even destroyed the furniture."

"That is nothing. Some ladies in the neighbourhood have had to lock up their servant-women and themselves from the Dutch boors."

"But only a few families have suffered so near Louisville. I was passing through Butchertown last week and could not get along for a crowd; a captain, with a bloody head, was supported on his horse by a soldier; something had offended the captain, and twice he had fired on unarmed men. Then a man hit him on the head with a stone."^(a)

"A Unionist told me to-day that sixty colonels, generally Kentuckians, had said they would lay down their arms if the Cameronian policy prevailed."

"They say so now, and many think so; but when the time comes you will find few will resign. When people begin to descend the hill of honour they seldom have enough resolute courage to try the toils of an upward path. They who have joined the Lincolnite army have lost caste with Southerners and feel that they must keep it with somebody. A young officer said that he felt like a stranger in Louisville since he had a United States' commission."^(a)

"I believe Kentucky officers either feel themselves our masters, or else are conscious that we look down on them; their social equality is destroyed."

"A Union lady told me that she went out to one of their camps, and a soldier from the North-West expressed his surprise at the way the troops were received here. He added, 'only the lower classes and negroes cheer us. But on Broadway they did wave to us from some big houses.'"

"Have you read 'The Partisan Leader'?"

"No. It is by Judge Tucker, I believe."

"Yes; and verily he is a political Daniel. Van Buren, as drawn by Tucker, not as he was in reality), gives no bad idea of Lincoln. All the time I was read-

ing of Virginia I was thinking of Kentucky, which occupies the position that Tucker supposed her mother-state to occupy."

"I do not think at the present time we can be accused of being engrossed with the fashions."

"No; we don't talk about the latest styles, except of the campaigns, nor discuss any public amusements but Yankee races. No one thinks of the newest way of making anything."

"Except a good case out of a desperate cause."

"We asked permission to go into hospitals and nurse our own men; this was refused. We begged to be allowed to get a house for a hospital, and bear all the expenses—of course it was to be guarded by the Lincolmites; this too was denied. But it is a blessing we can send things through the few ladies who have real or pseudo relations in the hospitals. Even the Union ladies are so much affected by the superior gentility of our soldiers to their Dutch, that they have paid them too much attention. The *Democrat* says, ['We will admit the assertion of "One who knows," that the lady alluded to is loyal. But if so, she is deficient in sense. If she knows anything at all, she must know that marked attention to wounded rebels while wounded patriots all around her are needing and not receiving proper consideration, must necessarily cause the latter to ask whether such conduct is not offering a premium to treason.'] It is a pity to irritate sick children by exciting their envy and hatred. Weak brains should be watchfully cared for."

"The papers said that when Bowling Green was evacuated Morgan's men seemed the boldest, and after the army had left returned and set fire to the Confederate stores. I saw Mr. Floyd who lives there. He says, the Yankees behaved most outrageously when they took the place, rushing into rooms where ladies were in bed or making their toilettes. One Dutchman jumped in a bed with a Unionist, (his wife hearing him coming had got under the bed) and exclaimed, 'Wouldn't my wife like to know vat a nice feder bed I've got!' The Unionist cried out, 'Is this the liberty I've been waiting for?'"(a)

"The liberty of even the Unionists went with our army. An officer on Buckner's staff says the people about Bowling Green used to say it was only necessary to say you were a Unionist, to have your claims instantly attended to. A scouting party took possession of two horses belonging to a rampant Unionist, and one had been given to a son in the United States' army. The man complained to Buckner, who said both horses must be returned."(a)

"Then he was wrong."

"But 'e'en his failings lean to virtue's side!' Major Cosby wrote to General Hardee asking an order for the restoration of both horses. Hardee said the horse given for the Yankee service need not be returned. Buckner said he was determined no one should be disturbed for opinions, and wrote to General Johnston, who ordered the horse to be restored.(a) I wonder if that Unionist's house was one of those broken into by the Yankees."

"Buckner was fortunate to have one gentleman among his captors. The captain of the guard said to him and his staff, 'Gentlemen, I was told to take from you your side arms; but I cannot take them from men who have fought so valiantly.'"(a)

"The *Journal's* abuse of General Buckner shows such intensity of littleness, and such grandiloquence of boasting, that even my contempt can scarcely descend to its level. It would be strange if such writers could comprehend a man honest enough to be fooled by their neutrality. They are too far below him to measure his proportions. Imagine a general who never made a political arrest at the bar of such judges! Neither is it strange that the *Journal* has such a spite against General Morgan. Who does its party more harm? My husband has just come from Nashville, where he heard Buell in a speech to his soldiers warn them of the capacity of their foe, saying, though they had had no regular battle, he had lost—I am afraid to say how many men, and he attributed this loss principally to General Morgan. You remember how the

Journal abused Morgan for burning some bridges; did you see its last compliments to the Yankees for a similar feat?"

"Yes, I have no patience with people who talk as if bridges were of more value than lives, and rail-road stocks than immortal souls."

"Very proper estimate in this war of Mammon and Satan."

The ladies were joined by Mrs. Clute from Paducah, who was asked for the news and understood what was meant by the term.

"As the prisoners from Fort Henry passed up the street, they were saluted from the windows by the waving of many handkerchiefs from secession ladies. Paducah is the head-quarters for Union refugees, and Grant has levied on the Secessionists there for their support."

"I believe every Yankee officer thinks he is a law-maker as soon as he passes Mason's and Dixon's line."

"Yes; and suspends the course of justice accordingly. One of the papers said yesterday of an affair at Mumfordsville, 'A party of rebels, came to our pickets with a flag of truce. The object of the visit was to request that a person who deserted from their camp, and who was charged with murder, might be returned to their custody for trial and punishment. The request was denied, and we think very justly, for how is it possible that an illegal body of men can *legally* punish any man, however heinous or ignoble his crime may be.'"

"Is the Criminal Court a Yankee body?"

"Practically, or it would soon be dissolved. I think all Yankee assemblies in our State are criminal courts. The Governor says in his message.—'In regions over which the contending armies have passed, large amounts of property have been taken or destroyed, the country has been made desolate, and large numbers are suffering for the necessaries of life; many cannot make a crop this year; add to this, that many persons have been frightened or dragged from their homes and suffering families. The laws are silent or cannot be executed. Universal gloom and distress pervade these regions. Families are divided and broken up, and each has its wrongs or its woes to relate. Starvation stares many in the face. In other and more highly-favoured districts no property of any description can be sold at one-third of its former value.'"

"Did you hear that Mr. Johnston's place has been ruined by the soldiers who have camped on it? Fences burned, trees trimmed, ground beaten down by the horses so that it is like clay baked in furrows. He was assured he would be paid for damages. He got some loyal men to assess his losses, and presented his ticket to the Yankee authorities, who said he was disloyal and could not be paid. Yet neither he nor his have done anything; but no questions were ever asked about that."

"We need news as much as the occupants of our military prisons need fresh air; but don't let it in too suddenly, or in too great quantities, for we are only buried, not dead. As proof of this, in Clarke county alone there were sixty indictments for treason in one month."

"Have you had any news from your brother in Fort Warren?"

"He is amusing himself by fishing."

"Fishing?"

"He fishes for a bean in his soup. Their coffee is half chicory. He has only one blanket; but what annoys him most, he learns he is not to expect clean sheets for months. They are on allowance of water. Thirty-six prisoners and four cannons share his room. When are these clothes to be sent to the Western prisons?"

"The Rev. Mr. Wells of Calvary Church will take them as soon as they are ready. We are tired of sewing for Dutch and Irish."

"Bless Mr. Wells! I am sure if my preacher was to do what he does they would put him in prison."

"Mr. Wells just works ahead without stopping to ask what is to be his punishment. But he never goes out of his sphere. Nor will he allow the wives and children of Union soldiers to be 'sent empty away' to that hard-to-be-got-at

society that professes to take care of them. Our Southern Aid Society does its work better. But remember, this society is a secret one."

"Do you justify Bishop Polk for taking up arms?"

"I do not; I think God is worse served than even the Confederacy; there are fewer skilful generals in proportion to the army to command the soldiers of the Cross."

"I don't think him right," said Mrs. Newton, "for I left my own Church because the preacher thought he was ordained to be a politician, and I took refuge in the Episcopal Church. When I go there on Sundays, worn out with the excitement of the week, it is to escape from the outside pressure of trouble, and to quietly gather strength for the future. Therefore I condemn every preacher who forsakes his office for one of secular life."

"Were you at the funeral of Major Cassidy, another victim to disease imbibed at Fort Donelson?"

"I was sick, I never regretted anything more."

"I never saw, and everybody said the same, such a funeral in Louisville. Christ Church, the largest house of worship here but one, was so crowded that ladies stood in the aisles or sat on footstools because the gentlemen were packed in the congregation too densely to get up without too much disturbance. Great numbers went away because they could not enter."

"A gentleman told me he was not very late, but he could not get inside of the iron railing. As Mr. Hoyt said, this unusual manifestation of feeling indicated national feeling—it was not private sympathy only."

"No," said Mrs. Blam. "Do you remember the funeral of the first Federal officer who was buried here afterwards? What a contrast! The family connection was much larger, and the family quite as popular. The Yankees were so outraged at the contrast they will never let us have another funeral, I wager."

"Do you remember the music?"

"I thought my heart would break when it began, Oh, how it sighed and groaned over our first martyr!"

"Not our first by hundreds."

"No; but the first whom Louisville has buried. Mr. Hoyt called him rightly a hero and a martyr. Many of the ladies seemed overpowered."

"Some were wondering when their hearts would be broken by the demon War."

"The hearse was a square from the church before we got out—I suppose we were about the middle of the procession, for I, though not particularly near-sighted, could not see either end. Yet the symbolic burial, of 'dust to dust' was performed in the church, and it was announced that only intimate friends would accompany the remains."

"Nearly all Louisville people were the immediate friends of a Confederate officer. The Provost Marshal sent word to Dr. Craik that only twenty-five carriages could go to the cemetery. A difficulty was feared, and some gentlemen went home for their pistols; it was reported that the services would be interrupted by the Provost Guard. There is a rumour that the Dutch say when their comrades are buried, it is done quietly, and that the rebels shan't have any more parades over their officers. Did you hear of the outrage perpetrated in Lexington at the funeral of one of our officers?"

"No. What was it?"

"The procession was immense, and a regiment rode in between the carriages, cutting nearly all off. The soldiers ran bayonets into vehicles where ladies were." (a)

"A fine bayonet charge! The only kind that regiment will ever make. I heard that they put up the badge of tyranny over the cemetery gate, and waved another edition of the stripes over the coffin." (a)

CHAPTER XII.

FEBRUARY 18TH.

"CLARA URSTON has just been here telling me about her brother's trouble. She says that the night the news of the Fall of Fort Donelson reached Louisville she never pitied any one so much. You know his father never would give his consent to Frank's going South, and he has such strict ideas of duty that he never will leave without his consent. Clara says, the night of our heavy sorrow he pleaded like a child with his father to let him go and die with the little band of brave men who were fighting for freedom. He says he has no hope that we can ever conquer, (4) that if he had known when General Buckner was at Bowling Green that he did not have enough men he should have left without his father's permission," said Minnie. "You know that every body then thought that he had more men than he could equip—a fatal mistake for Kentucky, I fear. Ah! when will the wise men of the world learn that honesty is the best policy? Said Frank, 'I would rather die there than live here.' He is of the stuff for a hero—there is no self-seeking in him. He told Clara he knew why his father wanted him to stay—'he thinks he may die at any time, as he is in bad health,' and then he asked, 'What would become of the women? I don't care anything for the property; but—' He stopped, and his eyes flashed." (4)

"He was thinking of all sorts of possible horrors and helpless women without a protector! Was Clara willing for him to go?"

"She says she would gird on his sword if he were only a christian, and that even as it is, she cannot say anything against his going, because he says he would rather die than bear the taunts of the Abolitionists, and the triumphant faces of the Dutch." (4)

"What a bitter cup has Kentucky to drink—an opiate while her sisters take poison! But Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and Roanoke are true victories, though actual defeats. The trouble is, our people know none but a realistic scale to measure success by. Those farther South will not despond so soon as we; we cannot know so much of their resources; nor can those who are only spectators, understand the spirit of the actors."

"Only spectators! Oh, Laura! what are you saying?"

"I was not thinking of suffering, but of action. I believe we suffer mentally more than the fighting South does physically."

"Notwithstanding all your bold words you have suffered physically; your eyes are sunken and you have a crushed look."

"I crushed! I, a Southerner, crushed!" Laura laughed painfully. "It is not that, Minnie; it is not that. Long years of bloody warfare stretch out before me. It almost maddens me to think of the desolated homes of the fleeing, and of the breaking hearts of those whose dearest have died, sacrifices for their country, or are pining in Northern prisons."

"I think our present trouble may teach us a lesson for future use. It may teach us to pity the conqueror when our hour of victory dawns—if dawn it ever does."

"I never could have condescended to exult over fallen foes; I never should have stooped to taunt a Yankee acquaintance. But, as you say, I hope our present lesson will enable us to be very patient when the scales turn, no matter how haughty and disagreeable our enemies may be. I have learned from experience that the most unfortunate are the proudest. The contempt of my nature for anything like rejoicing over an enemy's discomfiture, would keep me from offending as long as I was of the dominant party; but pride, or, perhaps more truly, sensitiveness, would be apt to make me cold and repulsive if I belonged to the down-trodden."

"I will not stand an insult offered to the dear cause—"

"You, my gentle Minnie!"

"I do not feel gentle now, Laura. When the abominable cannon began their booming of rejoicing I burst into tears. My dinner went untasted that day. It does seem to me fiendish to rejoice in so unmanly a way over despair. I felt superior to them, Laura."

"That night some Yankees in our neighbourhood sent up some fire rockets. I did not look at them. They would have seemed too much like sparks of hell. How Satan must rejoice over such a jubilee!"

"Bettie McGrumm said that without being bloodthirsty, she hoped every man in the Southern army would find a bloody grave." (a)

"What a pet she would be with Moloch!"

"Another girl said she would like to take a bath in blood of Secessionists." (a)

"If there is any truth in the theory of transmigration of souls, Caligula has changed his sex."

"Mrs. Hait said she would like to dip her arms to the elbows in Southern blood." (a)

"We ought to send her to Dahomey, where she would be made queen."

"Mrs. Curd said she would like to have a necklace of Secessionists' eyes." (a)

"To wear when she weds Beelzebub."

CHAPTER XIII.

HEAVILY, heavily, always more heavily beat the rain.

"It will kill me!" exclaimed Laura, crossing her hands tightly over her head, as if she were trying to hold her brain still.

For three days it had been raining, and she had been growing gloomier every day; now on the third the rain seemed to pour in fuller torrents on the saturated earth. When she heard that Island Number Ten had been given up she received the news in a cold, dead silence, and if Keble had seen her then he might not have thought his case so utterly hopeless, when he remembered their last interview; he would have seen that her seeming indifference was sometimes only the impossibility of her body partaking of the throes of her spirit. Poor Laura, with two idols, and mocked by both! One she would not acknowledge as such, but for the sake of the other had hurled it into dust, and, as she hoped, stamped out its life in her passion and anguish. And the other idol she was thinking of when she exclaimed, "It will kill me!" But she spoke of the rain, and then she thought on—"How it mocks me, falling so loudly! I cannot shut it out from my aching ears. Falling so swiftly to raise the rivers, that the horrid gunboats may carry their cruel cargoes. And now Number Ten is gone; it would not have hurt me so if our poor soldiers had given it up at first; but to fortify it so strongly and then give it up! Ah! it is placing a bombshell in the hands of an enemy; it will become a weapon of death to those who spent their strength upon it. Oh, God my country! What will become of my country?"

She cast herself upon her knees, her words were only, "Oh, God, my country!" but were repeated so long and earnestly they reached God's ear. At last tears came. As the bands of agony about her brain began to slacken; she arose and paced the floor. "Ah! the bloodhounds are after the hunted deer—the deer whose only crime is love of freedom. Through the rain I hear the baying of the hounds. How their eyes glare with ferocity as they hurry on in their wild hate! And now the deer stand at bay. They will fight now. Corinth is to be the Thermopylæ of Southern freedom; it is to run red with blood. Ah, if I were a man. What chance has the little band of exhausted braves surrounded by men eager for their blood? Let them have it! Pour out your blood, my countrymen! Ages will arise to call you blessed. Die for freedom, and freedom will spring from

your ashes. Are we to be ruined? God only knows; our foes count six to our one, and we have not equal weapons. Can we be conquered? Certainly not; ruined we may be; yet even even over a desolated country it will be sweet to sit half naked in the Winter's cold and press Liberty to our bosoms, and die of famine or of pestilence. But, oh my country, so fair so beautiful! can this be your destiny? Merciful God forbid! Ah! it is well to call on a merciful God—a God only just would not hear. We do indeed deserve all; we have forfeited every claim upon Him by our forgetfulness of Him in our prosperity. I remember how Keble prayed, 'Good Lord, deliver us,' after 'In all time of our prosperity.' I did not notice the rest of the suffrage for there was something in that phrase which surprised me, and roused me from a foolish dream; but alas! I went back to it after he had answered. I recall so perfectly his look when one day I said to him, 'How many queer prayers you Episcopalians have!' He replied, 'Some may appear so to those who have but raised life's cup to their lips and not yet tasted of its intoxication and its bitterness; but before they drain it they will find every one is needed, and that all which are needed are there.' He asked me to what petition I had reference and I told him. He responded, 'We ask to be delivered from the evils of that condition of life; from the hurtful passions mentioned previously.' I can see now how a cloud came over his features, and he said, 'It seemed to me a day ago that it would be as much as I could bear—more than I could in my own strength—to see a beautiful statue that I keep in a locked up sanctuary smitten by any evils incident to war, and to think that a bloody hand might rest upon it—that a rude stroke of violence might hurl my idol—no, I have no idol—my beautiful and noble statue—from its proud pre-eminence. I did not then think that its beauty might be as sadly marred if it were kept too closely.' I laughed, and asked what he was thinking about. He looked sadder, and said as though he addressed a third person, 'Deal gently.' And now I know what he meant; I was the statue—and I am one; for this hot heart of mine would have burned up flesh and blood long ago. Ah, what a noble man! God, do not let them kill him!" And again Laura bent her knee, and she prayed with some tears, though with fewer groans than she had for her country.

Laura feared her brain would burn up, so she took up the little red prayer-book because it always had a soothing power; it represented to her such a fearless spirit. She opened to the latter part of the Litany; the Lord's Prayer looked familiar, and she knelt to say that; it would be very sweet to read it from the book from which he had read it. When she came to, 'Thy will be done,' she stopped. Laura had never told a lie; she could not pray one. "Do I want His will done? Suppose it were His will that my country should be destroyed? I know it is very wicked to feel as I do; but I cannot mock God's all-seeing Eye." To turn her thoughts from self-reproach she looked again in the book, and with all her heart ejaculated, "O Lord, deal not with us according to our sins, neither reward us according to our iniquities." Hearing her own tones gave life to her thoughts. Thus were answered Keble's prayers, and the sorrows of her country did their unsuspected work. "His ideas are wandering in mystic rounds in my stilled heart. He has given me to know that I have a heart because he has stilled it. It is the cessation of the lullaby that wakens the infant. It is his absence that arouses my heart. Pygmalion loved the statue that his hands made; but I love the ideal that he has carved out of my cold individuality. I will adopt that ideal as though it were myself, and never cease striving until I incase in it the old self that if he could really see he would abhor as I do. His thoughts are the guardians of my awakened life. Beautiful stars, borrowing your brightness from the 'Sun of Righteousness' shine ever on my restless soul! I hail ye as messengers from my hitherto unacknowledged king."

CHAPTER XIV.

"OH, mother, I shall die! Can it be true? Our brave forces cut to pieces at Shiloh—General Johnston killed, and General Beauregard wounded."

"Be calm, my child," said Mrs. Breckenridge, sobbing hysterically.

"Oh, this agony, this agony! Poor wounded braves! God have mercy on their souls! I am choking!"

Fanny ran in to say, "Miss Emily has fainted." They went to her. She lay on the floor, the evening bulletin in her blue hand. So self-possessed was Miss Johnston that heretofore every one had gone to her for consolation when a great misfortune befell the Southern cause; but as, when she read the disastrous news from Shiloh there was no one present whose grief made her forget that she suffered as much or more than the one she consoled, she yielded to the blow, (4) and fell a victim of the telegraph's falsehoods. For though the nation mourned the loss of one of its noblest, when Albert Sidney Johnston fell, he died not on the field of defeat.

CHAPTER XV.

MINNIE allowed a book to drop from her listless hands, and as languidly fell from her lips in an undertone—

"It is no use to try; I can't read. When the chill of death is coming over the numbed limbs, how can the poor victim rise and run? From the battle-fields of the South comes a cold breeze no walls can keep out. It bears to me his dying groan." A shudder passed over her, and she compressed her lips and thought on:—"Not groan—for I have heard our wounded can be distinguished from the enemy by their silence. And so it should be; if death comes with victory no exultation should mingle with the pure ecstasy of the dying patriot, that he has helped to bring his land one step nearer freedom. But is it not sad that when Liberty and Fame smile on him from the heights he is sinking into the 'dark valley'? If he falls in the moment of defeat, his cry of anguish must not rend the hearts of those for whom he dies; he is glad to have those who have strength to retreat leave him to die alone, if so they may be saved to strike another blow for freedom. Thank God that such a soul as this I love—a soul that lives for others, will die for others, and even in eternity will not exist for self. Down, my weak woman's heart, quickly down! Is all the land to mourn and I be left to revel in his love? Is freedom worth his death? After what he has said I dare not answer, no. Is the life of a slave worth cherishing? The lips that lick the hands of a tyrant, whether that tyrant be but one man or a mob, can never profane mine. His beautiful lips were eloquent with cheers for Davis and freedom ere pressed to mine. Oh, if I were a man! Then I, too, would lay down my life for my country; but I, a woman, with such a woman's heart!"

Minnie buried her face, not to weep, but to shudder until sensation sank into the torpor of suffering. Poor little woman, longing to be a man to die for her country! Has not she offered up as grand a sacrifice? Happiness is woman's offering, and it avails with God.

The servant brought a letter.

April 8th, 1862.

"DEAR COUSIN MINNIE,

Fearing that you may hear I was in the conflict at Shiloh and be uneasy, I hasten to assure you that I am safe. I love to think that your

prayers were about me like the wings of angels, to shield me from danger. Our victory Sunday was decided.

Our troops pursued the Federal army to the Tennessee river, where great numbers of them were drowned endeavouring to embark upon their gunboats. Our army slept in the enemy's tents on Sunday night.

During the night Buell's army of 30,000 crossed the river. The battle of Monday is said to have been as desperate and bloody as that of Sunday, but our troops, running out of ammunition, were compelled to fall back upon Corinth, having taken an additional number of prisoners. Several of the flags borne by the prisoners were inscribed 'To Corinth or hell.'

The Kentucky regiment of General Breckenridge was extolled by every one. Its noble commander won for himself a name which can never perish. His command was posted so as to cover the withdrawal of the army. General Beauregard told him it might be necessary to sacrifice himself; 'For,' said he, 'this retreat must not be a rout. You must hold the enemy back if it requires the loss of your last man.' 'Your order shall be executed to the letter,' said the chivalrous Breckenridge, and gathered his command, fatigued and decimated, and he and they prepared to devote themselves, if necessary, for the safety of the army. Weary and hungry, they stood guard. The enemy, sorely chastised, did not come as expected, but Breckenridge and his heroes deserve none the less praise. How my heart glows for Kentucky!"

CHAPTER XVI.

HARDLY had Mr. Urston said "Good afternoon," before he exclaimed—

"Now, Miss Laura, you will admit that I am right in upholding neutrality?"

"Why must I? Have you been courting two girls and have both said, yes?"

"I tolerate no neutrality in such a matter; I much prefer despotism. Here is an extract from one of Davis's messages:—'Events have demonstrated that the Government had attempted more than it had power successfully to achieve. Hence, in our efforts to protect by our arms the whole Confederate States, we have been so exposed as recently to encounter serious disasters?' Are you satisfied that he don't want to defend Kentucky?"

"I don't know. Did you see the article in the *New York Tribune* saying it had discovered a fraud in legislation, that for the advantage of Kentucky her railroads and telegraphs are to be made and repaired out of the public funds, the law of Congress on that subject being repealed almost unanimously by the House?"

"I read also Phillips's speech, in which he says, 'If we had a man for a president—an American instead of a Kentuckian, we should have had the satisfaction of attempting to save the Union instead of Kentucky. If we had a president who could see something besides Kentucky, the country would have some reason for hope.'

"Of a speedy ruin. Mr. Crisfield has written an account of an interview between Lincoln and the Border States' Congressmen, in which he records, 'He said that he invited us to have some conversation in explanation of his message of the 6th; that he inferred that the import of the message had been misunderstood. Emancipation was a subject exclusively under the control of the States, nor had this Government any right to coerce them for that purpose; and such was no part of his purpose in making this proposition. Mr. Menzies inquired if the President thought there was any power except in the States themselves, to carry out his scheme of emancipation. To which he replied, he thought there could not be.' So you see Lincoln's Proclamation of the 6th is only bosh to quiet the Abolition curs whose barking has almost crazed him."

"I should not feel very secure in a boat with a crazed pilot when a tempest is raging. As for Kentucky's neutrality—"

"Kentucky's fiddlesticks, which will make Yanks dance to the tune of Sambo. The *New York Herald* writes from Calloway County, 'No young men there, all having joined the Southern army.' He says, 'The country through which we have passed, and that in which we now are, is intensely secession. This county has the reputation of being the strongest hold of secessionism in the State of Kentucky. It was largely represented in the bogus Convention that resolved the State out of the Federal Union, and attached it to the Southern Confederacy. There is scarcely a Union man to be found. Deserted houses are common, and have been since we left Graves county, the rebels flying in utter confusion at the first intimation of our approach.' A writer south of Green River says:—"Some of the most beautiful farms and lovely residences, which only a few months ago adorned these fertile valleys, are now the abodes of owls and bats. In order to impede our march, the road had been obstructed for miles with fallen timber. In many places the road had been plowed up. All the ponds, some fifteen in number, on the line of march, were rendered unfit for man or beast, owing to the fact that these desolaters had killed horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, ripped them open, and thrown them into the water. In a few instances drains had been dug and the water let off. I counted, in the distance of eighteen miles, eleven sites, where once stood residences—now nothing left but a few charred timbers."

"If a guardian foresees two wards will quarrel after their majority, is it dishonest for him to secure to the younger and most easily imposed on his share of their common property? The United States had 541,565 muskets and rifles; General Floyd sent but 60,878 to the Southern States when he was Secretary of War."

"Then I think the South and not the North, might complain of him."

"Buchanan says that, 'Floyd ordered cannon to be sent to Mississippi and Texas a few days before he went South; but the order was countermanded by Holt. So the South received only hand-guns.'"

"General Scott has contented himself with mere affirmations, worth not a whit more than Buchanan's. Yet even the renegade Virginian says, 'I know the transaction, though very quietly conducted, was officially recorded.'"

"Do you remember how Governor Morehead stirred our enthusiasm by his glowing eulogy on Mrs. Gelston who so nobly ministered to our soldiers in La Fayette Warren?"

"Of course; he said that when the navy officer who read the daily prayers for his fellow-prisoners proposed a special prayer for her, it was received with joyous assent, and even the governor got on the rheumatic knees he had thought he could not bend. Some ladies have spoken of sending her a handsome testimonial; but I told them they could not do a more dangerous thing for her,"

"I am sorry to hear you say that. Then I suppose I might as well send her an order for her exile as this, if it should be opened in the post-office?" Laura took up a note she had written—

"Honoured and dear Mrs. Gelston,

The pen of one woman can but feebly express the intense gratitude, admiration, and esteem, that swell the bosoms of every Southern woman when your name is mentioned, with an enthusiasm which to be able to appreciate you must visit Kentucky. Ex-Governor Morehead neglects no opportunity for sounding your praises with a tenderness and respect that insure you a welcome in every Southern heart and home. We do not offer you the freedom of our city—alas! we have not that—but of our homes. If you will not accept this, we make you our captive. Kentucky throws an unyielding claim of love and admiration over the heroine who dares succour the oppressed at the risk of personal liberty."

"I intend to send a present with this."

"It might cause you and her to be fellow-prisoners. Wait until the war is over, and the love of a Southerner will not endanger a Northerner."

Mrs. Buckner walked in, and one by her side.

"After all his denials, Laura, we'll have to consider Captain Wilson a Yankee; for he wasn't coming to see us after a month's absence, and nobody but a Yankee would think of passing by a house where he has always received so warm a welcome. Ah, Mr. Urston, good evening!"

Laura was preternaturally pale, and neither spoke nor moved. She could not.

The door of her dungeon was open; but he, who should have bidden her come forth, spoke no word. He was looking at her, already repentant of having allowed Mrs. Buckner to bring him home with her.

"Captain Wilson, Mr. Urston." The gentlemen bowed. "Laura, is it not too dreadful? The Captain has been thrown; the fall injured afresh the knee our horse kicked."

"I am very sorry," was spoken to her mother.

"I had to do rather more than offer him a seat in the carriage."

Mrs. Buckner sat down by Mr. Urston, and the two began to talk loud and fast, conscious that something rather awkward was going on.

"Captain Wilson—" said Laura. Their eyes met, and for the first time.

After looking into her face he sat down on the sofa by her. He glanced at the other couple. Mr. Urston's head was turned from them, and Mrs. Buckner was looking in her lap.

She lifted her hand as if it were a great weight, but his burning one awakened the slow pulses in her shivering form.

"Not yet have I shed a drop of Southern blood."

"Thank God!"

"Ah! do you care?" Then I, too, will thank Him for any suffering which has saved you pain."

This Laura chose to take as a challenge to repartee, and like old times the afternoon wore away.

Mr. Urston had been gone long, and Mrs. Buckner knew where she was not wanted.

After Keble had left, Laura sat still, too happy to move.

"Oh, the sweet words that ring in my ears! Oh, the bitter tears I shed last night! I have suffered until every fibre of my being seemed distinct, and each alive with pain. That pain was silly, but I was not always in a mood to consider that. Now I am as foolishly excited with joy. But his hand is not blood-stained yet. Ah, the sweetness of my thoughts! A little heaven of my own surrounds me."

CHAPTER XVII.

"OH, Minnie! is it not terrible—this constant struggle between nature and nature?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Is it not the nature of a Southern woman to love her country with an intensity which seems to leave far off every other feeling, until—I can't say it, Minnie."

"Until the other nature of which you speak rises in its right of sovereignty, and claims to be heard?"

"Claims to subject you to an enemy of your country."

"I think Natural and State Sovereignty alike essential to our Liberty used to be your motto."

"Softly, Minnie; I am weak to-day; he was so tender and so sad in his tenderness last night, I can't bear rallying to-day."

"I was not going to tease because he fascinated—"

"No," responded Laura, so abruptly Minnie looked surprised. "The fact is, I have always had a high disdain for your acknowledging that a man could fascinate you; I always thought of a bird and a snake."

"And I dare say were poor enough zoologist to think the bird's brain even smaller than that of the fascinator's."

"I don't think he fascinated me; he laid siege to the outer fortification of pride and proved the formidable weapons at my service were like the Quaker guns on the Potomac."

"Which served only to amuse the captain, and made him feel as the wonderful 'little Napoleon' (O tempora!) will feel when he finds that Yankees can be outwitted. Captain Wilson proceeded to storm the citadel."

"Here were no Quaker guns! Every instinct of my Southern heart fought against the Northern invader."

"Yet he conquered."

"And I am ashamed, confounded, Minnie."

"Tut! His victory was dearly enough bought to satisfy his worst enemy; but I did not tell you how to reconcile the two sovereignties."

"It is barbarous to tease any one not in a good humour."

"It was ridiculous to maintain that two governments could each be supreme in a political sense. You remember how you used to defend the two, and maybe would now, if I had patience to argue about nonsense. Imagine your political nature is State Sovereignty; the spot of your birth determines the question of your allegiance—"

"Oh, but—"

"No moral disquisitions, if you please. I went to church twice yesterday. Having been born in a Southern State, you owe allegiance to Kentucky; but there are certain rights you may delegate to a Union; for instance, you won't wear red and white if Captain Wilson forbids; like his august prototype he may assume the right to choose the colours of your dress."

"I would not wear red, white, and blue, to please any one—I would not flaunt a falsehood in the face of the world."

"Well, then, you can fall back on your old neutrality doctrine and wear grey—a mixture of black and white. The National Sovereignty has power to declare peace and war; so you must neither fight nor quarrel for the South; but if he goes too far and says you shan't feel for the South, if he expects you to shift the ties of nativity as fast as politicians their principles, then you will remember what you used to say about States' Rights, and tell him he has gone too far. You shake your head. It is not surprising, if you don't understand my annotations on your ponderous argument; for I never rightly comprehended my text; but ravel it out, oh logician in love! Your heart owes a State allegiance to the South, and a National allegiance to the one who presides over its counsels."

"Oh, Minnie, I am so wretched!"

"He loves you, darling."

"But the love of one man is not all a woman needs. I am hated, Minnie."

"Hated! you hated!"

"Don't laugh, sweet; and yet it soothes me that there are two who think it impossible any could hate me. But it is true; some of my relations and friends scarcely speak to me; but I can forgive them—for their hatred of me springs from love of my country."

"Auntie always said that a pure love, whether for an individual or for one's country, so filled the heart that there was no room for hatred of rivals or enemies. Don't you remember how she checked my secession violence by saying we war against principles, not persons?"

"Few people can separate the two. Don't you know that even I never look at any Federal officer, but the one who saved my life?"

"Auntie never could go to the door to see any company passing, because she said those who wore the Federal buttons and had no previous claim of kinship or friendship, could be by her regarded only as the embodiment of an idea—that

idea being foreign invasion. She would not make a first-call upon a Yankee officer's wife; but a friend, sacred by ties of the past, she never allowed any political ideas to alienate her from; she could not visit her Union friends as frequently as formerly, because the conversation was constrained. What can be more disagreeable than that an intercourse, previously genial and confidential, must be so guarded that no allusion be made to subjects of which each heart is fullest?"

"So he thought; he felt nothing would keep us so far apart as avoidance of the exciting questions of the day; we should feel that a well of ice was between us; 'Better,' said he, 'to offend unintentionally—for, there is no danger of our ever being rude—and then beg pardon and soothe. There is no torture to the heart that loves like a feeling of constraint.'"

"Did you ever tell him that you thought some people hated you for receiving him?"

"I let him understand it. I did not intend to, but I am glad I did; when I have been out and met some old acquaintance, whose distant, 'Good-morning,' was meant to wound me, it is very sweet to see his tenderness, when by his peculiar strategy he has found out why I am discomposed; his manner seems to say, 'I have been the unwilling cause of this insult, and my reverence for you is tenfold.' It is as though he had been playing with a sword, and it had fallen and wounded me; there is such sorrow mingled with his devotion."

"But he cannot pity you enough to go away and relieve you from your embarrassing position."

"He said last night he was a coward; he had never thought the day would come when he should allow himself to be the cause of pain to a woman. And then his voice was very low, and I hardly heard him say, 'Now, I glory in witnessing the torture; the way in which it is borne proves I judged rightly when I resolved to suffer torments worse than rack and wheel to a man as proud as I. Now, I know the woman for whom I endure is worthy.' Then I curled my lip, and he left me."

"Oh Laura!"

"I had to do it while I could, or I should have thrown myself on his bosom and cried like a baby, and I could not do that—I could not do that!"

"And he suffers to-day!"

"What of it? People who love scorn suffering, as I do."

CHAPTER XVIII.

POOR Minnie! Is it not wonderful how often the heart seems to be breaking, yet does not give way?

"Cut to pieces! cut to pieces! Oh God! will those words ever cease to sound in my ears? I try to remember all I have said about the absurdity of believing rumours; but what agony if there is but a possibility of truth! Morgan killed and all his men cut to pieces. My beloved! oh, how I envy the dead! His splendid form cut to pieces—oh no, God! It cannot be. Wouldst Thou not have laid me first to rest? Ah! everywhere it is so dark now. If I thought we were ever to be enslaved by foreign domination, I do not think I could ask God to let my brave warrior for freedom survive his country. Ah! how could I bear his insupportable gloom?"

Such were poor little Minnie's agonizing thoughts as she awaited refutation or confirmation of the news of Morgan's defeat at Lebanon, Tennessee. Every sound tortured her; maybe some one was coming to tell her that the light of her life had been forever extinguished. She shut herself up in a dark room, as far as possible from sudden sounds. She would lie for hours sobbing like a child; then she would shriek out, "Cut to pieces! cut to pieces!" (4) Some-

times a convulsion would seize her cold limbs and memory would rest awhile. Laura was unconsciously grateful for this appalling forgetfulness—the sleep of a disordered intellect. After Minnie had had several convulsions, and recovered in a few hours without apparent injury, she felt that nothing could injure brain and health so much as her agony; only as a duty did she chafe the cold hands and feet, and give a few drops of stimulants now and then when she could force open the clenched teeth, all the time thinking, “Oh, if I could forget! This will soon kill her; but it seems to me that I shall live forever.”

After the dead state passed, Minnie would open her eyes and smile happily in Laura’s, often would draw her friend down and pat and kiss her face as a baby would do, laughing her old ringing music, and chatting cheerfully, saying how happy she was. Once she told her “a good angel had seen her crying and pitied her, and told her that she should wed the bravest and handsomest of heroes, and that he who never feared man would fear only to wound her gentleness.”

One day when exhausted by weeping she lay with her head in Laura’s lap, she looked up with a smile that seemed to deprecate reproof:—

“Don’t you believe that when the mind is gone the soul will soon go?”

“What do you mean, dearest?”

“You know how often my mind seems to be carried off by my good angel—some one who pities me—and Jesus lets him grant me a respite. I think some of these days my Father will say, ‘You need not take it back again; she must not suffer any more.’”

These scenes tortured Laura, but they roused her. She said, “I was dead, dead, dead! Does God send these terrible shocks to bring me to life?” Another day she said, “I am sometimes frightened at the crust of indifference growing over my heart, but I expect it is best—how else could I live in these accursed times?”

CHAPTER XIX.

KEBLE told Laura he had made the acquaintance of Judge Nicholas. She replied,

“He is so audaciously truthful, I think he will run into the Confederacy ere he is aware.”

“I disagree with you. However, he gave me some very strong points against confiscation.”

“You never approved of robbery, surely?”

“You are too fond of strong terms.”

“Courtiers like honied words; you are a loyalist.”

“I thought I had told you of my repugnance to that title; but I believe Louisville ladies do not consider themselves under obligations to consult the feelings—”

“Of those who would enslave us.”

“Miss Buckner, the moment this war becomes one of subjugation I go to Fort Warren.”

“Have you engaged rooms?” asked Laura, laughing to hide from herself the pleasure which thrilled her bosom at his response. “But what did the Judge say?”

“As a Kentuckian he cannot be expected to approve of confiscation, for he has sworn allegiance to his State, and her Constitution says, ‘Absolute power over the lives, liberty, and property of persons exists nowhere in a republic—not even in the largest majority.’ He proved that even Congress can’t free slaves of rebels without judicial co-operation.”

“So my State has decided for her children that the moment the Confiscation Bill passes they are no longer citizens of a republic.”

“You are too hasty for—”

"Those who are filling their pockets, Kentucky does not stand alone; Judge Story said of bills of attainder. 'The injustice of such acts in general constitutes an irresistible argument against the existence of the powers.' This argument justifies my position."

"Give Lincoln this much credit; he had signed the paper for the evacuation of Fort Sumter, as had Seward. Blair's influence forced them to destroy it." (a)

"I suppose Montgomery Blair was backed by his father, one of the originators of the Abolition party in this country. Blair, it is said, telegraphed to some Abolition Governors of States and other prominent politicians, to come to Washington and teach Lincoln that he was not the ruler, but the tool of his party. Davis sent three commissioners to Lincoln; they arrived in Washington March 5th, and their formal communication of the 12th was not replied to until April 8th."

"Courteous."

"They received constant assurances from the Government of the United States of peaceful intentions; of the determination to evacuate Fort Sumter, and that in the event of any change of intention notice would be given. These gentlemen supposed they were dealing with honourable men, and it was not until April that the military preparations being made in the North attracted their attention, and they demanded an answer; this was given April 8th; but was dated March 15th. This paper proves that all the assurances given to the Commissioners were the falsehoods of a cowardly government."

"It was intended that the declaration of war should reach Charlestown the same day that the fleet did; but a storm delayed the latter and gave the Charlestonians time to communicate with the General Government."

"This account reconciles Lincoln's Inaugural, breathing peace, and his assertion that he would not force 'obnoxious strangers' upon the Southern people with his next Message and subsequent conduct. Seward had voted in Congress for peaceable Secession."

"So had fourteen other Abolitionists."

"Davis was so anxious to avert war that even after the insult offered to him through his Commissioners, and after his discovery of the bad faith of the Lincoln Administration, he sent word to General Anderson that the Southerners would not open fire on the fleet unless first attacked. It was a meet reproof to Lincoln's dishonesty that the fleet arrived just in time to see the stars and stripes hauled down and the colours of an honest Government run up."

"What right had the South to run up a sectional flag on national property?"

"It was built in part with their own money; and as Mr. Davis adds, 'Its custody confided with their own consent to an agent who held no power over them other than such as they had themselves delegated for their own benefit.' The *New York World* admits that outside of South Carolina not a rebel was enlisted previous to the fall of Fort Sumter."

CHAPTER XX.

KEBLE had just been reading Van Wyck's Report on the Corruption and Bribery prevalent in Government Contracts. Still these sentences rang in his brain. "The mania for stealing seems to have run through all the relations of Government, almost from the General to the drummer boy. While it is no justification, the example has been set in the very Departments of Government. As a general thing, none but favourites can obtain contracts, which bear enormous profits. They violate the plain provisions of the law requiring bids. The Department, which has allowed conspiracies after the bidding has been closed,

to defraud the government of the lowest bid and by allowing the guilty to reap the fruits of their crime, has itself become *periceps criminis*." Keble's cheek burned with indignation; he felt that as he upheld the Government its disgrace fell upon him. "Before I investigated this subject I supposed the Government the victim. I cannot maintain this opinion any more, lest God classes me with those who put 'light for darkness,' and they are classed with those who put 'darkness for light.'"

He drew a long sigh, and with the weakness common to human nature was glad to hear the well-known knock of Lieutenant Metcalfe. There was so evident an oppression on Wilson's spirit that his friend began to rally him about a certain fair traitress, against whom he felt personal pique as she had refused the captain permission to introduce an officer of the invaders into her house.

"It is bad enough to be deprived of an honoured woman's love, and sometimes we may fancy it the greatest of misfortunes," said Keble; "but that is only when we do not know what it is to feel a positive curse."

"And do you?"

"Yes. Is it not a curse to be in arms to maintain a Government which one not only despises, but feels to be a disgrace to the nation?"

"Whew! Stop, my dear fellow, stop! What do you say to the corruption of Buchanan's Administration?"

"That it was as dust on the high-way compared with this. Listen to the history of one contract."

"Not in that Democratic paper."

"The article is written by a Republican who voted for Lincoln, Van Wyck, Congressman from New York. Which is considered the best horse market in the land?"

"Kentucky, I suppose."

"[Well, horses which are diseased were sent from Pennsylvania here; some were so 'utterly worthless that they were left on the docks. In that single contract over 50,000 dols. were stolen from the nation. Another contract made by Cameron's express order was for 1000 horses to be delivered at Huntington. Such a horse-market the world never saw. The first inspector—an honest man—rejected three in five of the first hundred. He was removed. Then all sorts of horses were taken. The honest men of Huntington were up in arms, figuratively speaking; the inspectors heeded not this clamour; but ordered the horses to be ridden upon the crowd, to drive it away.]"

"I could not help being amused to see that [rough, pine scantling had been sent from Pittsburg to Fort Leavenworth.] It would be a pity to cut down the noble, old trees in the West. A Massachusetts member said in Congress, that the [first year of the Republican Administration there is indisputable evidence that somebody has plundered the public treasury, well nigh in that single year as much as the entire current yearly expenses of the Government during the administration which the people hurled from power because of its corruption."

"A principal reason given in the *Chicago Platform* why the Abolitionist school should come into power, was to teach the nation Yankee economy. If a lesson is to be set it is well to begin the practice with the heads of the family; so a brother-in-law of a secretary, in but little more than two months, pocketed in the shape of Government commissions the moderate sum of 7000,000 dols. As the people of the North are forever prating about the egregiousness of Southern aristocracy, the common people felt it to be their duty to be on equality with their high rulers, so Mr. Morgan and his peers found many aspiring rivals among the commonality. A drover made 5,800,000 dols."

"It was not in the drover's pocket the money fell; the contract was made with an old stipendiary of Congress."

"Was Lincoln's nickname of 'Honest Abe' given in derision?"

"Davis says the Confederacy has no floating debt; but that the expenses of his Government have been 170,000,000 dols.; how can the war be carried on at

this rate while there is no trade for the South? Grant it true, as he says, that their expenses are less than one-third the sum wasted by the United States—"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you are, like me, surprised; we men of the army do not keep our political eyes open wide enough."

"We are not politicians, but soldiers."

"That speech is unworthy of a man who expects to give an account not only to man, but to God, of the justice of the cause which he kills other men to maintain. I used to hold that opinion; politics were distasteful to a dilettante in literature and art; but my eyes are opened."

"By a fair rebel. You have learned your lesson from a woman, I dare say."

"I have, and am neither a booby to be ashamed of it, nor a coward to be afraid to confess it. Thurlow Weed asked a contractor what he could afford to pay. A brother-in-law of Welles increased his fortune a quarter of a million per annum. Van Wyck speaks of the attempt to sacrifice Mr. Aspinall in Mr. Morgan's defence. You do not approve of that?"

"The question insults me."

"But suppose those who made the attempt were to plead that they did not know whether or not those gentlemen were honest?"

"I should tell them they were fools to have gone so far."

"And suppose they were to require us to force them to be sacrificed for Mr. Morgan's sake?"

"They couldn't."

"Let us see. We are to sacrifice the men we command to force honest men to submit to a dishonest Government. Do you relish your position?"

"Tut! You are fanciful."

"Railroad companies in Pennsylvania lavished thousands for the transportation of a single regiment; but I am sick of this investigation. My uniform is hateful to me."

"Confound this Secesh hole!"

"Secesh! I thought you came here to fight for the Kentuckians?"

"I said so at first; but there are no people in the world I'd rather fight against now. They either make rebels or brutes of the best loyal men. I confess I'm growing savage. Most of the young ladies avoid us as if they thought we were small-pox patients."

"What a shame that they are so ungrateful for our protection! Suppose we leave them exposed to the attacks of the rebels?"

"The Secesh fly-up-the-creeks have sent much more to the few prisoners in the hospitals, than the Union fair spend in hospitality to sick and well. But I'll show up the women of Louisville, hold them up to eternal ridicule and scorn. Shall I read you a letter I've written to a Northern paper?" Without waiting for a reply, Metcalfe pulled the document from his pocket, and began:—"The Secesh ladies of this city need a little attention. If you wish exercise for your waspish proclivities, come to Louisville and observe some of their exceedingly pretty faces, as they thrust them up in a scornful shape, and expand the nostrils of those beautiful noses for the gaze of Union soldiers. Then passing, see them so artistically, aristocratically, and scornfully lift the skirts of their dresses and suppress their circumference for fear they will be contaminated by brushing a Federal soldier's clothes; passing around a corner see them crossing the muddy street to avoid passing under the Union flag. Passing along Walnut—" (6)

"Metcalfe, how can you write such stuff for a public paper?"

"I won't read any more to a man who has a rebel sweetheart. But reconsider what you have said. 'Lincoln is not the Government.'"

"Well, Seward? No? Who is? Congress? Mr. Saulsbury moved to strike out of the Confiscation Bill a clause which provides that the President may, when he deems it necessary, issue a proclamation that the slaves of such persons as may continue in rebellion thirty days after the proclamation shall be freed. But Mr. Saulsbury could not get this struck from the disgraceful rolls of this wonderful Congress. Congressmen, who have sworn to support the Con-

stitution, advise their so-called President to violate it. Am I to fight for such a Congress?"

"Fight for Congress?"

"You did not deny Congress to be the Government."

"Nor did I say it was."

"Of course you didn't. It is harder to get a loyal man to tell you in what functionary consists the Government of the United States than to get a member of the Church of Rome to declare wherein its infallibility rests. But am I to fight for an abstraction dinned into me, when a schoolboy, if not a loyal man in the land can tell me where that abstraction is?"

"In the Constitution."

"It is then as obsolete as the laws of the Babylonians. Will you let me read you an extract from De Retz? 'It is more ordinary for men to have a speculative repentance for a fault that has proved unsuccessful than a practical sorrow whereby they might get rid of the impression which the motive that led them to that fault never fails to make. In my opinion a man shows himself greater by being capable of owning a fault than by being incapable of committing it.'"

"Would that Davis and Co., and Lincoln and Co. would be rivals in this speculative greatness!"

CHAPTER XXI.

MAY.

As the morning paper fell from Laura's hands she crossed them over her breast, and seemed to press her knuckles into her fair throat, while through her set teeth came a strange hiss.

"Were she a man she would curse," thought Keble, who was so frequent a guest that Mrs. Buckner had pushed open the library door for him without announcing him.

A sudden movement betrayed his presence to the excited woman, and as she glanced at him the deadly pallor gave way before the hot blood that suffused her throat and mounted to her hair.

When Laura saw him, in sheer embarrassment, it seemed, for her manner had lost its usual ease, she started to meet him holding out her hand, but as it nearly touched his, drew it back with a slight shudder.

"Give it me," he said, in a tremulous tone, catching her excitement. She let him take it and hold it a minute, then walked to the piano. Without a prelude she began—

"Haste from me! haste! I dare not let
You linger lest I should forget
An instant what a brutal foe
Comes to the South to work our woe.

Haste from me! haste! lest I disgrace
The noble blood of Southern race,
By feeling pity for your vow:
Alas! me you have martyred now.

Haste from me! haste! I feel the blush,
Which each true Southern face should flush,
When dastard panderers to crime
Pollute her presence: go!"

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Keble, "this is too bitter! This is more than I can bear!"

Laura arose. He had bowed his head in his hands ; her heart trembled, but she went forward.

"It is you who now refuse your hand." He looked up and saw her hand held out ; she saw tears—tears only."

"What is it, Keble?"

He took her hand.

"Good-bye, Captain Wilson. I cannot see you again. Go instantly ; there is no debt between us now. That monster—"

She suddenly stopped and the most brilliant crimson mantled her face.

"Laura, what under heaven do you mean?"

"That hereafter no Southern woman owes the preserver of her life any gratitude if he wears the suit of infamy. Will you go, or shall I leave you!"

He drew her to him and pressed his lips on her forehead, where for a moment they lay cold and motionless.

She darted from the arm which could scarcely be said to have held her, and left the room. As he passed her chair a lover's instinct made him pick up the paper which had been the last thing she had held.

When in his own room and his eyes were dry enough for him to read, he took the paper out of his pocket ; something in it might have excited her. He read Butler's Order for all his soldiers to insult every woman of New Orleans whose beauty should tempt them to swear she had insulted the United States. He stamped his foot vehemently—a thing he had never before done in the course of his calm life. Then he snatched his hat and started for Buell's office. Never more would Keble Wilson write after his name the U. S. A. which General Butler had disgraced. His reason had gradually become convinced that this was an unholy war, a contest of rapine and greed, of selfishness and hatred, of jealousy and Abolitionism. But from his youth he had been taught what he owed to the United States Government, so he tried to distinguish between that and the present Administration ; but this would not do now. There was no government in the United States but that of tyranny and hate, and to such he owed nothing.

CHAPTER XXII.

MAY 12th.

"WHAT suspicious company I find myself in," said Stark, finding Lawton and Minnie with Laura.

"So many a fox has thought before."

"News for you, Miss Minnie," replied Stark, holding up a *Journal*, "I have something that will rouse more than one—this," pulling out the *Louisville Journal*.

"Bah!"

"Stuff!"

"Serves you right, Stark, for bringing that lying sheet—I beg your pardon, ladies—into a decent house," said Lawton.

"I fancy you would like to have this news in your possession. Miss Minnie,

what will you give me for the news?"

"Not much, I fear, but stoical disbelief. I asked Mr. Galt if he was certain young Cook was dead. 'Well,' he answered, 'I have but one reason for disbelieving it, and that is, the *Louisville Journal* says so.'"^(a)

"We don't consider 'Arabian Nights' history, nor the *Journal's* items news."

"Miss Minnie, I know you will never forgive me for keeping my precious news to myself for such an age. Another Successful Raid of John Morgan.—'Yesterday at about twelve o'clock, when the cars got to Woodland they were stopped by General John Morgan and his men, numbering about two hundred. Major

Coffee and an Irishman fired at the rebels, whereupon a considerable number of shots were fired; the rebels seemed to be aiming principally at the engineer, but nobody was killed or hurt. Morgan took possession of the train; about forty-five freight cars, three passenger cars, and one locomotive were destroyed. One report says three passenger cars and the express car were permitted to return to Louisville. The special object of Morgan was to recapture the one hundred and eighty-three men, including his brother. The rebels didn't fire till after Major Coffee had fired, and even then, as Morgan stated, without his order. Morgan's intended raid, we are told, was known at Elizabethtown yesterday morning. A citizen at that place was about starting on the cars for Nashville, but a friend or acquaintance warned him not to go, as, if he did, he would be captured."

Mrs. Caruthers was ushered in.

After the usual salutation, Dr. Lawton said, "Have you seen the day's paper, Mrs. Caruthers?"

"No."

"Then we have some fine news for you."

"Perhaps not," interposed Minnie; "we will finish the paper at some other time."

"Do not let me interrupt you, I pray."

"Well, Madam, I was just reading of another splendid exploit of General Morgan. He captured cars, and from eight to ten thousand dollars."

"The thief!"

"What an opprobrious term to apply to your own Government!"

"I don't understand you."

"The Lincolnites capture everything they can lay hands on and say they confiscate it. It has not been a week since it was telegraphed as a very brave deed that a General had destroyed railroad communication."

"That was another thing."

"How so, Madam?"

"The Government has a right to all the property of the country over which it rules."

"What a diminished heritage! You are modest in your claims. Most Northerners claim from Maine to Texas as their property."

"By whose deed of gift, God's or man's? Are the records in the Archives at Washington or in the Bible? Morgan took only the money of the Government in pay for some of that they have stolen from us. Did you ever hear of his touching private property? One gentleman on the train had some thousands of dollars, but Morgan told him they did not disturb private gentlemen."

"I wish the Yankees could take hints."

"They had rather take money," said young Caruthers, who inherited his mother's love of a pun, but not her love for her native Yankeedom.

She grew very red in the face, and Minnie, knowing this was prognostic of a squall, said—

"Major Coffee and Major Helveti were captured."

"I'm glad the poor fellows have got some coffee at last; " and Mrs. Caruthers laughed, quite in a good humour as she had a chance to pun.

"Says a writer in the *Journal*:—'How much longer are these raids of Morgan to be continued? Can no way be devised to put an end to them? Must all communication between Louisville and Nashville be broken up by them? If this bold partisan leader can come with 200 men from Corinth almost to the bank of Green river, what is to prevent his gathering 2,000 men, cutting the telegraph wires, and making a dash some night into Louisville? He was anxiously looking for the Nashville train when we left. The number of his men is variously reported at from two hundred to one thousand. We did not see over forty to fifty.'"

"Hurrah! they're bully!" elegantly bawled out Master Caruthers. "Hear that! fifty men to attack cars, men and all. How many soldiers were there? Whew! How did they know there wasn't a heap?"

"You are foolish, Bill; the people in Southern Kentucky tell Morgan every thing."

"Rare confidence, Madam, to show to a marauder. Isn't it funny Kentuckians should like robbers better than the men who drive them off?"

Minnie, afraid of a skirmish of light artillery, made a diversion by saying—

"One soldier was permitted to return by virtue of the pleadings of his wife."

"Oh glorious man! true son of Kentucky, to give a soldier to the prayer of his wife. Ye Yankees, hear and be ashamed."

"The wives of Confederate captives are not always allowed to see their husbands. They won't let a wife have even the dead body of her husband! If a rebel dies in Tennessee, his wife can't bring his body here for burial. Oh, Morgan, and whoever else is coming, come along quickly!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAY.

"WHY, old fellow, what is the matter?" asked Metcalfe, who had knocked several times at the door without receiving an answer and would have gone away, supposing the captain out, had not a low groan, which seemed to come from the depth of an agonised heart, caused him in sudden sympathy to open the door and so unexpectedly confront his friend, who was sitting by a table on which lay a Bible and a copy of the Constitution. Captain Wilson's hands were clenched; but the face was so calm that he thought the deep suffering indicated by the groan must have been in his imagination; but when Keble raised his eyes they showed such a fierce light that he returned to his first opinion and asked, "What is the matter?"

"I am a disgraced man—that is all," was the reply in a very ironical tone.

"Disgraced! you disgraced! I'll swear that's false."

"Thanks, my best friend. But your mind is so warped by circumstances that you may not think—as I do—that I have disgraced myself in the eyes of the world, that is of the honourable part of it; but then you may think I am about to incur the disgrace which you have so nobly denied in the spirit of true friendship. I bless you for your hasty sentence, George. It will do me good in my dreary exile."

"Exile! Heavens! What can you mean?"

"I spoke figuratively, perhaps; but not the less shall I need all the comfort I can have."

"I am greatly relieved, Keble, I feared you were going to resign your commission that you might marry a—"

"George, how dare you?" The captain had sprung to his feet; scorn curled his lips; pride flashed in his eye.

"Pardon me, my friend, I but thought you like the rest of the world, letting your heart take precedence of your reason."

"Even you, even you George, do not know me." Keble's tones were painfully low and showed his heart was crushed.

"I could cut out my tongue that I have moved you so."

"No, no, friend of the past. It is well that I learn at once what the world will say—that is for a little while, until time proves it as much a fool in my case as it generally is."

"Then you have resigned your commission?"

"Yes."

"You may be sent to La Fayette."

"Better a martyr than a perjured man."

"Perjured!"

"Yes. Have I not taken an oath to support the Constitution and the laws of the land? Is not the United States' officer now doing all he can to destroy both? To you, George, I should like to give all my reasons for my resignation; if I die in La Fayette will you write them down and send them to Miss Buckner?" Metcalfe looked up in some surprise at the calm coldness of tone and expression of face.

"Better tell her yourself, old fellow."

"I shall never see her again."

"You have not quarrelled?"

"Certainly not. But she cares no more for me than she does for any man who can entertain her with a bit of argument."

"Good Heavens! Keble, is it to such a woman you have given your life?"

"That does not, and cannot belong to any mortal."

"I declare I believe you are like Charles I., and would discuss casuistry if you knew your hours were numbered."

"Do you remember when at West Point I vowed to devote my life to the search after truth and beauty?"

"Yes; I dedicated my life to glory."

"A sorry glory you are reaping, George, trying to enslave a nation."

"We'll waive this subject now."

"I am surfeited with beauty; I would not give a fig now for all that God or man has made."

"Ah, Keble, I understand you. You worshipped the beautiful in its every manifestation; one day you said to your heart, 'My search is ended; all that I desired of beauty has concentrated in one form, and is about to melt into my arms; aye, into my very life.' Then you stretched out your arms, and cold as stone was your ideal."

"I never thought I had found an ideal. I do love Laura Buckner as I love my life, aye more, far more. I love her as I love truth and honour; but I never hoped to win her, George; I knew from the beginning I could not wed her; yet I was mad enough to seek her heart. It was wrong; it was unmanly; but I thought I could not help it. I dared this because she was so cold; that woman's intellect has eaten up her heart."

"You tried to warm a statue with the warmth of your own life, and you failed; and what was it to her that she had chilled your heart forever?"

"That she has not done—cannot do. It beats as warmly as ever for you, my friend."

"Curses on her!"

"Hush, George, hush! May God bless her as I do! She is the noblest woman I ever met. I owe to her a mine of joy I never shall exhaust. I shall be very happy soon," Keble added, with an unconscious sigh of weary misery, as he caught his friend's eye and saw it full of tears.

"Surely, Keble, you are not a sympathizer with treason?"

"According to Wade's definition in Congress—where no men denied it; but there are not many men in that flock of sheep."

"You had better say flock of geese, through which one can Wade to his heart's content, splashing up mud on every side."

"Do you mean more than a jest?" asked Keble, with a sudden hope for his companion-in-arms.

"Nothing else. I like puns better than sighs. What did Wade say to surprise you?"

"The day has past when anything said or done in Washington can surprise me. He said, 'I do not want to hear any more of a man than that he is invoking the forbearance of the Constitution and the great barriers in favour of American liberty, to protect an infernal traitor in his course, to know he is a sympathizer.' George, are you ready to fight for a military dictator? Have you read Lincoln's Proclamation of the 19th? He claims to have the power to declare the slaves free whenever he thinks proper. And who is he? An

illiterate joker, joking while the nation goes to ruin. God have mercy on a land which tolerates and fights for such a ruler! He reserves to himself the power of dictatorship—which I shan't fight for."

"Be patient. We shall soon have peace."

"What hope of it? It is out of order to propose peace in the House. The Long Parliament, supposed to have been buried with rubbish of the dark ages, has been resurrected. And, pray, why should not the foreigners have dug it up?"

"Confound them! They came here to do as they pleased, and they do it."

"I fear for the United States a confirmed military despotism. Well did Mazarin say, 'There are no small steps in great affairs.' How long might not Rome have been a republic had Cæsar never crossed a narrow stream? If I place a drawn sword in the hand of a man and kneel at his feet, I am his slave; if he takes from me the sword I am his victim."

"Absurd! Is not every president commander-in-chief of the army?"

"Aye. But not of the judiciary. Negative praise is often high laudation, and such has Lincoln conferred upon Northern justiciaries; he knew they would not do his bidding, so he ignored them. In one man are now conjoined the judicial, legislative, and executive functions."

"I wonder if the Executive ever heard of our old play, 'King and Queen.' He had better beware of a sudden and cold descent, for the legislative and judicial bodies must rise some day."

"And you will help to hold up what should be his winding-sheet."

"Congress was not in session when Lincoln first had to act."

"Why then did not he assemble it? Only a short time had elapsed since its dispersion."

"Washington was in danger."

"That cry always reminds me of 'Poor puss wants a corner.' He had legal power to call out militia. But the framers of the Constitution could hardly have meant by militia 250,000 men enlisted for three years."

"Tut, man! Go North for a trip and learn to read the Constitution in the new light of loyalty."

"Interpret it as Rory O'More did his dreams, 'by contraries, my dear.' Stiles says the cry of workmen in Vienna was 'for a republic with an emperor.' He considers this a joke; it is illustrated here."

"I am as strong for the Constitution as you are. I uphold it in Kentucky."

"One Article of it is, 'The United States shall guarantee to every State a republican form of Government.'"

"And protect it against invasion."

"On application of the Legislature or executive. Kentucky's Legislature has voted for Neutrality. Governor Magoffin never asked for troops. What constitutional right have we here? The people have a constitutional right to bear arms; we are here that they cannot. You are going to camp Dick Robinson. The Constitution says, the places held as public property by the United States must be purchased by the consent of its Legislature; a tacit avowal of States' Rights. If a State can accept an offer to purchase, she can refuse it. The blockade is unconstitutional. But a few months before Lincoln inaugurated it the permission to do it was refused by the House. Douglas in his speech of March, 15th, 1861, said Lincoln dared not obstruct commerce at the mouth of the Mississippi; that the insinuation he was to do it implied a want of respect for his integrity, or ignorance of the laws, and that such usurpation would justly subject him to impeachment. If Mr. Davis and his Cabinet are traitors to resist the blockade, so was Webster, who said that if Jackson dared to blockade South Carolina he must be resisted; and Jackson waited for Congress to pass the Force Bill."

"But why subvert your Government by knocking down its Constitution?"

"It is already kicked over. You would not dispute my right to go to England and transfer my allegiance; nor can you deny that a free-born citizen of the United States has the same right to transfer his allegiance to the Confederacy as

an Irishman has to fight for the Union. You may call the Constitution of the South bogus, and Mr. Davis a bogus-president; but I prefer a bogus-president who adheres to a bogus-Constitution to a proper president who subverts a proper Constitution. Here are some of the advantages the Southern Constitution has over the Northern, 'The extension of the presidential term; the ineligibility to a second term; the removal from office of subordinates only for specified cases—the reference of these to the Senate. This strikes at the foundation. Two hundred years ago Brooke wrote: 'The king himself owes allegiance to the Constitution,' and no man said him nay. He gives instances where it is justifiable to dispute the claim to the throne, as in case of an open avowal of principles incompatible with the Constitution, or in case of over tacts demonstrative of such principles.' Again the courtier says, 'All pardonable offences are distinguished by the title of *crimina læsæ majestatis*,'—sins against the king, 'all unpardonable offences by the title of *crimina læsæ libertatis*,'—sins against the Constitution. (It is he who translates *libertas* as Constitution). Among these latter crimes he accounts attempting to raise standing armies without the consent of Parliament. Farther on, he says, 'an abdication of the Constitution is an abdication of the throne,' and well might he say it, living in the days of William and Mary's accession. Again, an English monarch cannot levy a tax. *Le roy le veut* is the king's usual sign of acquiescence to a bill; but when 'bills of aid are presented him, he adds, *Le roy remercie ses loyaux sçijts, et ainsi le veut*.' Brooke remarks on this, 'An express acknowledgement, that the right of granting or levying monies for public purposes lies inherently, and, incommunicably in the people and their representatives!' It is not strange that England should present a disrespectful attitude to a ruler who disregards the Constitution he has sworn to support."

"But it is not as unconstitutional to raise money by presidential as by kingly authority."

"How now? Is a president above a king in his capacity for trifling with the law of the land? Section VII. of our Constitution says, 'All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives. Section VIII. declares 'The Congress shall have power to collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises to provide for the common defence.'

"You are so fond of the Constitution, why refuse to defend it?"

"I cannot in this uniform. The commander-in-chief of the forces has planted his foot on it only to bury it in gore. Congress confesses Mr. Lincoln's acts, proclamations and orders, 'to be extraordinary' and then declares them valid and legal! Very good. Mr. Lincoln, shoot Mr. Smith and then say that it was necessary to do that to save the country, and I daresay Congress has sufficient regard for consistency to set aside the eighth commandment and declare assassination legal. The Parliament of Cromwell is no greater scorn to our age than the first Congress of Lincoln's term will be to the next. It would be quite a joke if this perjured Congress makes new laws to be set aside by the next in virtue of the precedent it has given. Are the people dead?"

"Yes, and 'the dead will bury their dead,' let us be pall-bearers; if not, we will be traitors."

"Not to truth. History will not call such as I so. Is it traitorous to oppose the man who has violated the Constitution? I have sworn allegiance to it, but not to him. What civil or military officer ever swore to obey the president? Who of them has not sworn to maintain the laws?"

"Rebellion is a sin."

"Perjury and treachery are greater crimes."

"I cannot believe any crime worse than rebellion, the fruitful parent of all sin."

"Rebellion is sin against a human institution, perjury is treason against God."

"You are squeamish."

"George! can it be possible that a man, noble as you were even in every hidden thought, can have been so blinded by interest and the false glare of circumstance as to call me squeamish for abhorring dishonour and lies?"

"We never agreed in politics. You forget I am a Republican, an Abolitionist.

And you also forget, Keble, what used to make me most feel your superiority."

"What was that? I never knew you imagined such superiority."

"The way in which you, firm as a rock—in up-holding whatever you had once decided to be right, yet lived out the motto of your favourite Coleridge."

"That the 'only true toleration is to tolerate other people's intolerances?' Therefore, George, I tolerated your Abolition bigotry."

"But you hated slavery."

"And still do in my heart of hearts."

"Yet you refuse to fight against a wrong?"

"God has never given me a commission to send souls to hell, thereby to put an end to sins of which they may be guilty. I needed not to have come so far South had such been my mission."

"The crimes of the North are no excuse for slavery."

"No; but they make me think of a very old-fashioned adage, 'Take the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to take the mote out of thy brother's eye.'"

"But the mote is in the eye of the North, and the beam in that of the South."

"Did God tell you so? or, has He given you power to read the heart? Is it worse to hold a slave, or to murder a man?"

"Murder is the greatest of crimes."

"'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' Judge for yourself, whether love for the negro, or, hatred and envy of the master is the motive-guide in this war. Unless you can show me a commission from the God of the South, to make of an army a host of Thalabas, I must resign. I cannot feel myself justified in shooting down a man in battle or elsewhere, because he won't send his slaves North to freeze or starve. I do hate slavery; I do hate Phariseism. But if I cannot commit murder, neither can I steal. If I hold my bayonet at a man's throat while you steal his property, am I less guilty than you? The House is content to steal from those who hereafter shall engage in the rebellion; the Senate, in its rage to set the fashions, proposes to confiscate the property of all who have been so engaged."

"Confound the Congress!"

"It is high time; for it has confounded all the civilized world."

"Why isn't a national joke as good as an individual one?" asked Metcalfe, in what he intended to be a facetious tone; he couldn't give up his one thousand a year.

"If you want your question answered, read this."

"I am too sleepy," he said, feeling that though he should not sleep that night he would have something to splurge on during the day; aye, and a title, a shoulder-strap and bright buttons. Keble read, "'Let the blackened remains of 300 chimneys, of homes made desolate by Jennison and his Abolition followers, answer.' While I wear these buttons I cannot read the next paragraph. Do you remember how you used to curse Claverhouse?"

"I suppose you think I ought to curse myself now, as I serve the same Government Jennison serves."

"Greatly to its satisfaction, as its continuing him and appointing others like him to office proves. I am ashamed to wear the uniform he wears. In two weeks' time it is said that [Jennison robbed one county in Missouri of more than one and a half millions of property,] and this plunder—in the style of American brigands—was sold 'at auction on account of the Government.' Perhaps your pay may come from the proceeds."

"But when you talk about honesty, you forget what the South has stolen. Public property of the United States cannot become the property of any State, or States by honest means."

"No, the South, therefore, has a right to a part of the proceeds of the mints, war-materials, etc. But Davis will dumbfound you; as late as June 24th, 1861, he wrote, 'The Government of the Confederate States is to become accountable

for all such arms and munitions of war as should be transferred.' If justice did not require this it was more economical than war. But we are not as just to individuals as the Confederate State Government to ours. Exiled Governor Morehead said, [in a speech in Louisville, that a letter containing 9,000,000 dols., directed to a gentleman here, was sent to the Dead Letter Office, notwithstanding the stamp was on it and the rightful owner offered to put on as many additional as were required.] It is very becoming in such an Administration to cry out that the South has stolen public property; it prefers private. The case just given is not a solitary one. The newspapers—"

"Tut! Don't quote newspapers to me."

"I doubt if any men will meet severer reckoning than the editors of widely-circulated papers; no tract society has such a chance to influence thousands."

Metcalf, thinking it useless to argue with one in a high pressure mood of resistance, a silence ensued. As if struck by a new thought, Keble arose and facing Metcalf, said,

"In reading of that inspiring scene at Runnymede 600 years ago, probably we have all felt a proud bubbling of the blood to think that we are the children of England. On one hand, military pomp and splendour, a proud king who had trusted to the traditional prestige of royalty, and to the darkness of the Middle Ages, and dared to be a despot. On the other hand, the barons of England—noblemen forever by God's grand patent of nobility. There did the scions of British freedom wring from the trembling autocrat the Magna Charta of all time—our own immortal inheritance, the richest legacy of ages called the dark. Hume says, 'No freeman shall be imprisoned, or dispossessed of his free tenement, of liberties, or outlawed, or banished, or anywise hurt or injured except by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.' Shall I fight to uphold Lincoln in King John's stead? I can't help thinking of what Shakespeare says about the 'men dressed in a little brief authority and the angels weeping,' when I have to confess that the chief magistrate of the greatest, and in fact the only true republic (save a few little States, to be measured by Dido's method) the world has seen, has set aside the great principle of Magna Charta, the cynosure of liberty—the Habeas Corpus Act."

"This Act has before been set aside, and by Washington."

"Ah! I knew not of that. But if Mr. Lincoln expects to exercise the licence of Washington, he must show an equal disregard for political truckling. Another time has this Act been set aside and by one who had high precedents, by Charles I; but even this monarch in 1648 was taught his place; the Petition of Right, 'asserted that no freeman should be imprisoned or detained without cause shown to which he may make answer according to law.'"

"But Lincoln is too good a man—"

"Charles was a good man, and, as I believe, a martyr for the Church; but he was a traitor to the law of the land. The wire-pullers of the ascendant party put him to death because he would not establish their form of Church government; but the people of England permitted and sanctioned the deed only because he was a traitor to constitutional liberty. He was good as a man (for he ruled according to his light); but he was a tyrannical king. Can you perceive a parallel?"

"Treason!" Another painful silence after which Metcalf said, "Keble, I won't quarrel with you because you are a monomaniac."

"It is impossible for me to uphold Mr. Lincoln. I have no more right to say that a sin committed by him is right, than I have to say a murder committed by a friend is right. Right is right; wrong is wrong—not to all in these days a self-evident proposition. The person who maintains that any wrong is, or by any manœuvre can be made right, is a traitor to truth and to God. The man, whose eloquent lips were 'touched with hallowed fire' shouts to me over the abyss of centuries, 'Woe unto them which justify the wicked for reward.' Let my property be confiscated ere it can be said by angels, I loved it even for the sake of an earthly angel more than the right."

"Forget her; resign and go North."

"I have no idea of living in a land where every man's will is law, and the president superior to the people in lawlessness only. Show me one instance of Mr. Davis having violated the Constitution he was sworn to obey."

"He has foresworn his first allegiance."

"So did Washington and others whom the world delights to honour. But show me one instance in history where the man who has violated his oath of office has won anything but infamy from right-minded people. What does Lincoln care for public opinion? His 'ipse dixit' is enough. Why! this secular pope has power to absolve his own conscience from an oath of allegiance to obey the Constitution; he called out an army and a navy, blockaded ports and served up his other fancies for the public repast *ad nauseam*. When the sovereign people had made him autocrat they had only to step into the shade until he had fulfilled his pleasure; then he condescended to ask them to send their representatives to Washington to sanctify his illegal acts. There was one man among them who dared to question his power. When Virginia boasts of a Henry, Ohio will cry back, 'Vallandigham.' And the United States of a regenerated Union will cry, 'Hail to the hero of 1862. The one-eyed giant-power of the North has devoured the rights of the South until only one right—that of revolution—remains. The peace propositions offered in good faith, received in bad blood, produced such internal commotions that a lethargy was the result; and as sad voices mourned, the giant in his sleep muttered, 'Nobody's hurt.' Suddenly his eye—common sense—was thrust out, and a howl of surprise and pain resounded from Maine to Texas. You remember Ulysses and his companions escaped, and that Polyphemus (no longer capable of seeing to the safety of his domain) tumbled an immense portion of his heritage after the man who had dared to defy his power."

"But the South is to blame."

"I care not whether personal liberty bills, fishing bounties, navigation laws, or the tariff caused the revolt; but one thing I do care for and that is to live under a Constitutional Government. The war is a fact; it is useless to discuss its cause; the question will not be decided until 'the day when all hearts will be read.' Who prizes safety when liberty is in the scale? Southern insecurity of property and life is better than Northern lethargy. Jefferson said—"

"Bah—to quote Jefferson to me!"

"Then I will quote Webster, who said of the fame of Adams and Jefferson, 'With American liberty it arose and with American liberty only can it perish.' The fame of one has perished in the North. Are you apt at syllogisms?"

"We look at the question from different stand-points. Rev. Mr. Arthur speaks of a traveller who in crossing Mont Cenis was delighted with what he supposed to be a glacier, and when he had passed below discovered to be a cloud. Are you apt at syllogisms, personal and national?"

"If you had to judge of the legality of a decision in Russia, would not you take a Russian stand-point? You would not decide by our laws. You would not like to have a suit decided by the laws of Madagascar."

"Of course I recognize the first law of criticism. De Retz said to the French of his day he doubted whether Caligula's horse being made consul would surprise them as much as they imagined. So Keble, your metamorphosis ought not—"

"It wouldn't astound us to see a horse put in office; we are accustomed to seeing animals of the same genus there; even the astute Seward has to forsake the upright attitude and bray. De Retz says 'Weak men never yield at the time they ought to.' How Lincoln will wish he had profited by George III.'s example when he shares his discomfiture! As you have recalled France's minister, the antetype of modern Talleyrands and Searwards, I shall give you another specimen of his statecraft:—'One is oftener deceived by mistrusting people than by confiding in them.'"

"Seward's antetype!"

"However unrivalled De Retz may be considered as the expositor of

diplomacy, he has no charm for me. Rather do I hear a voice from the tomb of the nation's greatest dead. When the outrages committed by our soldiers first made my blood seethe in just indignation, and I was tempted to swerve from my old walk, I made a mental pilgrimage to Mount Vernon; one of a voiceless throng, I repaired to the Holy Sepulchre of all the republics of the earth, and prayed that the God adored by Washington might say to the waves, 'Be still.' But a part of the punishment for our practical atheism is that when 'we look for an intercessor there is no man.' For the forming a good head of a party it requires greater parts than for the ruler of an empire."

"The war must be prosecuted to show we have a strong government."

"Neither Russia nor the States of the Church ever gave clearer demonstration of the nature of their Government's strength than has ours."

"It is a conclusive proof to England that our Government is stronger than hers."

"As a lunatic is stronger than a man in his senses. Valiant are our soldiers! Often are ladies' dresses cut into shreds by manly swords! Ladies' china broken into shivers by Sampsonian hands! Ladies' flower-beds trodden under foot by heralds of liberty! Women's trembling hands point to their breasts pistols, the only conservators of their honour against brave men! Defenceless women insulted and hectorred, scorned and ridiculed by the chivalry of the North! Is this a part of Scott's military tactics?"

"The officers cannot restrain their men."

"I shall have more faith in their attempt when we read of their punishing them. Is this the way to reconstruct the Union? Never. It is the surest way to turn men into demons who will fight with the desperation of tigers. What will this detestable war leave us? Is it to eat out every noble feeling? Are friends to become enemies because one prefers a strong Government to an experiment?"

"Let me congratulate you on the transfer of your allegiance."

"It is like offering congratulations to a child about to bury a cruel father. My innate sense of justice and love of truth had a hard battle with prejudice and pride of apparent consistency. But how many officers in the old army had to fight the same battle with self ere worthy to oppose the enemy? I have in my pocket a letter from General Buckner I should like you to hear. It is to Judge Underwood. May I read it to you?"

"I suppose I'd as well listen to him as to you."

"The first part is but a recapitulation of the Judge's letter to him. Then Buckner shows himself:—'If your suggestion in reference to your arrest on political grounds referred to any contemplated action of mine, it is not justified by anything I have said. I have never yet made a political arrest, nor contemplated making one. I regard the practice of such arrests as exercised by the authorities and by some of the authorized and armed bands of Kentucky, as at war with every principle of justice, of the Constitution and of humanity. It is against the unlawful claim of the right to imprison citizens at will that has been with me a chief cause of resisting the tyranny of the Government. In the proclamation published by me at the time of occupying this place, I assumed the principles which would guide my conduct. I have adhered implicitly to these principles and have endeavoured by my own action to soften as far as possible the asperities of the war. I have extended this so far as even to place spies in our midst upon their parole instead of proceeding against them according to the rules of war. If, however, your suggested question refers to my proposed future action and a just retaliation for the oppressive and unconstitutional acts of the Legislature, there is some reason for your inquiry; on the principle of retaliation I would, before this time, have been justified in adopting the most stringent course in reference to those who at the cost of civil liberty have attempted to make Kentucky the instrument of subjugating her own citizens. But I have considered that the holy cause which in common, I believe, with a large majority of the people of Kentucky I advocate, does not require for its support the destruction of individual liberty; much less, sir, does it require that a citizen who, like your-

self, has been a distinguished servant of the public, should be torn from your friends and family and buried in a political dungeon. I do not propose to imitate the impotent cruelties contemplated by the Legislature in support of their unjust and unconstitutional acts. As for yourself, sir, you are free to enter, or to leave my lines at your pleasure. I have had no purpose of molesting you; but will cheerfully accord you every protection which I would give to any citizen. The terms on which you can remain I leave entirely to your own sense of honour."

"Positively, Keble, you are in a glow."

"I am. Such a spirit as that is worth all the tyrannical proclamations ever invented by Satanic policy. How can we wonder at Miss Buckner and such women bowing to the Confederacy when such men represent it? Now Buckner is allowed out at 5 a.m. (reveille), to march with his tub, flanked by two of the guard, across the parade ground, and back to his cell; three times a day meals are carried to him; no chair nor table in his room; he has no view, and only light and air, say 8x4 inches, and about 20 feet square of floor. He is allowed to go out one hour each day."

"Have you seen Hunter's Proclamation freeing the slaves of three States?"

"Yes, and Lincoln's abrogation of it."

"Why does he not put him in La Fayette? Did you ever hear of any man assuming such dictatorial powers unless he aspired to the seat of a dictator? Already have we three dictators—Hunter, Fremont, and Butler." As he pronounced the last name the association with it stagnated his blood and he suffered pangs that only the strongest can feel.

"Fremont has been removed."

"So terribly punished that the terror caused by his chastisement has encouraged others to excel him. Lincoln reminds me of an old granny who pats a grandson on the head, saying in an encouraging tone, 'Naughty boy!' and when he cries because his feelings are hurt, gives him a cake."

"You are wrong, Keble. But what's the use of parrying love-begotten arguments? Don't scowl. Come down the Mississippi with me and I promise you a place on Grant's staff."

"I do not choose to fight side by side with negroes. Had I been reared in the South where children sit on black uncles' knees and kiss ebony mammies, I might not have such delicate olfactories; but I was brought up in the North where it is genteel to consider negroes as Pariahs."

"Good-night, Keble, I hope to find you next time in a more tractable mood."

"Good-bye, George. If I can ever befriend you, remember I am yours." The door closed on him in his Gethsemane and, "If it be possible let this cup pass" quickly was heard by the "Man of Sorrows." After kneeling some time Keble arose, opened his note-book and wrote—"O Flag I used to love, would to God a Russian despot's feet had trampled you in the dust! Then could I have wound your soiled tatters around my broken heart and laid down in an honourable grave. Happy Bishop Cobb, granted your earnest wish and spared the agony of seeing your flag dishonoured by foes, and the far greater anguish of seeing its upholders bathe it in the blood of your brethren! On you shall rest the curse of no lost soul. Thank God that His Providence, by what was called two accidents, has kept my hand unstained. To think of having sent a soul to hell! Our Divine Master said that the 'whole world was not worth one human soul.' Then can the Union be? Those preachers who have emulated the councils of hell by urging war, should never again use this text, 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul'? They say revenge for a national insult, or the profits of sugar and cotton are worth thousands of souls. Some who call themselves 'followers of the Lamb' have voted that the maintenance of the Government and the superior wealth of thirty-four to twenty-three States are worth 500,000 lives; 475,000 souls as tribute paid the devil for his meddling with our State affairs! I feel that there is 'wrestling with the powers of darkness in high places.' I must help the worthy few. The wire-drawers of our political contest are cunning enough to assume the 'garb of angels of light;' lawlessness is dubbed independence; hatred, self-respect; pride, honour; ambition, loyalty; avarice, patriotism. But a 'kingdom

cut out of the mountain without hands' will yet be; and of its happy citizens may I be one! What bitter words George said! To accuse me of dishonouring the Flag! Alas, that my heart still venerates it while I blush to be classed among its defenders! The iconoclast may weep upon a desecrated altar. How impossible for people of one idea to comprehend how the heart may be rent with anguish while the voice is heavy with rebuke! Peace! peace! Who will give us peace? Who cares for the commands of God? Who loves the Crucified and regards the golden rule of the Prince of Peace? Who will 'wash his hands pure from his brother's blood' and 'follow peace?' Who will turn aside from the congregation of Cain and drown the war-cry of hell, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' in the Christmas Anthem, 'Peace on earth, good will towards men.' Tears have burned my eyes; but none have fallen; a strange sensation has wound me up to a calmness that makes me understand how martyrs of liberty have died. I, a child of a republic! I am under a despot; coercion is abominable, revolution is better than destruction of liberty; rebellion even is preferable to a despotism that recognizes no law but its own will. I am a rebel. My head reels and my heart shudders, but the words are said, they cannot be unsaid. How I have loved my country!—my whole country! O God! it is too hard, too hard! Forgive me; who am I to say this of Thy righteous judgments? The abominable corruptions of the past and the practical idolatry of the present deserve national judgments. But star-spangled banner of my boyhood, the ægis of my early manhood, I mourn for thee! Oh that I might have been buried in thee ere despotism had planted thee over the grave of constitutional liberty! To be buried in thee once seemed the acme of worldly honour. How I have loved thee, and now, alas! pity me, O my God! despots have forced it to wave its free-born stars over 30,000 manacles for intended slaves; have held it proudly aloft over deserted homes, over broken hearts. Old Union, sink into my heart; fall low, low, low into my heart; let me bury you there, but let me do it in silence and with prayer."

CHAPTER XXIV.

JULY 2ND.

"AND my beloved—oh where is he? Yesterday's paper gave the names of four of his regiment who fell in one day; and four may fall another day—even to-day, and he be one of these—oh God!" This exclamation that followed Laura's thought was no profane cry of suffering: it was like the "Oh mother!" which bursts from a child's heart in its hour of anguish—a shadow of a refuge. So little did the Southerners know of Union officers' affairs, that she had heard nothing of Keble's resignation and departure. "Oh the cursed evils of war! Even from the depths of an agonized desire for help we are such virtual infidels, looking elsewhere than to God. I would cry out to England: Stand off. Bear anything but loss of liberty before you bring upon yourself war's malison. Support if need be, a million of paupers; but do not—"

Mrs. Ellmer, dripping with rain, rushed in, not thinking to knock, "Richmond is safe! Richmond is safe!"

Laura sprang up and the two friends, locked in each others' arms, mingled their exclamations of thankfulness and relief, until Laura sank on the floor and burst into tears,

"Oh, Mrs. Ellmer, we've whipped them!" That was her constant exclamation. Laura, like a child, sobbed some time, and Mrs. Ellmer grew more composed. "This is a day to be remembered forever. We have 'trusted in Thee, O God, and were not confounded.' McClellan's whole army, the grand

army, *par excellence*, routed, according to its own confession. Our spoilers are restrained."

"Can you play the *Te Deum*?" asked Mrs. Ellmer, hesitatingly. She longed for it and hoped Laura might have numbered it among her accomplishments.

"Oh, I shall love to sing it now." She had learned it because she always heard Keble's voice in it.

For more than a week the daily papers had made Mrs. Ellmer's spirit glow with pride as she read of our wonderful campaign in Virginia. Her father, an old companion-in-arms of General Lee, had taught her to regard him as the greatest of our generals, and the main hope of the South. Thereupon Laura and she had many a pleasant tilt of words; for Laura's lance was always in rest ready to unhorse any argument that raised any one above Jefferson Davis—the second father of his country—as she delighted to call him.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON a fallen beech tree sat Keble Wilson, late of United States' Army. Drearly he sighed, and yet in his sigh was a dreamy sweetness, as though he remembered the pleasant things that though they could not come again were his forever. But remembrances of love, like dried rose-leaves scattered among last summer's clothes, though very sweet, could not long beguile him from realizing his present chilling desolation. On the back of a letter he wrote:—

"All dark and lonely though my way appears
I see a rainbow made of Jesu's tears.
He, who could stoop to weep o'er a man's grave,
Will lift me up when it is time to save
Me from the fearful waves of raging ire:
"Thus far" He will say, and they'll rise no higher.
"Thy will, not mine, be done!" The cup I dread,
Though bitter now will be sweet when I'm dead.
When men can persecute no longer, they
May pity and weep o'er unconscious clay."

Keble had brought nothing with him that belonged to the United States' Government. The suit of broadcloth he wore was the one he had purchased to visit Laura in. Several days previous to his leaving Louisville he had bought a brace of pistols. Now he sat on the most unpicturesque part of the Ohio shore near Louisville. On this wise ran his thoughts:—

"Cold and muddy seems this stream to me; the banks are low. I wonder how it obtained the name of '*La belle rivière*.' In my boyhood I hastened a fever away by imagining myself on its broad bosom, buffeting with its limpid waves and drinking in at the same instant its subtle beauty and the invigorating breeze from virgin forests on its banks. But I behold it, and its beauty has vanished. So did my boyhood long for the day when I might fight beneath my country's flag to prove that in all the ages no such hero as young America had gone forth to conquer. Yes, I was to have been the worthy esquire of any knight-errant, valiant enough to plant the stars and stripes over the grave of despotism. Truly, I have just escaped being a modern Sancho Panza, the victim of a fanaticism not half so innocent as was that of the knight of *La Mancha*. The blatant beast Abolitionism sat so awkwardly astride the democratic Rosinante that I found out it was not born to be its master. The ancient farce of the battle with the windmills has been re-enacted at Washington. Fortunately, I have been kept out of that national Barnumism by my passion for—"

He could not, even in his thoughts, compare Laura to Dulcinea; he curled his lips at the idea, but the caustic expression gave way to one of self pity. He wound up with—

"What will our men think of me? Our men! Will I ever cease to think of myself as a Unionist? I am the child of associations, and my heart springs to one side while conscience points to the other. I dare not defend a lie. Oh God! that I have lived to see the day that I feel myself bound to oppose what I had thought myself born to defend! How much of life is given only to undo what we have done! Let my future atone for my blind past. Now I know agony; I have wasted a life. My heart, too loyal still, grieves for the Union. Laura and the Union—both dead to me! Have I forever cast away my happiness? I shall find it in heaven, a voice tells me. Ah, but I am so young to look forward to a cheerless life! Yet I would not ask my high-strung beauty to share the outlaw's pillow; the pretty bud would soon wither in an unfurnished home. Were wealth mine I should woo the butterfly, intending for ever to feed her on flowers. I cannot offer her a hard crust and cold water."

Heavily he lifted his massive frame and turned towards the dusty road.

"Good morning, neighbour," said a friendly voice. Mr. Powell touched his hat. "I beg pardon, I thought you were Mr. Pendleton, and was going to offer you a lift. Although you ain't, maybe you'd like to ride a little way; if so, just step in."

"I am obliged," said the stranger, accepting the proffered seat in the buggy.

"Warm weather, sir."

"Very; is this usual weather for the season?"

"We have a right to count on five months of summer, sir. Thank heaven for that! Deliver me from your cold countries."

"It is very cold here sometimes."

"What if it is in the middle of winter? Don't we all know very cold weather won't last but a few days?"

"I am from the North, and congratulate myself in summer as you do in winter—that extreme weather will last but for a few days. Do you have sleighs here?"

"Of course; we want them several times some winters."

"You ought to take a trip North about Christmas and then you would learn what sleighing is."

"I haven't been North since 1808."

"Then you would scarcely recognise New York."

"Hardly, considering I never saw it. I know St. Louis better. I might have been a millionaire, sir, if I hadn't been just like all young men, full of my own notions. Why, sir, I could have got arpents for a few dollars. My friends out there told me St. Louis would be a big place and advised me to lay out the proceeds of my whiskey and flour in arpents. But I said to 'em, it's all nonsense talking about a big town here; that'll be at the mouth of the Missouri; you see I didn't know then that St. Louis was the first high ground for twenty miles up, or I'd have been smarter."

Keble, perceiving he had found a loquacious old gentleman, and feeling himself unequal to conversation, thought he would pay for his ride by an apparent interest in the stranger's history; moreover, so insatiate was his thirst for knowledge that even his most apathetic moods had an instinct for gathering new ideas from every passer-by. So he asked—

"Am I impertinent in saying I should like to hear about a voyage taken so many years ago in a new country?"

"Impertinent! bless the man! Well, sir, I got a keel boat—you know what the keel of a boat is—that was the shape of mine; I stowed away flour, and whiskey, put in some extra hunting-shirts and a fine suit of clothes ready for the settlements and laid up some provisions, not many, for I trusted to my rifle."

Keble gave an involuntary glance of respect at the sharp-shooter, one of a race famous as the Parthian arrow-men of old.

"I suppose you are a capital shot. The fame of Kentucky riflemen is known afar."

"Certainly, and with reason. Maybe you'd like to try a shooting-match, stranger?"

"A mere West Pointer shrinks from such."

"A West Pointer, eh? My sister sent a son there. I told her she had a sight better have sent him out in the woods with a rifle. Do they teach boys at West Point to stick a knife in a tree and go pretty far off to take aim at it? Do you think when I was under fifty I ever shot a squirrel except in the eye? Heaven forgive the pitiful cowards who shoot-birds in the nest, or when they are singing love-songs to their sweethearts or lullabies to their babies! If you want to shoot, why do it; but fire away at birds when they're going from home; pop at the rascals who are leaving their sweethearts or families. That's honest enough; for how are you to know whether they mean to come back? And you know, sir, the rule of war is—hang deserters."

Was it a nervous twitching of the corners of the mouth of his companion that made the rifleman add—

"That's a rule of war; for my part I think there are exceptions. If ever Yankees have sense enough to desert to the South, we'll be mighty apt to aim something at their hearts. I shouldn't wonder if it would be a bullet, too. For I can tell you there are half-a-dozen pretty girls of that name about these parts. But if the Yankee didn't want that sort of fun, well, sir, we'd aim ever so much kindness at him. But I was telling you of my trip up the river. I was better than three months on the way; but I went above St. Louis. I had fifteen men aboard to manage; all could handle a rifle; though to tell the truth, Bob Cook and Nat Thornton didn't know much more about it than the Yankees at Manassas—I beg pardon, sir; howsomever, I believe you Yankees don't think much of shooting, no how. Pity you forgot this last April."

"I am not a Yankee."

"Law me! 'Pon my honour, I'm glad. Shake hands."

"Before I accept this proof of friendship I ought to tell you that I am a New Yorker."

"Pity! you're tall enough for a Kentuckian. May I ask who you voted for?"

"Bell and Everett."

"Shake hands, sir; you're a sight better than the Southerners who voted for Breckenridge, and worth twenty Kentuckians who voted for Douglas, and worth fifty scoundrels who voted for the 'Rail-splitter' with cap and bells. But here is my home, and you may get a warm supper and comfortable feather bed. I detest Yankee meanness that sleeps on hard beds; but the fashion is out here! However, you needn't be afraid of a hard bed in my house."

The kind stranger suspected Keble to be a Confederate in disguise, for the same reason that some romantic women imagine a lover in every man who seems fit for a hero of romance, gave him comfortable lodging for the night, and bade him 'God speed' the next day, telling him where he would find shelter for the night, and told him to go 'a way the Blue Coats knew nothing about.' Pursuing his lonely walk Keble found himself in a most romantic glen. Large overhanging rocks, moss-covered stones and rippling stream formed a bower fit for love and dreams, and he sat down to bathe his aching head and blistered feet. He had walked only sixteen miles; but since Laura's horse had given him the severe blow on the knee his foot had frequently swollen. He felt a sort of perverse pleasure in the very pain he suffered.

"What a waking nightmare was yesterday and is to-day! Even the pangs of disappointed love seem lost in the chaos of my brain! I, a rebel! My heart aches for the Union I have so loved. Tush, heart! Did not I know that it was earthly and must perish? But then I did not expect to see it fall. People say it is of no use to argue; it is of the greatest use to a conscientious person to find out the arguments he cannot answer. My political convictions dawned so gradually I cannot say when it was first day. Day! Ah, what mockery! It is night now and only one star shines, and that is the Right."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAURA'S THOUGHTS.

"WHAT a strange web of existence is woven around us! Powerless to escape, too hopeless to act, I can but endure. But such endurance as mine does not please God; as well might the paralytic be praised for keeping quiet. Oh, surely there is another world! I know it! I know it! For there is little justice in this. Day after day have I sat in the stupid quiet of Kate's sick-room, often when it was too darkened to read; night after night have I ministered to her. And what is my reward? The coldness that follows jealousy. She has no conversational talent, or, at least she never entertains me; but it is because she is selfish, always occupied with a sense of her own importance, and too busy thinking of how other people appreciate her, or too wretched from a real or fancied slight, to entertain her company with the lovely grace that nothing but self-forgetfulness can produce. I thought at one time I should have been glad had Keble given her his heart. I cannot think that now; but I never used any wile to retain him by my side. Her flattery was fulsome; he liked my indifference better; true, she at one time feigned the indifference that I tried to feel; but that did not attract him, for it revealed her selfishness—being the offspring of wounded vanity. Her Unionism disgusted him, for it was unwomanly; he as much as told her so one day, and he was right; revenge makes any woman an unpleasant object to contemplate. I don't like the state into which I am falling. I am isolating myself too much from human sympathies. True, I live for my country; for my country I could die; but I have suffered and seen suffering until the mere apprehension of it makes me curl up all my sensibilities and seem as callous as the strong tribolite. I am benevolent enough; oh yes! will give while I have anything for myself; but 'if I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, it profiteth nothing.' It seems to me if my heart was under Keble's influence it would have that charity. Ah! is it so? Then I am self-convicted of the spirit of idolatry. What could Keble give me that Christ has not already offered me? Why is it harder to yield to His invisible influence than to Keble's sweet presence? And this brings another sad thought; why are there so many old maids and old bachelors in the world? so many unappreciated lives? so many unsatisfied longings? so much love cast off as valueless? Why is it, poor, aching heart? It is because there is a hereafter; the stream that is dammed up expands into a lake broad and deep, clear enough to reflect the stars of Heaven. Unappreciated lives! There may not be so many as we think; is it nothing that God and His angels look on and love? And the unsatisfied longings shall all be answered there. Oh! Why did I love him? I, the joyous, but sensible girl, who had always scorned beaux and laughed at lovers! Why did I open my heart at once to take him in? I accepted him as my ideal. It was not strange that I loved him on so short an acquaintance; he was the man I had loved all my life, but found only last November. Ruskin sums up perfection in one word, moderation. Keble is the most perfectly balanced character I ever knew. I saw no excrescences, not even of genius; therefore, I accepted his love as a symbol of that which reigns in God's Heaven. Other men had begged my love with timid reserve; one or two have demanded it as something they could not do without; Keble bowed his stately head on his hands—as he had to do to look into my eyes—let me gaze into his soul, and I was his,—his although he knew it not—his before I knew it. I did not suspect any cage was hung in the gardens wherein my spirit roved. I was a gay bird, going on my way in blissful unconsciousness of the future; a window was open—I did not see any lure; I was not afraid of being caught, and I flew in, and even now nestle in the depths of his heart. Alas! it has not been long since I forsook freedom; but already I have beaten myself almost to death against the bars of the cage—since he who closed the door can open it no

more." Laura, who a few months before would have regarded as a foe the man who strove to disturb her peace, interrupt by Love's never-resting thoughts her quiet daily avocations, make German and Italian stupid, and even history a bore, was now armed against suffering by the very intensity of her love. "It is very late and I know I ought to be in bed; but I cannot sleep. I feel as I did when I first took my seat in the car on the inclined plane that leads down to the Niagara river; I am deafened by a roar I cannot comprehend. I have no will to stay my speed; on—on—on—into the river? No; a Power I have not thought of will hold me back just as I reach the brink. I am a helpless child; my hand cannot arrest the car of destiny; but an invisible chain—one end in the hand of my Father—will save me from the seething gulf. I may look at despair, but I shall not be lost. I was always venturesome; I remember getting out of the car and stepping over some of the loose stones in my longing to get nearer the grand mystery, that was so near, and yet was forever out of my grasp. I could not reach the goal, but I cooled my flushed cheeks in the spray of the Niagara, and laid me down to sleep that night, a wiser and a better child."

CHAPTER XXVII.

LAURA is on a visit to Minnie, her feet on a high stool that she may at the same time read and knit socks for the prisoners. Minnie has the morning paper. "To be shot for Desertion!"

Laura looks up as she hears the heading of a paragraph.

"Why did he desert? Because they would not pay a poor fellow who only enlisted for money?"

"No." That one word almost chokes Minnie, who raises the paper before her staring eyeballs and white lips, while it shakes so violently I wonder Laura does not notice her agitation.

"Did he desert that he might fight for freedom?"

"Yes," in the same tone.

"God bless him! Ah, the noble man! Noble fellow to risk his life, and what his people call honour rather than uphold tyranny. If he is a street cleaner I could hug him," says Laura, scarce knowing what she says.

This is too much for Minnie, who bursts into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

Laura springs forward and seizes the paper. She reads—"Captain Keble Wilson, U.S.A., some weeks since tendered his resignation. As he was not permitted to resign he declared he would not fight against his convictions, and attempted to join the rebel army. If he is captured he will be shot."

It is not until Laura has read the last word that she falls heavily on the floor.

Minnie kneels beside her and tries to warm her hands which are so rigid she cannot bend them. After a few minutes she says, in a frightened voice of entreaty—

"Speak to me, darling."

Laura evidently tries, but cannot.

Minnie is about to rise when, with a spasmodic motion, the cold fingers close over her hand and she understands that there is life enough in the body; it is only the soul that is suffering.

After a long silence Laura seems to jerk out the words, "To be shot!"

"He is prepared for death, darling."

"My angel!" is said in a tone of such strange, wild ecstasy that Minnie fears her friend is crazy.

"Oh, Laura!"

"If he only knew that I loved him!" A spasmodic expression passes over Laura's face; then she grows rigid again.

Minnie weeps for some time unheeded; then Laura's muscles relax, and releasing her friend's hands, she says—

"Give it to me."

"What, darling?"

"In my pocket," is the answer.

Minnie hands her a handkerchief.

"No."

Then she draws out a small Prayer-Book and seems greatly surprised. Laura kisses it rapturously.

"It is his; his use sanctified it."

"I did not know you had it."

"No. Not while he was my country's enemy; but all the world shall now know that I love him. He is mine."

She sits up as though the thought strengthens her. "I will stand by *then*, and he shall lie where I am to rest." She shuddered, and would have fallen, but Minnie laid her head on her lap.

"He may not be taken, Laura."

"He is too good for this world. Let him go where he belongs—to God and the angels where such as I cannot see him. Minnie, how long do you suppose one can live without any real life?"

"Auntie—"

"Oh, don't talk about her! I could not live that long. I must see him soon."

"When you are fitted, darling, God will make you one forever."

Minnie is frightened at the effect of her words; cold drops of perspiration stand on Laura's face and she bites her lips until her friend sees a drop of blood. "Oh Laura!" is her childish expression of sympathy and conscious helplessness to comfort in such an hour.

"I never shall be good enough to be one with him."

"Oh, yes, love! For you will be one with the Saviour Himself."

"No."

"Yes."

"How?"

"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world."

"Grant us thy peace," replied Laura, almost involuntarily responding, as since Keble's departure she had learned to do, in the Litany. "Minnie, do you remember how he prayed that?"

"He is your idol." Laura seemed not to hear, but she is going over every word that Keble had spoken when he had told her that her country was her idol. Would he be any better satisfied himself to be?

"Please leave me, dear. Don't be alarmed, I can bear more than you think. Pray for me. But go now, dearest."

Long and hard is the struggle; but Keble's and Miss Emily's prayers are answered. There are two verses in Keble's hand on a fly-leaf of the Prayer Book. One is, "The Lord is my Righteousness," the other, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Before night falls Laura has made them both her own. The servant who had come to call her to dinner was told she had a headache and wanted nothing but to be left quiet. At tea-time Minnie comes, and Laura says—

"I cannot talk to you yet, sweet. Bear with me a little longer."

She took the waiter which held her tea and put it on the table. When Minnie comes to bed she is surprised to see Laura lying calm as a child, in a night-dress that does not look purer than she does.

Minnie bends down and touches the yet cold brow with her trembling lips.

Laura meets the anxious look with a smile that pains more than her silence.

"Minnie, I have learned to say, 'Thy will be done!' His God is mine."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JULY 14

MRS. BUCKNER'S parlours and library were filled with ladies who had assembled to cut out clothes for the prisoners.

Laura and Mrs. Ellmer are conversing.

"If a woman is caught in a treasonable act, let her be punished; but take up one because she despises her country's invaders, bah! all of these attacks on women accustomed to the deference of Southern men only make immovable our contempt. Instinct will become settled feeling if the barbarism of the dark ages is to be revived. I cannot talk of that Butler."

"Ah! when that monster's infamous proclamation was read to Beauregard's Army, as I heard it was, by his order, I can see deathless hate make faces pale. I comprehend the curses of hearts too infuriated to speak. I cannot hear a spoken word; for, oh! what father, lover, brother, son can speak when his dearest—his crystalized idea of purity and weakness—is threatened with the revenge of hell? Were a gentleman to name Butler to me, I should resent it as an insult. I can scarcely call his name before a woman, to one younger than myself I could not," said Laura.

"Mrs. Black, have you been lately to the prisoners graves?"

"I have not; I've no money for hack-hire. The prisoners need all I can give."

"I was there yesterday; all except a few of the newest graves had flowers planted on them, and when we left there was none without. What a Mecca for Louisville's enslaved Southerners is the Prisoners' Lot in Cave Hill Cemetery!"

"Mrs. Muloch says that when she was out there were only ten more graves than bouquets, though some were dead. (a) The Federals' graves are neglected; very few have flowers planted on or near them; not one mound is covered with careful hands as all ours are as soon as Nature will permit."

"And this after the *Journal's* exhortations to the Union ladies not to be surpassed by the rebel ones!"

"We were to put up tombstones, but the authorities would permit nothing but a headboard, and ordered the exact length. Easter and Christmas we dress the graves beautifully. Mr. Huffman takes the Rev. Mr. Wells out in the buggy whenever a prisoner is buried, and he reads the service."

"It is strange that the Yankees permit that, when they won't allow us to furnish hearse or hacks for the funeral of even an acquaintance or relation who dies in their hospitals. Mr. Coons begged earnestly when his cousin died, but they told him he could go only by riding on the seat of the waggon that bore the coffin, which they would not permit to be metallic." (a)

"Did you hear how the citizens of Glasgow behaved last May, when Morgan entered?"

"No, but I can imagine."

"I doubt it. Mrs. Haddurd was telling me. Everybody rushed into the public square, many ladies without bonnets. Such delighted excitement Glasgow never saw. She said that one of her friends had been told the evening before that her husband was to be arrested and had passed the night watching. She was almost crazed, and when she saw Morgan exclaimed, 'Oh Morgan! I wish you were a king, and I would fall down and worship you.' Word had been sent to her by one of Glasgow's worthy keepers that her shift would not save her if she persisted in rebellion, and was told that she should be dragged to prison by the hair of her head. Morgan was so over-powered with fatigue that he begged the tavern-keeper at. (a) Laurenceburg to let him be quiet. But the ladies thought it a matter of such vital importance to see him, that after long urging they persuaded the landlord to let them pass into the room where he slept, safe at home, unguarded by even a lock; and one after the other gazed at him, and perhaps blessed him silently as they went out." (a)

"Novel homage! What will the papers say to this. They make such an outcry about the way the ladies of Kentucky kiss him."

"They'll never publish it; men's heads are too apt to follow women's hearts."

"Hear the first war-note of our liberty. Read it again, Minnie."

"PROCLAMATION.

"GLASGOW, July 10, 1862.

"Kentuckians! I am once more among you. Confiding in your patriotism and strong attachment to our Southern cause, I have at the head of my gallant band raised once more our Confederate flag, so long trampled upon by the Northern tyrants, but never yet disgraced. Let every true patriot respond to my appeal. Rise and arm. Fight against the despoiler! Fight for your families! your homes! for those you love best! for your conscience! and for the free exercise of your political rights, never again to be placed in jeopardy by the Hessian invader. Let the stirring sense of the late Richmond fight constantly be before you. Our brave army there and everywhere is victorious. McClellan and his foreign hordes are grovelling in the dust. Our independence is an achieved fact. We have bought it with privation and suffering, and sealed the contract with the seal of blood. Be not timorous, but rise, one and all, for the good cause, to clear our dear Kentucky's soil of its detested invaders.

Kentuckians! fellow countrymen! you know you can rely upon me. JOHN MORGAN, Acting Brigadier General, C. S. A."

"Oh, how that makes the heart glow!"

"It made me so happy that I slept like a child."

"Put you to sleep, did it?"

"Kentucky's false and constrained position had haunted me so for several nights that I had not slept well; I held it close to my cheek and slept. Morgan had come to free us. I slept calmly. There is quite an excitement in Shelby and Fayette about the Yankees stealing horses; there is no excuse for them; they have money and time to buy."

"Besides, what right have Yankees to Kentucky horses? Morgan's men are nearly all Kentuckians and many people are glad to have their horses taken; they dare not give them, or their property would be confiscated. I have known of more than one man who has said to Morgan or some of his men. 'There is such a horse in my stable; but you know I can't give it you.' At Danville Morgan promised to molest none but men in arms, and this is his rule."

"I wonder where he is going."

"Nobody knows but himself; one of his men told me that Beauregard told him to take whom he pleased, go where he pleased, and do what he pleased." (a)

CHAPTER XXIX.

JULY 21

MR. BUCKNER seemed to be always absorbed in plans for Kentucky's redemption; or else he was so despondent that it tormented Laura to hear him talk. He was a man of the world, clear-sighted as an oracle and far more positive in his expressions; he would calculate the resources of the two armies, and placing the two in the materialistic scales in which he always weighed his worldly schemes, pronounce it an utter impossibility for the over-ridden South to free herself from her oppressors, six times as numerous as her defenders. To him Irving's ir-

reverent, but meaning expression, 'the almighty dollar,' was the beam from which must be weighed every chance of success. The South was comparatively poor; the North must conquer. Of course, a mind like Laura's, scorning materialism in life as in philosophy, was made restive by such discourse. To her valour seemed stronger than money, and a just cause better than a multitude of men; of her country she would not despair; she could pray and wait, albeit, her midnight groans often passed through the still air to a King who "never slumbered." But for her individual future there was little hope now. Her head was bowed as though she knew the intense expression of pain on her face would grieve the angels, who waited on her footsteps. She scorned the idea of Morgan's being conquered, except by overwhelming numbers; but had not those numbers been concentrated near Lexington? The cars went up crowded several times a day; one day she had counted thirty-three cars full, since which time she had not heart to look at the hundreds of men caged in passenger and hog-cars, to her seeming like so many wild beasts soon to be let out of their cages to pounce upon Kentucky's handful of liberators. What if they were to conquer Morgan's Cavalry and give them up to the demons who thirsted for their blood? Ah! none but God can measure the agony of these dreadful days when Kentucky's enslaved sons and daughters waited, watched and prayed, as many had never prayed before, for their deliverance. Laura walked up and down the room until her thoughts settled on herself—even that was relief, and she sat down to write. "Love is to me what Niagara was—a mystery; not in its nature, but in its subtle influence. I cannot approach its grandest manifestation; for between Infinity and my little life the waves of being heave and agonize; the slippery stones are like my sin-stained days, threatening to betray me into an abyss no man has fathomed. But a great voice calls me on and an irresistible fascination bids me approach, and as I strive to move near to God, a mystical human love (the spray which rises from the emptying of Omnipotence into man's narrow life) sprinkles my forehead with its purifying power. It is God, and not man who 'signs me with the sign of the cross.' I have been thinking of the winter months that have immortalised themselves. I was like an unconscious child amusing itself with toys while its brother and only playmate dies in the next room. My joy last winter, was it not touching, poor heart? I am suffering from a cold; was it sinful that when I thought of consumption I smiled? But no; I would not have my life moved into eternity like a house half furnished. I wish to live as long as God has any more delights for me to receive or any more blessings for me to convey to others. Joy is immortal, poor heart! Wait, wait! Ah, shall I not be happy when I can see him again? My darling! My darling! My blessed saint! There will be no war THERE. One day I said to Miss Emily, 'Life seems to me a tasteless and insipid drink.' I did not know Keble then. She answered, 'Look to my Master, and at His word it may become a glorious draught of soul-inspiring vigour, a drop from a vessel that He hath blessed.' Keble, my angel, I have tasted it."

CHAPTER XXX.

"Oh, this slow torture! how long can I bear it, Laura?"

"My Grace is sufficient for thee."

"It was for you, and I thought your example had taught me a lesson of pious self-control I should never forget."

"Oh, thank God, dearest, that you have hope!"

"One minute; and despair the next."

"Wherefore despair? Cheer up, my little one. Don't you know that the

very title 'Morgan's band' has put hundreds to flight? I do not think they are in half the danger common men would be in."

"Oh, yes, yes! They court it—they run into it!"

"True enough; but Morgan is as cautious as he's brave—almost."

"The South cannot complain that the Northmen are not brave enemies; there have been too many hotly contested fields, and sometimes they have beaten us."

"With gun-boats; never on an open plain, if we had half, I believe I'll say, a third as many men. Morgan's men are eagles in speed, and lions in a fray. Let's work them a banner, a winged horse the device."

Minnie picked up her Bible: "Is not this a description of Morgan and his men? 'He rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men, He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted, neither turneth his back from the sword. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off.'"

"Don't, Minnie."

"What?"

"It makes me shudder to think of the self-confidence of Morgan and his men—don't say they 'mock at fear.'"

"You know Eustace said to me, 'God will preserve me for the sake of one who prays to Him.' Such a beautiful dream as I had the night before last; but oh! the awaking was so terrible." Tears filled Minnie's eyes.

"Pshaw! Dreams are foolish things."

"Not when they make us happy, as mine do. Dreams are sweet realities to me. That night—in my dream—he held me tightly to his heart, and as I felt it beating wildly—as I have in reality, he said, 'Mine is the heart that beats for Liberty.' Then a whisper kissed my ear—don't smile; you know I never was sensible as you—it is true as I said, I felt his breath kissing my ear."

"And what did the kiss say?"

"And for love."

"The very thing a kiss should say."

"Laura, were you ever kissed?"

"About five minutes since."

"That was a mere smack of the lips. I mean, did you ever feel two glowing lips pressed on yours until you felt that all your breath of life had passed away, and then you seemed to receive the fresh breath of a new life?"

"No."

"Oh! don't laugh. That was a holy time. I never felt such an ecstatic thrill of prayer as when those lips were slowly drawn away; and," she added in an awed whisper, "when I looked at him his gaze was buried in God's Heaven."

"Greet one another with a holy kiss," unconsciously escaped from Laura. Then she added more gaily, "Minnie, were I a heathen I should set you up on high and worship you as the earthly embodiment of love."

"I never could have tolerated Venus and Cupid; but if I had lived in the days and country of the Magi and heard their wonderful story, I should have deified the Babe Whose birth-place was noted by a star. There is a very bright star just before my window every night, sometimes a little east, sometimes a little west; but always there; and one night Eustace pointed to it and said, 'I name that star "Minnie," and if my nature becomes debased by day-life in camp or field, I'll look at it and it will guide my thoughts to purity and peace.' Then he folded his arms around me and murmured, "'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; and so shall I, if I can keep close, though it be but in spirit, to the pure.' Oh, I shall die, Laura, I shall die!" A violent fit of weeping checked all conversation for a time. Then the one who was schooled in grief brought two Prayer-Books, and opening to the Litany knelt down.

And while they knelt and prayed a bullet passed through Eustace's hair and singed a lock. The next day that lock was cut, and laid in a little Prayer-Book just over the petition (blistered by a woman's tear some months before)—

"Christ, have mercy on us!" Ah! of all things on earth the holiest are love and prayer; but not rightly can they be separated. What heart ever loved worthily to whom prayer was not the daily nourishment? There is an ecstasy in love that human nature is too weak to bear; the infant, tired of joy, must lay its head upon a parent's breast and sleep. The man who does not pray, does not love worthily. The woman who never prays can never rightly love. Keble had felt this, and so his anxious solicitude that Laura should become a Christian was not altogether celestial in its origin. But man cannot, and I feel sure that the Creator never will, separate the earthly from the heavenly. As Jesus is both God and Man, love is of heaven and earth. Next to being on the knees in Church, is to be by a lover's side. And just as demons look upon the bended knee and scoff, doth Satan scowl upon a lover's prayer.

CHAPTER. XXX.

"You can't imagine how delighted I am to see you. I have been perishing inch by inch for some days."

"I am glad that I have arrived; you couldn't afford to lose many inches; but why were you perishing, Miss Minnie?"

"For lack of news, Mr. Urston."

"I'll read you some of Morgan's Report of his last campaign in Kentucky. Here is something about Glasgow. ['There were but few troops in the town, who fled at our approach. The commissary stores, clothing, etc., together with a large supply of medical stores, found in Glasgow, were burned, and the guns were distributed among my command—about 200 of whom were unarmed when I left Knoxville. My reception in Lexington was very encouraging. The whole population appeared to turn out and vie with each other as to who should show us most attention. I reached Georgetown that evening. Just before entering the town, I was informed that a small force of Home Guards had mustered to oppose us. I sent them word to surrender their arms, and they should not be molested, but they fled. The people of Georgetown also welcomed us with gladness, and provided my troops with everything that they needed.] He says of the fight at Cynthiana: ['A severe engagement took place, which lasted about an hour and a half, before the enemy were driven into the town and compelled to surrender. I took four hundred and twenty prisoners, including about seventy Home Guards. I regret to have to mention the loss of eight of my men in killed and twenty-nine wounded. The enemy's loss was ninety-four killed and wounded, according to their own account. Their excess in killed and wounded is remarkable, as they fought us from behind stone fences, and fired at us from buildings as we charged through the town. At Winchester I found a number of arms, which were destroyed. I arrived at Richmond at 12 o'clock that night, and remained until the next afternoon, when I proceeded to Crab Orchard. I had determined to make a stand at Richmond and await reinforcements, as the whole people appeared ready to rise and join me, but I received information that large bodies of cavalry under General Clay Smith, and Colonels Wolsford, Metcalfe, Mundy, and Wynkoop, were endeavouring to surround me at this place. At Somerset I found a very large supply of commissary stores, which were destroyed. I also found the arms that had been taken from General Zollicoffer, together with large quantities of shell and ammunition, all of which were destroyed. I also burned at this place, and Crab Orchard, about one hundred and thirty Government wagons. I left Knoxville on the 4th day of this month with about 900 men, and returned to Livingston on the 28th inst. with nearly 1,200, having been absent just twenty-four days, during which time I travelled over a

thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed all the Government supplies and arms in them, dispersed about 1,500 Home Guards, and paroled nearly 1,200 regular troops. I lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, of the number that I carried into Kentucky, about 90.] I calculated Morgan's Cavalry's last gallop! I measured on the maps 240 miles (air-line) in ten days, and I did not measure all the little turn-asides they are reputed to have made. The papers give the names of over twenty towns they have visited since they came in—at the rate of more than two a day. Here are some other scraps pleasant to see, that I cut out for you. [‘When Morgan reached Georgetown, he had a gay time. Being a great lady’s man, he enjoyed himself to his satisfaction. They ran out, and hugged and kissed him by scores. He remained there two days, and his pickets came to within one mile of the city and killed one of our pickets at the toll-gate, within one mile and in sight of our troops, but orders were given by General Ward not to pursue them, for fear of a general engagement.’]”

Minnie curled her lips :—“Fearful of a general engagement!”

“At Cynthiana, [‘The Cincinnati steam fire engine horses were run into Mr. Gray’s stable, and several of Mr. Glass’s boys stripped their coats and shirts off upon Morgan’s approach and played hostler—by which sharp trick they deceived the thieves. Morgan ordered them to saddle the horses, and afterwards took possession. He seemed to like them very well, and told Mr. Glass that he wished the fire department of Cincinnati would send him some more.—General G. Clay Smith reached Lexington with Wynkoop’s Pennsylvania Cavalry, and at once assumed command of our forces and commenced vigorous preparations for an expedition for our relief. Having formed a junction with Metcalfe’s, the whole force, numbering about 1,200, under command of General Smith, marched forward to Paris. In the meantime the rebel army had taken possession of the place on the preceding evening, and, having received the congratulations of their sympathizing friends, and dragged down from the Court-house the good old flag, and torn it in shreds and trailed it in the dust with scoffs and imprecations, had rested quietly during the night. Some six or seven of the enemy are reported killed by our gallant boys, but only two bodies have been found, and some twenty were taken prisoners, several wounded, but soon the fleet-footed cavaliers were beyond our reach, and, although General Smith promptly pursued them, we have but little hope that he will be able to overhaul them.’]”

“A special correspondent, who is a special fool, writes :—[‘His rangers hang on our advance, annoying our pickets and communicating intelligence of our movements to the enemy. Some days ago he was posted with his troops near Severn. General Mitchell learned his position, and set a trap to catch him. He completely surrounded the rebel chief and took with him in wagons, at night, about 1,200 men to surprise and capture him. The expedition reached a point a few miles from where Morgan was, when they met him with a flag of truce, thus completely outwitting General Mitchell. During their social chat the rebel taunted the General with inactivity, and ignorance of the proper mode of procedure. The General replied that he would soon find him at Murfreesboro, with a force that he could not escape; Morgan offered to bet 100 dols. that he would be there twenty-four hours after his arrival, and, no doubt, he is now in town, though it is entirely surrounded by troops, for he seems to be ubiquitous and changeable as the cameleon. He was only a few hours in advance of us from Camp Jackson, as we learned from the negroes along the route, and, if not yet in town, is in the neighbourhood watching us.’] Here is what the *Journal* says of the Yankees at Paris :—[‘Our troops in sufficient numbers came up with the rebels and might have attacked them. Colonel Metcalfe was anxious to attack them, but he was not permitted to do so. At one point in the pursuit, the Federal officer in command went to bed in the morning, giving strict orders that he should on no account be waked till six o’clock in the afternoon, and, although important intelligence arrived in the meantime as to the position and movements of the rebels, and officers and men

were anxious and impatient to go forward, the quiet snooze of the leader could not be disturbed, and when at length the marauders left Monticello, to pass into Tennessee, our "avengers," that were to have been, were at Stanford, twelve or fourteen hours behind, having there given up the pursuit. After a free and easy trip of ten or twelve days through Kentucky, they have gone off with their spoils to return again no doubt. We dwell with unspeakable pain upon the humiliating fact that for two weeks this devastating raid was endured, through the very heart of our State, in its fairest, wealthiest, most populous, and most loyal sections, with ample means at hand, in men and material, to crush the daring miscreant. There is abundant testimony that Morgan and his band boasted much about the number, activity, and efficiency of their spies in Kentucky, stating, that, through these spies, they could get daily or semi-daily information from all parts of our State. Our conviction is perfect that Morgan's projected dash upon the railroad train was known in this State very extensively beforehand. On Saturday last, four intelligent Union gentlemen came to us at different hours, all of them with manifest anxiety, and inquired in substance whether we thought it possible that the Secessionists had got any important news not then published. We answered that we did not think it possible, and inquired in turn why they asked the question. They replied, that all the most prominent rebels, met with in public houses and upon the street, were talking busily among themselves, and evidently chuckling and exulting at something which they made no mention of to Union men.]"

"Morgan knows more of what is going on in Louisville than we do. I'll read you this I cut out of a *Journal* a day or two since. ['At Glasgow the band of two hundred or more had their breakfast at a secession house about an hour after their arrival, from which it is clear that all arrangements for feeding them had been previously made.'] Here is a paper that you pronounced contemptible; I dare say you will think the writer of this article knows something."

"That my hero has taught them?"

"Even so. Shall I read it? ['Why don't they catch Morgan? He has been for days circulating within an area of about seventeen miles of Frankfort as composedly as if he was in Dixie. There are three times his force now in Frankfort, probably four times that in Lexington, to say nothing of isolated regiments that might be brought to bear against him. We content ourselves that in some way not understood by us, or by John Morgan, they will catch John Morgan.'] There was once a Lieutenant Huntington, Miss Minnie, and he told me all the fal-de-ral about the Yanks making dashes on them was news to them; that [never yet had they even attempted to make one, and that the Morgan prisoners they boast of are stragglers who have permission to visit a friend, or sick man, or those mounted on worn-out horses—whom they take by following the main body at a respectful distance. (a) I told the lieutenant I had heard Miss Breckenridge say that she was never afraid of Morgan's men being caught; his face was illuminated, and by its light I discovered a secret."

Minnie said hastily, "The reason I laugh when I hear of the Yanks pursuing Morgan, is that I know they fear him too much to voluntarily attack him unless they are in very close quarters."

"I asked the lieutenant why he and most of the men seemed in uncommon spirits. 'We're going home,' he replied. A man wrote from Versailles, ['We were entirely defenceless, not even so much as a pop-gun; three of our most influential citizens set out to meet him on the way, and to make terms for our protection, to sue for mercy and for quarter.']"

"Wonderful people! Not even a pop-gun! They must have sent their fowling pieces South. Woodford is a noble county. Last winter numbers of gentlemen there agreed to keep but two suits of clothes, and send all the rest to the prisoners. How such men must enjoy suing for quarter from their sons and brothers!"

"Probably feel as a man does who sues for a wife. I was in Versailles, smoking a cigar, on the 15th of July, and fell into a dose. I had been thinking of Kentucky's slavery, and suddenly, a host of angels seemed

to cry with one accord, 'Morgan! Morgan! Morgan!' Thank God my State is free! I exclaimed, and sprang to my feet, rubbed my eyes, and tried to determine whether I was still asleep. For when I looked out of the window eight or nine hundred men in piebald uniform, mounted on fine horses, were quietly looking round as they rested their steeds and sang, 'Cheer, boys, cheer.' Their entrance was so quiet that it had not roused me, though the nearest horseman was not a square off." (a)

"They knew they were among friends—they announced their presence not by clang of arms, but by our Kentucky song."

"You said you had never heard it without tears; I am glad you were not in Georgetown. I never heard such fine singing. Is it not significant that the bravest set of men west of Stuart's Cavalry, and east of Forrest's, are renowned for their devotion to the gentlest of the fine arts? When they finished their song they gracefully executed a few manoeuvres as if to prove to us the race of Centaurs was not extinct. They had two cannons with them, which in time of emergency I should suppose might be carried on as many horses' backs."

"Did Morgan get many recruits?"

"He might recruit faster; but none except the boldest and those willing to undergo the greatest hardships will join him. I heard a good anecdote told of one of his captains. A young man had, with great personal risk, made his way through Lincoln's soldiers to reach Morgan; but when he saw the life they led his heart sank; one of his companions urged him to join, a captain turned and fixing his eye on him said, 'Young man, unless you can give a circular saw two minutes the start of you and then beat it; unless you can ride two days without sleeping and three without eating, we don't want you.' (a) Morgan's men consider that a favour is conferred upon every man who is judged worthy to join them. Another reason why he does not have as many thousands as hundreds, is because of his men being in the regular Confederate Service for three years. This is one of the numerous anecdotes they tell of Morgan's coolness. Having on a uniform, he went up to a Yankee guard and demanded his gun, as the man was lying down. He asked where were the others of the picket; nine were carousing in a house near by. He ordered them to march before him, and they did—into his lines.' (a) I don't suppose they cared much. More than one Yank has said he would rather be Morgan's prisoner than in the U.S. service. I never heard of but one of his prisoners who abused him, and that low-bred wretch called him a gentlemanly blackguard. A letter says—['Our parole soldiers all speak well of the conduct of Morgan. He demeaned himself in a very gentlemanly manner towards our men. Morgan's men did all in their power to induce the Union soldiers to enlist under their banner, and succeeded, we are reliably informed, in enlisting fifty of Metcalfe's Cavalry, and about sixty citizens of the town and surrounding country.'] The *London Times* says—['In "Stonewall" Jackson however, they seem to have produced a real General of daring enterprise, and now a certain General Morgan is rising into fame as one of those who cannot only use armies, but who can create them. These are the men for such a war as this, and a people that can produce such Generals at need may well look forward to ultimate victory.'] Have you read the day's *Journal*?"

"You might as well ask me if I clean chimneys."

"It says there was a rumour that Morgan had been caught, and that the news may prove true, but experience has convinced us that those who hope to hold this active partisan in an infamous cause will find that they 'have an eel by the tail.'"

"Isn't it strange that Prentice writes so much more about Morgan than anyone else?"

"Not at all; we are apt to abuse the most those we are most afraid of."

"The *Journal* says of Gallatin—['While Morgan was there they flocked in from the country in all directions congratulating him, the men bringing supplies and the women bouquets. The latter flocked around him, fairly impeding his progress through the streets.'] A correspondent writes, 'We are building stockades—'"

"Which will prove stocks for fools' feet. One of Morgan's best services is

destroying indictments for treason. He made way with one hundred in the little town of Glasgow, given to secure the loyalty of doubtful men."

"Did you know another preacher had joined him?"

"Another?"

"He had before three candidates for the ministry. One of them just before leaving home said, 'Mother, it is the dearest wish of my heart to preach the Gospel, and if God spares my life, I will; but I must fight for freedom first.' (a)

"Here is the official report of Ellesworth, Morgan's telegraph-operator. He has a pocket instrument he attaches to the wires and intercepts and sends despatches at pleasure. From July, 11-22, Morgan kept up communication with the men in service of the United States without its being suspected. Once Ellesworth wished to know what station Z. was; to ascertain without creating suspicion he telegraphed to Z. 'A gentleman here bets me cigars you cannot spell the name of your station correctly.' The reply was, 'L-e-b-a-n-o-n-j-u-n-c-t-i-o-n. Is this not right? How did you think I would spell it?' The answer was, 'He gives it up; he thought you would put two b's in Lebanon!' 'Ha! ha! ha!' was sent back on the wire; 'He is a green one.'"

"The best practical joke since the 'Wooden Horse,'" said Laura; "particularly to General Boyle, whose plans for moving on Morgan were all found out, while the troops supposed to be in pursuit rested a while longer. General Morgan sent a despatch to Prentice, 'Good-morning, George, I am quietly watching the complete destruction of all Uncle Sam's property in this little burg. I regret exceedingly that this is the last that comes under my supervision on this route. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit, and wish to know if you will be at home. All well in Dixie.' 'July 22, '62.' He sent one to Boyle, 'Good-morning, Jerry. This telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps you too well posted. My friend Ellesworth has all of your despatches since July 10th, on file. Do you wish copies?' To Honourable G. W. Dunlop, Washington, he sent, 'Just completed my tour through Kentucky; captured seventeen cities, destroyed millions' worth of property. Passed through your country, but regret not seeing you. We paroled 1,500 rebel prisoners.'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUGUST 20th.

As Mr. Buckner had thought probable, Myers caused his arrest; and now in the dog-days we shall take a glance at him in his prison on the corner of Green and Fifth. Drearly passed the hours, as though grief meant that they should never end. In a room, 40 by 47 feet, were confined 160 men. Little bunks were on the floor. To put 160 to bed in such small space was impossible; and Mr. Buckner expected to pass the night on the bare boards of the dirty floor; but the generous Southerners who had the honour to be the first imprisoned for love of liberty, shared their beds with new-comers, and he was invited to partake of one by its occupant who weighed 200 pounds; only politeness forbade his laughing at Mr. Parks' apparent joke. He said he intended to pass the night in a chair.

"In a chair! my dear sir, you are dreaming of luxuries." Mr. Buckner, seated on a window-sill, had been too much absorbed in anxiety for the wife, from whom he had been wrenched while she was unconscious of his kiss, to take much notice of his surroundings. He now looked about. A sky-light admitted enough heat to roast a pig or steam it in the reeking atmosphere. Mr. Parks allowed him to take his reckoning and then repeated his offer, saying—

"We'll have to sleep feet to head; but I promise not to kick your brains out."

"A promise quite unnecessary; they will soon be baked. But I cannot express my sense of your—"

"Never mind, sir. Southerners are all brothers, and indeed a more agreeable set of refined, educated, and even pious men you have seldom met; we have splendid conversations."

"With this stench in your nostrils?"

"To appreciate the present purity of atmosphere, you should have come before the vaults were emptied, when gentlemen found the use of brooms necessary to prevent inundations rising too high. What is the news in the outside world?"

"The following General Order is to be enforced; even our bought up men can't be trusted. 'No person hostile in opinion to the Government will be allowed to stand for office in Kentucky. The attempt will be regarded as sufficient evidence of treasonable intent to warrant his arrest . . . in seeking office he becomes an active traitor if he has never become one otherwise. By order of General Boyle, July 21, 1862.' Now, who are of this class? The Order says, a certain sort of man who has never been a traitor otherwise is made one by the Act. Treason may be mere pantomime—to think! Who can know what a man thinks who has not shown treason by word or deed?"

"But Prentice has found two can play at the game. He says: ['The Order, we believe, was strictly observed in most of the counties, even those where the rebels claimed to have a majority, but it was set at defiance in Morgan. In that county, on the day of election, about a hundred guerillas made their appearance, and took everything into their own hands. The consequence was, that, although there was a full Union ticket, it was beaten throughout, two or three to one, strong rebels or quasi rebels being elected to all the offices.]"

"Besides 28,000 of our voters are in the C.S.A. This was officially stated; and of course, they would not make the case out worse than it is."

"A Yankee colonel told me that the books show there have been but 12,000 Kentuckians mustered in the United States' Army." (a)

"In Louisville but one company has been mustered in this summer, though the State was permitted to raise nine-months' men to prevent a draft."

"General Lovell has betrayed New Orleans."

"I must give that shameful and unjust charge flat denial. I am glad to defend him."

"At the expense of the Mayor and City Council. You must feel as if you were about to defend Louisville."

"There is this to be learned from the unfortunate condition of both cities—the men in office have the people at their mercy. Failure to carry out two orders and two unfortunate accidents enabled the Yankee boats to pass the forts. General Lovell narrowly escaped capture. Pollard says, 'Evidence showed that the evacuation was made at the earnest instance of the civil authorities . . . in order to save the city from the risk of bombardment, General Lovell expressed a willingness to remain with all the troops. But it was the expression of public opinion that the army had better retire.'"

"It was right to save the city from destruction."

"Then it was right for our civil authorities to desire the Secessionists to keep still and save Louisville from a surer destruction. You sneer at our being quiet, and Pollard taunts New Orleans that she has no Jackson of Alexandria. Charleston and Vicksburg are the only cities that can 'cast a stone' at Louisville."

"They are not the only ones that do."

"No; because people generally know as little of the history of the present as of the past. Remember another thing; when a Georgian enlists he fights for his family and property; when a Kentuckian joins the C.S.A., he gives up his home and property. After the war he may regain his land, but it will be of little value with his house burned and all his moveable property confiscated. How often is there a contest between two brethren who may go and fight for freedom, while the other remains to fulfil duties more sacred than those to his country? To find a man who thinks for himself is rare indeed. Some ill-

natured and hasty persons raised a cry against Kentucky; then blood-hounds rushed after her pell mell. None thought of asking 'How would my State have acted if in her position? Did my State expect to be ruined when she seceded? Moreover Kentucky cannot be justly compared to her sisters until the Conscription Law they needed can be applied to her. There are not many more Stay-at-Homes here than Conscripts at the South.'

"Mr. Grant, I wish to congratulate you on your political sagacity."

"I cry your mercy. Did not Crittenden say he would take nothing less than his compromise measures? If he has since tried to make Kentucky do just what she said she would not do am I to blame? Bitterly do I remember our conversation of last August."

"Indeed, you could not have been expected to foresee such marvellously sudden changes of conscience as to what a pledge means."

"General James Jackson is the most perfect example of politicians. Kentucky sent him to Congress because on January 8th, at the Union State Convention, he said, 'We will take our rights at the point of the bayonet. When the Government is broken up my sympathies are with the South. Let us require half the army, half the navy, half of the territories and the capital; we'll take no less.' Was it strange Kentucky trusted a man who claimed more than President Davis? But he died a general in the Yankee army. When some thirty or forty of our secesh citizens were arrested and taken to the prison in your city, the Union men of Owen followed them, and used every exertion to have them released, some staying a week or two in Louisville from their business, and going security to the amount of thousands and tens of thousands for them until they effected the release of almost every one, thus showing their sympathy for them and their families."

"I was in Hebron Church when the minister prayed for Lincoln and I coughed when I was not thought to have a cold," said Mr. Knowles.

"Suppose we tell the causes of our arrest," said Mr. Ross. This was agreed to, and Ross was called on to relate the circumstances of his.

"My wife tied a piece of red flannel on the tail of a white chicken." (a)

There was a general laugh, rather forced from some.

Mr. Ross continued, "You needn't laugh. I am a moderate Unionist, but my wife is like tinder when a Yankee touches Kentuckians, and it was said I was as bad, only I wouldn't speak out. I really know of no other offence of which I have been guilty than that of not strangling my wife."

"I suppose, Mr. Preacher, you have been preaching political sermons?" said one, addressing a gentleman in long coat and high black vest.

"Never. I once had a congregation in New England. My auditors required of me at least one political sermon a month. I refused, believing my mission was to preach the gospel. I took refuge in the only religious body in which men are not expected to preach politics; even Yankee fanaticism quails before her Christ-like calm."

"The Catholic," said an Irishman.

"I should have excepted the Roman Catholic."

"I don't know; the United States' flag was raised over the cathedral in Cincinnati by order of ecclesiastical authority. Archbishop Purcell is rank; also Archbishop Hughes, whom the Government sent on a political mission to Europe."

"One of the Guards gave me this paper, knowing I was a Catholic," said Mr. Bryant. "I read more than a column of the Archbishop's sermon, to which title it has as much right as has one of Theodore Parker's Sunday bouts. A large proportion of the United States' army is Catholic and the Pope might influence it."

"I am a Calvinist, but I respect the High Church people for their consistency in keeping religion and what they call the Church above politics. The wife of one high in authority in your Church, Thompson, told a friend that at a Loyal Ladies' Meeting she attended, one of them said to her, 'Why, what are you doing here? None of your people are here?'" (a)

"That is not so," replied Thompson; "but it is nearer fact than one would think, because here a large proportion of the educated and wealthy attend the Church and are Southerners."

"Is that so?" asked one from Tennessee.

"Yes; I saw too Union ladies in a passion over a letter wherein the Yankee stated that the first classes were generally for the South. I have seen the same idea in other letters written to Northern papers. A lady who calculates even sentiments of the heart by arithmetic, told me that on her visiting-list were 109 Southern families and 22 Unionists, she did not count divided families, or the disproportion would have been greater, for in that case a Northern man has generally married a Kentuckian whose children are nearly sure to be Southern.

The remark about the Archbishops was still rankling in Mr. Brady's heart and he took the first interval of silence to say, "Bishop McIlvaine is as bad as Archbishop Hughes."

"Perhaps he is. But the Church governs herself and all her clergy, and her laity can speak by deputies in General Convention; so of course we may expect a little passage of arms between different political parties. You, Mr. Brady, are governed by a Pope or his vicars and have no chance for self-government, consequently none for self-expression. Even if politics should show its head in the Church they will be put down; and she will deserve as much more credit if she represses fanaticism than will your autocracy for not showing it, as an orator would deserve more praise for self-command than would a dumb man."

"There are two things I like about the Episcopal Church; it has always discouraged fanaticism of any kind"—

"It is two old to be carried away with enthusiasm."

"And the tenor of its teaching is, every body mind his own business and don't dictate the amusements and politics of others. The reason the Episcopal Church has not spread more rapidly is that the North has always been the eager recipient of all sorts of isms, beginning with selfism, and ending with atheism; it will be well if she be delivered from them at the sacrifice of worldly prosperity. Now, men will learn that quaint as they may think Apostolic religion, it is better than any new fangled compound of sensualism, poetry, and pseudo-philanthropy."

"But there are Abolitionists in your Church: Tyng—"

"May be as bad as Beecher; but the difference is, the Church controls Mr. Tyng so far as his priestly acts are concerned, and Mr. Beecher controls his congregation. The Church that keeps out novelties can ward off Abolitionism without offending the warmest Abolitionist, provided he be High Church enough to respect old rules."

"But the Episcopal Church has never had a law to keep out politics."

"She has very few laws of any kind. It is her boast that children well-instructed in a few fundamentals, need not be kept in leading-strings after they are men. Neither is it requisite to pass a law that a mother shall not instigate one half of her children to murder the other half. The Church has grown from the seed God planted; it was not born in Geneva or Rome, in Lambeth or Constantinople. I beg pardon for talking so much."

"Granted. Let anybody talk who can make us forget home for a minute. Perhaps, Mr. Preacher, you will tell us why you were arrested, if your people are tired of self-praise."

"I cannot tell," answered Mr. Wells.

"I know," said Mr. Stokes, "you were too kind to the prisoners."

"Yesterday a United States officer came up to Mr. Wells; I was standing by. He said, 'I have never before had the pleasure of addressing you; but I happened to be in General Boyle's office when the order for your arrest was given. I inquired the cause, and was told none was specified; that you had General Buell's permission for all you had done; but you were a man of too much influence to be allowed to go at large in such times.' After a few words of sympathy this noble officer in bidding him good-bye attempted to leave some money in Mr. Wells' hands."

"How can you Episcopalians pray for Lincoln?"

"Because St. Paul told us to, and I don't think Lincoln worse than Nero. However, most Southerners have written 'Confederate' over 'United' in the Prayer for the President."

"The curfew-law is again in vogue. —Everybody in Lexington—I suppose in some other towns also—is obliged to be home and have all lights extinguished by eight o'clock. In Newport the Provost Marshal arrested all sympathizers to-day. This is persecution for mere opinions' sake. Why were you arrested?"

"Because Dutch hirelings had power to enter my house at midnight and I asked for their writ of authority."

"You were rather green. You ought to have let them search."

"That was six months' since, before I learned that law is a respectable institution for peaceful days, but too much of an old foggy for days of confusion."

In the latter part of August the prisoners were moved from the dirtiest of holes in Green Street to a tenement built for them on Broadway, whose only recommendation was freshness. Before the high fence was put up Mrs. Buckner and Laura passed a square below, and Laura asked—"What building can that be?"

Her mother looked towards the new edifice, and seeing some mills near, replied—

"I suppose it is a machine shop."

It never occurred to either it was intended as a habitation for human beings; its height is only eight feet from the ground, flooring and ceiling included; there is a tin roof and a sky-light so that not a single ray of a Kentucky sun can be lost. In the shadow of the wall, hoping that he may not be too well baked, Mr. Buckner sits with a few comrades. The plank fence is too high to permit the prisoners the alleviation they had in the other prison of looking at sympathetic faces.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"My heart bleeds for Kentucky, a Sampson bound by the Dalilah of Mammon! But, beware, oh, politicians! The giant will awake and will bring down the temple of the Union, the prison-house of freedom; the theatre of Democratic farces on the heads of those who trifled with his honour," said Laura.

"'Tis well you are not a man," replied Mr. Meredith.

"If I were I might become chicken-hearted, and follow the fashion set by the Unionists of the Border-States, more afraid of a prison than of falsehood."

"Besides, being a woman you have a right to be fickle."

"Wherein have I exercised this right?"

"In the Neutrality question."

"Is it fickle to acknowledge deception and eschew it as a viper? But I am not fickle; it is you who have changed; I have not altered my opinions. I prefer peace to war; you professed to do the same, but when your vote had to be taken you voted for war; I merely say what I told you some time since, that if Kentucky was forced to choose sides she would go with the South. True, I did not then want her to choose sides. If any other State but South Carolina had headed this Revolution, I might have sooner been a convert to Secession; I remembered the old war between Clay and Calhoun; I was an adherent of the former, therefore suspicious of the teachings of the latter."

"Here at least you are fickle."

"Not exactly; I love Clay as much as ever; I believe were he living he would be for the South; he was no admirer of despotism; he believed in the right of a people to choose their own form of Government and the men to administer it. He was always opposed to the Abolitionists; he foretold that what has come to pass would be if they were not checked. But Clay was not as far-sighted as

Calhoun; had he been they might not have differed so radically. Clay was like Kentucky, too noble to be suspicious. But you accused me of fickleness in religion. What if I often went with you to the Unitarian Church, did I ever avow myself one of you? You know I was one of those happy children" (with a strongly sarcastic tone), "brought up to believe themselves out of the Kingdom of God, who are to choose when of age what religion they will embrace, or, as is more generally the case, none at all. Your preacher was personally a favourite with me; he preached beautiful sermons; I didn't believe in the Trinity, nor, in fact, in anything except my right to believe of God whatever suited my fancy to presume He ought to be. Did anything seem dark to my very brilliant intellect? I was quite at liberty to class it with mythological fancies. I said I had no creed, but as everybody except an idiot must have one, mine was, I believe, in myself."

"You are facetious."

"No, only sorrowful."

"Your conversion was brought about by a handsome officer."

"Your words are in one sense true. I had begun my attendance on the Episcopal Church before I had seen Captain Wilson—for, I scorn to assume to be ignorant of whom you spoke—I went there because on Sunday I needed rest; I didn't care anything about devotion, but I felt the need of mental rest. All the week I talked, I read, I thought, I dreamed nothing but politics. I did not choose on Sunday to listen to Union or Secession innuendoes, quite as odious and more provoking than an outspoken political opinion. Therefore, I went to the Episcopal Church—not to worship, for that I never thought of. I love fine music, so when those grand chants began, I shut my eyes and enjoyed. I like the eloquence of simplicity and earnestness, so when the simplest prayers I had ever heard were prayed, I shut my eyes and enjoyed. I was no 'miserable offender,' not I, indeed; but when I looked at Judge Good's white head, and Mr. Griffin's manly form bowed to confess themselves sinners, I thought of men who had used this same service, Bacon, Locke, Wordsworth, Newton, Coleridge, Shakespeare, Wellington, Clay, Calhoun, Washington, Marshall, Jay, Hamilton, Cooper, Irving, and a host of others. And I wondered how many of them now sing the *Trisagion* around the Great White Throne."

"You are eloquent."

"Excuse me; I forgot I was speaking to one who could not understand me; but really, one might write a book 'Reveries in a Church,' as pleasant as the 'Reveries of a Bachelor.'"

"So it was your imagination that made an Episcopalian of you?"

"By no means; that had almost made me a Unitarian, with self-conceit for handmaiden; I was only pleased to find that the poetry I imagined monopolized by Unitarianism was the atmosphere of Episcopalianism. So to enjoy poetry—I use the word in its most significant sense—and to avoid barrel-speeches, I left the churches where I used to go. Moreover, when a preacher leaves his pulpit to descend into the political arena, I feel towards him as I would have done had I gone into Sir Isaac Newton's observatory, and beheld him turn impatiently from a contemplation of the universe to play in the ashes, scattering them not only over himself, but over me."

"You think it is bad enough to have 'dust thrown in your eyes' all the week. But you have not told me what made you an Episcopalian."

"Argument."

"The captain's?"

"Partly his and partly that which has been accumulating for 1800 years."

"You wouldn't read Unitarian arguments to please me?"

"Why should I have done so? If Unitarianism is true, people needn't believe anything. If there is no hell, we must go to Heaven. If my heart is pure and my mind untainted by depravity, I don't see anything better I can do than to follow my inclinations."

"Those are not our doctrines."

"Not theoretically; the case is something like Berkeley's philosophy; but virtually they are."

"Something of my belief you still retain."

"What?"

"That imagination and argument make us Christians."

"Neither Christianized me. Shame for my ingratitude to my Great Benefactor first aroused me. A conviction of His holiness made me feel my sinfulness, and I will tell you the truth, the certainty that the noblest, truest man I had ever seen would not, if he could have done it, have made me his wife because he felt that it was wrong for a Christian to become 'one' with a defiant sinner, made me realize that a criminal bold in guilt or recklessness would not be a fit companion for God and the holy angels."

"Captain Wilson dared not have insinuated such a thing."

"Insinuate it? No; he said it."

"What!" and Meredith's eyes flashed fire. "The impudent rascal?"

"Impudent! of all men I have ever known he is the most respectful to every woman."

"I must have misunderstood your former assertion."

"Let us drop this subject."

"Yes; you toy with subjects of conversation as you do with my feelings; pick them up and examine them for amusement, and the moment I open my lips, let them drop. What have I been for months but your plaything? My heart is your football."

"And I, poor child! had no idea that I had ever touched such a novel toy."

"Miss Buckner, it is not possible that you feign unconsciousness of my love for you?"

"I do not feign it."

"Is it necessary, then, for me to declare it in word?"

"By no means. I wanted to read you something from Theodore Parker."

Laura would have made a good general at surprises; she was so fond of side-movements. To hear him talk of love, talk to her in whose heart ever echoed the spiritualizing love of Keble Wilson! No, no! anything but that! As well let politics echo through a church, as sentimentalities in her cloistered heart.

"Do you remember you once told me that Parker was your apostle?"

"Yes."

"And your boast that you honoured your apostle more than I did mine?"

"St. Paul, the Apostle of obedience? You said you had never seen a man who deserved the title 'perfect gentleman,' and when I inquired what your standard was, I found it to be a whole that you had compounded out of St. Paul's exhortations. Have you ever yet seen a per—"

"Parker says," hastily began Laura, with a betraying blush of confusion, "that if war be right, Christianity is wrong."

"I deprecate war as I deprecate sin; but till the Second Advent both will exist. My party was exploded; so I had to join one of the two existent ones, the one that fights to punish other people's sins and encourages its own, or the party that defends the birthright given by God—the right of self-government. I could take but one side; even in childhood when reading Scott's novels my sympathies were always with the Cavaliers."

"Because they were the champions of freedom?"

"No; but because I felt what Ruskin has put in words—'The main element which makes Scott like Cavaliers better than Puritans is, that he thinks the former free and masterful, as well as loyal; the latter formal and slavish.'"

A laugh was the only response; a man seldom recognizes his own picture the first time he sees it. A babe in self-knowledge, he is unconscious that the image he is crowing over, or cooing to, is his own.

"Hear more from Parker, 'The very fact of an aggressive war shows that the men who cause it must be either fools or traitors. I think lightly of what is called treason against government.'"

"He means a revolt against tyranny."

"Such tyranny as makes it treason for one to take a sick brother into his

house and tend him, because after his name is written C.S.A ; that seems determined to expunge the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew from the lives and consciences of men. Is it tyranny to wish success to father and brother, who having had to flee, or rot in prison, choose the first, and now return to reclaim their soil from the hired invader?"

"Hired, indeed! The South insults the North by this charge; she should know her better."

"As well as Parker did; he says, 'If the president gets his 50,000 volunteers, a thing likely to happen, for your free American of Boston will enlist for 27 cents a day, only having his livery, his feathers and his glory thrown in.' This he said of the Mexican war; then the glory was to make pecuniary vassals of an inferior race; how to make dependent colonists of free-born Americans. The question with me is not whether I shall hold slaves; but whether I shall be a slave. Yankee patriotism lies in Yankee pockets."

"Tut! Look at the expenditure."

"Of money they expect the South to pay. But it is only ignorance of what has been the customary military expenditure that is the cause of the surprise expressed now by such unexpected lavishness. From 1791-1832 more than eight ninths of the revenue of the nation was spent for purposes of war. From 1812-1815 we paid in this way 9,235,051,937 dols. From 1835-1840 we paid £127,973,418 dols. In the Mexican war a special grant for the army above was 178,000,000 dols. We pay annually 20,00,000, dols. to support the arsenal at Springfield."

"But the people did not do this."

"No, the fact is, the American people do little of anything; demagogues and office-holders are the busy men; it is a cause of gratulation that the Southern Confederacy will at the close of the war find herself too poor to make it worth while for rogues to seek office. The ship 'Ohio' costs annually 200,000 dols. more than Harvard University."

"I am glad you admire Parker so much."

"Heaven forbid! Half of our present sin and trouble is the result of the fanaticism of such as he."

"What is all this tirade of Parker's about?"

"Principally about the Mexican War, and in his condemnation of that I agree most heartily. I was very young at the time of that war; but my first political opinion was a prophecy of my last, an indignant shame for men who called themselves free, and tried to force their freedom upon a reluctant people; I do not remember ever having had a childish feeling of exaltation over our disgraceful victories in Mexico; I never thought it was anything great for a man to whip a boy. My father was opposed to that war, and I think from him I may have imbibed an aversion that suited my instincts like hand and glove."

Meredith hoping to produce a diversion said,

"It is my chief proverb that few proverbs are true. 'They suit like hand and glove,' an adage says of two friends. That may be truer than the speaker thinks; one is cold and selfish and uses the other to produce warmth as long as it can; then casts it aside."

"Your version would apply to many friendships; for instance the old one between the two sections of the United States; the South—I am content to take the North as authority—was the true cause of this war; she forgot her chivalry to invade another nation, and now she is punished. God has sent the South a foreign foe to punish her as she punished Mexico. Years ago Parker said, 'It is related that forty-eight men were hanged at once for desertion, put to death with painful procrastinations; it is related that these men were doomed to be thus murdered on the day when the battle of Chancellorsville took place. These men awaiting their death were told they should not suffer till the American flag would wave its stripes over the hostile walls. You know the name of the officer on whom this barbarity rests; it was Colonel Harney. Six men were made to dig the grave for their companions and were then flogged with two hundred lashes each. God has punished the South; Harney, Butler, Phelps, Banks, Mitchell, Turehin and such are her scourges. Harney has done the very thing in Missouri

that was done in Mexico. The government was as much to blame for these cruelties as if it had decreed them; for a superior not to condemn and punish is to assume the responsibility of an act. Every Southern senator and representative who forebore to demand Harney's expulsion from an army that he had disgraced, is guilty of that act, and let them and their children suffer God's visitation the more patiently that they have drawn it upon the South. Every newspaper editor, every man, woman and child who knew of this barbarity and held his peace became an accomplice."

Meredith's conscience evidently applied this outburst of indignation to things "nearer home," than Mexico.

"Why are you so restive under deserved punishment?"

"Our prayer is, 'Deal not with us according to our iniquities.' Nor do we acknowledge that they who have sinned as we, have any right to appoint themselves our scourges. God may use the North as a father would use a rod; then the rod may be cast upon the earth while He embraces His repentant child."

"I fear," said Meredith, with his usual sneer of a laugh, "that I shall have to find another apostle; Parker thought the Twelve were antiquated; but that he would never wear out. He has hardly mouldered away; yet his disciples must find a new master."

"They have him ready-made."

"Who?"

"Mob-law. Put away the Bible; first follows the moral, then the civil law. Next Mob-law stalks impertinently over dead order and living men. You are training hundreds of thousands to steal and murder, insult women, and maltreat children; when they return home to practise their lessons you may want another master. Another may await you and gag-law may share the horrors with mob-law. The Government steals money from its grown-up children, who, tired of supporting her, have gone off to work for themselves; when she opens her private coffers she may find the children she left at home have played the same game with her. That 'like begets like,' is God's surest law of retribution. It is not every man that can 'divide a hair 'twixt south and south-west side,' and what wonder if those who are taught to ravage the South, try their hand in the North?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"SEE here," cried Minnie, holding out a sheet of brown paper, not three quarters of a yard long, as if she were exhibiting the rarest of trophies.

"What is it?" asked Laura.

"The *Vidette*, a paper printed and published semi-occasionally by Morgan's brigade.' And just think how late this is—August 19th. Morgan carries a printing press."

"And I was told a corps of engineers and railway-men, to assist in destroying rather than in building these facilities for our invaders."

"Here is a Proclamation:—'Having noticed in the *Cincinnati Gazette* of the 15th, an article, dated Paris, Kentucky, 14th of August, 1862, whereby it appears that the agents of the Federal Government are—to use their own words—"forcing Morgan's friends to pay for the acts of their favourite chieftain," and thus violating all laws hitherto respected and acknowledged by civilized nations, forgetting, and wilfully closing their eyes to the fact that I in my justifiable attacks on Federal troops and Federal property, have always respected the private property and persons of Union men, I do hereby declare

that to protect Southern citizens I will henceforth put the law of retaliation into full force and act upon it with vigour. For every dollar exacted from my fellow citizens, I will have two from men of known Union sentiments, and will make their persons and property responsible for this payment. God knows it was my earnest wish to have conducted this war according to the dictates of my heart, and consonant to those feelings which actuate every honourable mind; but forced by the vindictive and iniquitous proceedings of our foes to follow their example, in order to induce them to return to more humane conduct, I will for the future imitate them in their exactions, retaliate upon them and others the cruelties and oppression with which my friends are visited, and continue this course until our enemies consent to make war according to the law of nations.

Signed by me, this 18th day of August, A.D., 1862.

JOHN H. MORGAN,

Colonel commanding Brigade.'

Is not that grand?"

"But very sad."

"Morgan calls 'God to witness it was his utmost wish to have conducted this war according to the dictates of his heart,' and we all know what sort of a heart his is—that of a child. When Mr. Grey, who knew him well, heard that he had taken up arms, he rather hooted at the idea, scarcely believing it could be so; for, he said, he never knew a man who could so badly endure the sight of suffering." (a)

"He was in the Mexican war."

"To-day's *Journal* says 'Union men threaten that for every man killed by Morgan, five secessionists shall be hung, and that all property destroyed or stolen shall be recompensed fivefold. . . . At all proper points in Kentucky, the military officers are levying contributions upon the resident rebels to remunerate the Union men robbed by the guerillas. James O'Hara was arrested in Covington on Tuesday, and sent to Newport barracks. All his private papers were taken. It is supposed that O'Hara is one of the two thousand spoken of by Morgan at Versailles, as having sent letters asking him to invade Kentucky, promising a general uprising of the people.' A Captain Bethel sends word to his friends that his men are determined to keep at work until there is not a guerilla left in Daviess, Union, Henderson, or Webster counties. But Gen. Adam Johnson will look after him.'"

"Oh! I was so angry at a statement about Gen. Johnson I saw made by half-a-dozen gentlemen of Henderson."

"So was Johnson, and published a card, saying, 'I repeatedly said to Union men who are now living in Henderson, that I did not intend to molest any citizen on account of politics.' Boyle has written that the paroles given by Johnson and other guerillas are not to be regarded and are of no effect.'"

"He will make Secessionism boil over and scald his friends. A gentleman from Versailles says—'The only private property Morgan ever took without compensation, is horses, which cavalry seems to feel itself entitled to. But the officers, at least, usually offer compensation for them.'"

"Did not Eustace say his captain declared he had never touched five cents' worth of private property?" (a)

"The idea of his condescending to make such an assertion! Poor men! with the sensitiveness of gentlemen, how they must shrink from the attacks of that lowest of libellers, the *Louisville Journal*."

"Not at all. I am told they treat the *Journal* with infinite contempt; as my informer said, 'They know Prentice.'"

"And are perfectly aware that were they to get old files of his paper they would see things just as infamous, and just as true, said of all his old political opponents."

"Prentice forgets his own noble son, a colonel under Morgan."

"Colonel Metcalfe has a large sum on deposit in the bank at Paris, which he

has drawn from sympathizers. He quietly selects his men, makes an assessment, and gives the Secessionists the choice of paying it, or making a visit to Camp Chase."

"It is known that two men who were killed were shot after they had surrendered, their assassins exclaiming, 'No quarter to Morgan's men.' This and similar atrocities have become of such common occurrence that it has necessitated a retaliatory proclamation. Four hundred and sixty Federal prisoners were paroled by Colonel Morgan at Cynthiaana; each one was sworn not only not to serve against the Confederate cause, but became responsible that he would protect the wounded that were obliged to be left behind to the utmost of his power and return them safe on recovery within the Confederate lines. How has this promise been kept? By sending all the sick and wounded to Camp Chase, thus returning for clemency insult. The *Vidette* says:—The erroneous idea having spread itself amongst the men of this Brigade, that officers and privates have a right to trade or sell the horses they ride, the General in command wishes to explain the same to his troops. No officer or private can sell or exchange his horses'."

"How reconcile that with the stories we hear of the men's swapping horses. But it seems to me this order is too strict; suppose a man don't like his horse?"

"But it is not his horse; on entering the service should a soldier furnish his own horse, it is with the condition that he receives 40 cents per diem for so doing. The horse is therefore virtually hired of him by the Government and cannot be sold or exchanged except by an express order from the Quartermaster, signed by the Colonel commanding."

"The Colonel allows no camp followers, and the sale of liquor is forbidden."

"Did you hear about Mr. James Smith and the carriage? He was wounded at Cynthiaana. Morgan told some men they must get a carriage for him. He was told the houses near could not furnish one. Just then he saw a buggy approaching. To the great relief of our polite cousin John, it was announced that no lady was in it, only one man, that is, a being supposed to be a man who would willingly sell his vehicle to save a life. Morgan offered him 200dols. for it—all the U.S. money he had. The wretch began cursing, and swore he should not have his buggy. Morgan tried to pacify him, said it would be returned, but that now he was compelled to seize it, not being desirous of being accounted the murderer of one whose life had been devoted to freedom. Moreover, the wounded follower's relations would never have forgiven him if he had worn white kids when boxing gloves were needed. All the time of the altercation Morgan was chafing with brandy the wrists of the apparently dying man, and his tones were very gentle. He directed the men to take the stranger's horse out and put one of their own in the traces. The fellow cursed so terribly that Morgan said, 'You have cursed yourself out of the \$200.' He cursed more and was informed he had cursed himself out of his horse. Determined to put an end to his profanity, our gallant chieftain informed him that if he was not quiet he would curse himself into Dixie. Some fellows—who ought to be appointed annotators to 'Gulliver's Travels'—started the absurd story that the blood where Mr. Smith lay was that of the Yankee churl, and that Morgan had beaten him."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"OH, Miss Minnie, I come up here to stay with you. I'se, feard of the soldiers," said a little six-year-old darkie. Her mother was in the kitchen and her father near at hand, but with the instinct natural to her race, she rushed to her young mistress for protection.

"Where are the soldiers?"

"Right down there by the kitchen," replied Dilsie, taking a seat and seeming very much at home in the room where she had many times fled or been carried to escape a too severe castigation from her mother; for it is no uncommon thing for masters to forbid blacks whipping their children; nor for the young people of the family to rescue a poor victim from barbaric treatment. Yet these are the wretches (when their ungovernable passions are aroused, real furies,) whom a civilized North would arm to war against their masters!

In a few minutes Dilsie's mother came in,

"Miss Minnie, them soldiers is knocking down all the apples and pears; Dick says you'd better send and get some before they's all gone. I'd have every one knocked off Miss Minnie, before those rascals gits 'em."

"They don't hurt nobody," interposed Minnie's maid, who was sitting by, sewing, and doubtless anticipating speedy emancipation, and probably a nice slip of the master's farm, which the soldiers often promised.

"I was up at meetin' Sunday, and Mr. Thayer's Betty went to the spring, and I seed a soldier kiss her and throw her down."

"What! Not before all the people?"

"Yes, ma'am; and the Captain had to come up and order the soldiers away."

"Now, Liza, you see how much they respect you: do you suppose they would have dared do that before white people?"

"The poor white trash!" ejaculated the cook, a sure sign her wrath was culminating fast.

"But, I can assure you I'd protect one of my servants as soon as I would my sister; let me know if any of the abominable fellows ever—"

Minnie caught Laura's eye brimful of merriment, remembered her diminutive figure and old timidity, and stopped before the sentence was completed; a chance for the maid to put in a word for her champions.

"Miss Minnie, the most of the soldiers as I see behaves like gentlemen, and at meeting they sits down by us."

"Humph!" interrupted Liza, "ladies about the place often comes in their carriages and looks on and don't give no disturbance to nobody."

"And the soldiers gives very lib'rally, Miss Minnie."

"Miss Minnie," continued the cook, who never lost an opportunity for giving advice, "I wouldn't let these here girls go out on the roads while the soldiers is about."

"Liza, go down now and send Jim after the pears, or the soldiers will have them all."

"And I'll tell him you say to get the apples and tomatoes and cucumbers—and I'll see what else." (4)

The young housekeeper was so accustomed to this mode of advice that she made no reply. There was one thing she was careful to do, and that was to keep Liza in a good humour; she hadn't any objections to the soldiers having some fruit, but it was very important that Liza's equilibrium should not be disturbed when company was expected to tea, and her mother away. As talking before servants is very imprudent, Minnie sent her maid into the kitchen to sew, and dismissed Dilsie to her doll by giving her a new ribbon; for Minnie, like most kind-hearted gentlewomen, avoided wounding the feelings of her servants as carefully as of her friends.

"Bravo, little woman!" said Laura, "I imagine you, broomstick in hand, starting down to defend your servants from these ruffians, and at the first glance of a formidable countenance, rushing upstairs and locking yourself in."

"No, Laura, I would not run from them; they would not dare to insult me."

"Do you forget Clara's letters from Virginia and the stories about Missouri Mrs. Latrobe told us?"

"It is strange, Laura; but I do not feel afraid. The day before you came I was the only person in the house for hours. I feel as though it would be disgraceful to Eustace for me to fear those who flee so fast from him and his com-

panions. I have never been timid since the day I told him to go, and we knelt side by side. I feel his arm around me now—God will protect me for his sake.”

“And for your own—are you not His child?”

“Yes; and I feel around me ‘the everlasting arms’ as well as Eustace’s clasp.”

The door opened, and hurriedly began Liza, “Miss Minnie, them rascals is done shot Dan’s white chicken.”

“Isn’t it too bad?”

“Dan says he’s a Seccessionest now; they told him these here soldiers were coming to protect us, and they ain’t been doing nothing but stealing and ‘stroying all the time; he says just what I say, we got ‘long heap better without ‘em. Jim asked one of ‘em what they did with them ‘ere pistols and they said, ‘We shoots chickens and pigs.’

The close report of a pistol was heard, and the last shot rattled in a tree close by the window.

Laura looked out, “They’ve killed a peafowl.”

“Oh my beauty! Is it Juno?”

“No, it is Vanity, I believe.”

“Come away from that window, Miss Laura; a man that shoots a peafowl wouldn’t need much to make him shoot a lady, and you looks mighty scornful just now.”

“Liza, someone is calling you.”

“There ain’t no white folks downstairs; let the coloured people hollow till they’s hoarse.”

Kitty, the washerwoman, walked in.

“Liza, those men say come down there.”

“How they knowed I was up stairs?”

“They told me to cook ‘em a fine meal, and I told ‘em I wasn’t nobody’s cook, for cooking in summer didn’t agree with me; (4) so they told me to go to work and help the cook.”

“Now Miss Minnie, you ain’t going to give me anything to cook.”

“The wretches don’t get anything except bread and meat and slops called coffee; I never refused anybody something to eat.”

“I kin tell you, Liza,” interposed Kitty, “you always was stinger. I’m too ‘feared of those men; I’ll give ‘em anything they ask for.”

“Liza, you’d better go down and cook them some bread; call me if they are impudent to you.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE long, long, dreary summer is drawing to an end, but for Laura’s heart it has borne few flowers and fewer fruits. Now and then she has heard the songs of birds; but they were as music very far away. It was a great comfort that her mother’s time was occupied by company, her favourite sister having been obliged to flee with her little family from Missouri. What had become of Keble? Was she like a child who plays around the dead body of her sister, waiting for her to wake? Had Hope—for a short while the impersonation of her inner life—grown cold never again to be revived? And this while she knew it not, and tried to amuse herself with whatever chanced to present itself?

Was Keble living or dead? If dead why had not her spirit faded into another life? if alive, why had she never heard from him? It would be better to have him her own in another world than to know he belonged to any other heart in this. No one noticed much change in her when in company; the one unfailing theme of the war always kept her interested and excitable; but the guardian angels

must have felt inclined to hold the trembling hands that so often turned the heated pillow in the dreary watches of the night; anxiety for her lover and sorrow for her stricken land made her often sleepless, and many a night passed without giving more than two or three hours of sleep. And when she slept it was only to dream. It does not do much good to turn away the eyes from the portrait on the wall if they gaze upon it pictured in the mirror.

Sometimes Laura smiled and asked herself if it were true that the summer months were almost past; they had been slow enough to make one think them a twelvemonth, but she had had no summer; the young men whose afternoon and evening visits had been a part of its programme, were in the South; perhaps some four or five were Northern officers. And their mothers and sisters and sweethearts were sorry companions, and, like Laura, did not feel that it was summer—only knew that they were left alone, and now her father was arrested and thrown in a loathsome prison—how loathsome, fortunately the citizens of Louisville could not know, only their Yankee masters, who had seated themselves in the offices of mayor and provost-marshal, of aldermen and councillors, and being content with the emoluments, had quietly turned the key on Southern men and put it in their pockets, where it jingled pleasantly enough with the chimes made by selling passes and permits.

For her father, as for herself, Laura could only wait in faith and pray, her chief prayer being to hear of the advance of Buckner and Morgan. What if Keble should be with Buckner? This fancy was without foundation; but it pleased her, and, poor thing! when she had so little to comfort her, why should she examine too closely into the wherefore of her only hope? He knew that next to Gen. Lee, Buckner was the man she honoured most; Buckner was the man whose praises she had sung until the sweetness of her enthusiasm had captured his enemy and paroled him as his defender.

Buckner was free, was coming into Eastern Kentucky; of course, he could not wait long before he hastened to Louisville to comfort the hearts that had suffered for him as they never had before for any man—Kentucky hearts, whose flickering hopes seemed for one moment to die out when the wail of anguish, "Fort Donelson has fallen, and Buckner is a prisoner!" passed over the land, but rose into an undying flame of love and resolve when they heard of his solitary confinement in Fort Warren.

Were our enemies surprised that we raised no louder cry of joy when told, "Buckner is free?" There are moments when joy seems so trivial a thing that the human heart scorns it, and thinks that prayer alone is worthy of its throbbings.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"DEAR COUSIN MINNIE,

"It has been so long since I sent you any account of our excursions that I think I must give you a description of what I consider one of the most surprising. We left Knoxville on July 4 for Kentucky.

"We were in the saddle generally all day, and frequently at night. One night so exhausted were we that in every company men were assigned to the novel soldierly exercise of keeping their companions awake; military rule had to do what human nature could not. (a) It would make you laugh (or cry) to see scores of men fast asleep, riding along in as varied positions and contortions as anyone can fancy. Some think a horse a fine bed and stretch themselves, using their inseparable companions' heads for pillows; some sit upright and snore, perfectly assured that they can't fall—the idea of a centaur being separated from his horse! But the majority of the victims of Somnus look like the votaries of Bacchus.

Sometimes we go to sleep in one company and wake up in another. There is no jest in all this ; but I have never yet heard of one of Morgan's Cavalry falling from his horse in sleep. Some poor fellows, even when within the enemy's lines, think they cannot endure any more, and get down into a fence corner ; but before long the rear-guard comes, and up they jump, finding man's powers of endurance have never yet been fully tested. Maybe they will be before the war is done, as sometimes we plan a summer excursion to Indiana and Ohio. Yet often in the enemy's lines we sleep fearlessly all night ; for we are not accustomed to being attacked.(a) If the North was as willing to let the South alone as its soldiers are to let Morgan's Cavalry alone, we should soon have peace. Our available force in the field never exceeded 800 men ; at Cynthiana we took more prisoners than we had men. I was one of thirty men whom General Morgan ordered to take a bridge on the edge of the town. Captain Bowles at our head, we rode in a terrible gallop, relying on the terror of our fame ; however, our fame had this time cheated us out of an engagement—the enemy had already fled. We charged through the town ; the foe poured loads of grapes—sweet to us, 'sour' to them—into our ranks at a distance of only 75 yards. Some poor horses suffered ; but *mirabile dictu* ! not a man was hit. Have not you heard of men's riding so fast that the rain couldn't catch them ? Ah ! I see cousin Minnie look reprovingly now, and well she may, but she must not think me ungrateful. God only can estimate my thankfulness for His wonderful care of us. The enemy fled and left the cannon, which we had the honour of taking. General Morgan complimented our captain. I believe I may as well tell you how we took the famous twelve pounder which Cincinnati presented to the Confederacy.(a) We charged with rifles on a regiment and cut it in half. Notwithstanding the paucity of our numbers the cowardly rascals rushed into a R.R. depot and buildings on each side of the street and poured bullets on us from windows and doors. Within a few feet I afterwards counted 17 bullet holes in a plank fence. By the side of our captain rode a gallant English colonel who always seeks the thickest of the *mêlée* just for fun. He had four holes in his coat, one in his saddle and one in his neck ; his horse was killed. At Lebanon a company of Yankees, concealed in the fields, annoyed us, and General Morgan told Captain B. to take some of his men and some of another company and hunt them out. The spectators said they were reminded of a rabbit-hunt, and laughed a good deal afterwards at our captain's commanding them to come out, or be killed. (a)

"So far I wrote at Sparta, the latter part of July ; but have no opportunity of sending a letter ; so now I'll finish it, as I have a chance to get it through the lines. Have you heard of the defeat of Johnson's Brigade of 24 companies, selected for the express purpose of capturing us ? With about 800 men we scattered them in a few hours. At Gallatin I had the best of the fun in the beginning to be 'sold' at the end ; but I don't care, as I was in the best company. General Morgan told our captain that there were 200 Yanks lying along the turnpike behind the fences, and that he committed to him the charge. Two regiments of brave Texans were to follow us. Said the General to Captain B. 'Make such a charge as you did at Cynthiana, and the day is ours.' But the scamps had scamped ; wasn't it too bad for them to cheat us so after we had just received such a compliment ?

"At Gallatin we lost but nine whom I have heard of ; though we took a general and staff and 200 men and pursued the Yanks ten miles in a gallop. Colonel Basil Duke captured Johnson after ten minutes' fight. Captain B. commanded the central division, and Morgan started with him, but out-ran us in the heat of pursuit, and we saw him no more until the next day. The Captain exclaimed, 'He is the most adventurous man in the world—left us to chase a few flying Yanks.'

"Oh ! my dear Cousin Minnie, I am almost afraid to tell you what we firmly believe, that in a few weeks Tennessee and Kentucky will be ours. General Bragg is going to give General Buell a few lessons in generalling and out-generalling. I only wish that it was some rascal instead of Buell who is to be sent to Libby prison. I would not write this did I not know that even if the letter is captured

Buell can't beat Bragg to the Ohio. To the Ohio! Oh rapturous words, whose music fires us more than the Marseillaise the French! I fear we'll find a good many Kentuckians afraid to avow themselves our friends! but we'll hold the State long enough to give them confidence that we can do what they regard as an impossibility—keep the Yanks over the river.

"Waft us good wishes.

"YOUR EUSTACE HUNTINGTON."

Of course the "sweet letter," as Minnie called the one which was entrusted to the private mail-carrier, with injunctions to swallow it before she let it fall into any one's hands but Minnie's, was read and re-read many times, before a glance was given to this one. In the envelope was this scrap:

[The *Atlanta Confederacy* gives the following version of the Gallatin raid of the famous "John Morgan."

"The newspaper fraternity owe a heavy debt of gratitude to that gallant partisan leader, Captain John H. Morgan, of Kentucky, for furnishing them, during the past few months, such abundant material for the most spicy paragraphs and interesting articles, by his many dashing exploits against the Yankees. He is incessantly on the move, appearing suddenly and unexpectedly at one point, and within the next twenty-four hours quite as suddenly and unexpectedly at some other place, more than a hundred miles distant. He is a perfect terror to the Yankees, and has inspired them with greater fear than all the army of General Johnston besides.

"Morgan, with forty of his men, suddenly appeared at Gallatin. After catching all the Union men in the place, and confining them in a guard-house, Morgan, dressed in a Federal uniform, proceeded to the telegraph office at the railroad dépôt, a short distance from the town. Entering the office the following conversation took place between Morgan and the telegraphic operator, a blustering fellow:

Captain Morgan—"Good day, sir. What news have you?"

Operator—"Nothing, sir, except it is reported that that d—d rebel, Captain John Morgan, is this side of the Cumberland with some of his cavalry. I wish I could get sight of the d—d rascal, I'd make a hole through him larger than he would find pleasant."

"While thus speaking the operator drew a revolver and flourished it as if to satisfy his visitor how desperately he would use the instrument in case he should meet that famous rebel captain.

"Do you know who I am?" quietly remarked Captain Morgan, continuing the conversation.

"I have not that pleasure," remarked the operator.

"Well, I am Captain Morgan," responded that gentleman.

"At these words the operator's cheeks blanched, his knees shook, the revolver dropped from his hands and he sunk to the floor. He literally "wilted."

"After the frightened individual had recovered himself sufficiently, Captain Morgan required him to telegraph some messages to Louisville; among others one to Prentice, of the *Journal*, politely offering to act as his escort on his proposed visit to Nashville. Then taking the operator with him as a prisoner, Captain Morgan with his men awaited the arrival of the train from Bowling Green for Nashville.

"In due time the train came thundering in. Captain Morgan at once seized it.]"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SEPTEMBER 2nd.

"OH Laura, Laura! open the door." There was a quick succession of joyous little knocks.

In a moment, laughing and screaming as if she were wild, Minnie leaped in, pirouetting like a French dancer. Twining her arms around Laura the excitable little creature pulled her dignified friend round and round.

"What is the matter, Minnie? Are you crazy?"

"With joy, oh yes!" Quite exhausted the young thing buried her face on Laura's shoulder and burst into tears, "Oh Laura, I shall die."

Her friend let the tears come, for she knew they would be very few. Minnie soon held up a piece of white paper crumpled and worn; it was a Proclamation of Morgan's.

"He is not going away again."

"Who? Morgan or Eustace? On July 10th when I first heard Morgan had come back, I felt that Kentucky was to begin her struggle for freedom. Then did I look beyond the heights of despotism, and my spirit revelled in the gray dawn of freedom."

"Gray?"

"Yes, the colour of mourning; for many I love must fall ere the sun will rise and the day become cloudless."

"To me the dawn is rosy and I see nothing but joy."

"Let me read the Proclamation.

[TO THE INHABITANTS OF KENTUCKY!

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

I have kept my promise. At the head of my old companions in arms, I am once more amongst you, with God's blessing no more to leave you.'

"With God's blessing no more to leave you," repeated Laura, and her eyes closed while her lips still moved.

"With God's blessing," murmured Minnie. "Don't you see, Laura, why I ought to feel confident? No power on earth can make us slaves; Bragg is in Tennessee, steadily advancing with an overwhelming force on Buell, who is retreating, whilst New Orleans is on the eve of being torn from the clutches of Butler the infamous, and restored to its legitimate government. Kirby Smith, at the head of a powerful army, already is in your State, whilst Forrest, Woodward and myself have already proven to the Yankees our existence by taking Murfreesboro, Gallatin and Clarksville, burning the railroad bridges and damaging seriously the enemy. Arouse Kentuckians! Shake off that listless feeling which was engendered by the presence of a powerful, relentless enemy. He is no longer to be feared! We have drawn his eye teeth! There will soon be nothing left of him but his roar."

"I imagine," interrupted Minnie, "that I can hear the Northern bear growling in his pain and shame whilst he retreats into the pine forests of Maine. But to continue:—'Let the old men of Kentucky, and our noble hearted women' ('that is a great deal better than calling us fair') (a) 'arm their sons and their lovers for the fight! Better death in our sacred cause, than a life of slavery! Young men of Kentucky, flock to my standard; it will always wave in the path of honour, and history will relate how you responded to my appeal, and how by so doing you saved your country!'

JOHN H. MORGAN,

Colonel Commanding Brigade, C. S. A.

Morgan's Press Print."

The door opened and Mrs. Ellmer was ushered in; Minnie held up her trophy. "Have you seen this?"

"But have you heard the Legislature has skedaddled, passed through Frankfort in fear and trepidation, would not allow the engineer to ring the bell."

"For fear the population it had betrayed would stone it."

"Pity it had not gone on to Yankeeland, where it might breathe a congenial atmosphere."

"Urged on by a Bell, the pack of hounds, headed by a Wolfe, with veritable Yankee Speed, proved that it was 'Prenticed to crime by the ease with which it betrayed its State and then rushed forward in the path of blood, dooming men to death and imprisonment and their property to confiscation. Did you hear of the great meeting at the Court House yesterday?"

"No, but I suppose, as the papers to-day don't compliment them, that they were not much."

"I was in a house opposite the Court House; the crowd did not extend half way across the street; old residents said they have never seen such a small assembly at any call meeting."

"Was it generally known?"

"Yes, indeed, the papers published stirring appeals; also there appeared General Robinson's Proclamation. At night there were not one hundred men at their second meeting."

"There must be more than that number of New Englanders on Main Street."

"Yet it was announced that all who did not volunteer for home defence would be considered traitors. Ah, it would do you good to see how meek our late lions have become, and General Wright sat in a room guarded by soldiers while they held their consultations."

"But General Wright is very gentlemanly."

"Yes, and has not made himself obnoxious to Kentucky; yet he represents the idea of tyranny. But he promised Nelson should not be left here, for which the ladies were grateful."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SEPTEMBER 3RD.

MRS. BRECKENRIDGE and Minnie were on the road to town, enveloped in a cloud of dust so thick they could not see thirty yards a-head. It was late in the evening of September 3rd; all day the Shelbyville pike was a moving panorama of Government waggons, squads of cavalry-men, groups of infantry, and, like motes in the dusty sunbeams, less sociable soldiers on horseback or on foot. Some were without shoes and very many without coats; their blank faces and weary pace showed that they had made a long, warm, unpleasant journey. Nor were the countenances of the poor creatures bright as would be those of Southern soldiers were they so near a city as proverbial for hospitality as is Louisville.

Riding alongside of a squad of Cavalry was a gay party of ladies, whose expressions reminded Minnie of the audience she had seen in the theatre when Falstaff's Ragged March was demanding its attention; ladies they evidently were, yet their spirits were so high they could not resist such a splendid opportunity of putting questions. One cried out, "Where is Morgan?" another—"Is Morgan coming?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Where is Kirby Smith?"

"Up yonder."

"You whipped at Richmond, didn't you?"

"No, we were badly beat."

"What is the matter with your hand?" One of the ladies grew sympathetic at the idea of getting news. "Does it hurt you much?"

"Good deal; I was wounded at nine, and my hand wasn't looked at until night."

"And you were beat?"

"Our regiment from Ohio went in 1,104 strong, and came out 104. My uncle and two cousins and a brother were killed."

The man looked very stoical, or, maybe, he was in too much bodily pain and discomfort to take cognizance of merely mental troubles.

"So you had a hard fight?"

"Yes, we had a hard fight—fought nine hours."

"Kirby Smith is a fine gentleman?"

"Yes."

"Who commanded you?"

"Generals Manson and Crufts; but we had a panic before we got through."

"Where is Manson?"

"Nobody knows unless the rebels do."

"Have you been in any other fight?"

"Yes," said a man who had come up; "I was. We had a fight at Big Hill on August 29th; then we had a skirmish nearer Richmond."

"Who beat?"

"The papers say we did. But the papers told one truth about our next fight at Rogerville."

"What was that?"

"That most of the men in the left wing—I was in the right, you know—being wholly undrilled were unable to execute manœuvres which were ordered."

"You don't tell the best part, Bill," said a comrade.

"Let me finish, will you? I never give peaches without cream!"

"What else did the papers say?"

"Ha! ha! ha! 'That some of the officers were as green as the men and unable to give intelligent commands.'"

"Who whipped, then?"

"I guess we did; but we fell back in good order about three miles."

"When the rebels do that you say they skedaddle. Did you see the account in the *Cincinnati Commercial*?"

"That was where I saw the good joke; a tavern girl read it to us while we were at breakfast."

"That writer said Colonel Warner's men were panic-stricken."

"Well, I guess you'd have been too, young lady, if you could have seen the way those rebels fight. But our hope came back when we got near Richmond and met Nelson with reinforcements."

"How did he escape?"

"In the confusion—ahem! Some man got him through the rebel lines. One of our men said he saw him sixteen miles from the fighting grounds in a fence corner in a corn field." (a)

"What was your loss?"

"The papers told the truth when they said, 'Nobody seemed to know anything about it;' but we all acknowledge one half are missing."

"How many men did Kirby Smith have?"

"About ten or twelve thousand, I guess; but rebels always look like more than we do."

"Why don't you go to Lexington to defend it? There are no Kentuckians there to do it. We look to Ohio and Indiana for all our defenders."

"Yesterday I saw a man who had come from Lexington. He says he never saw such traitors as the people there; he never heard of such rejoicing as when the rebels came in."

"I thought that was one of our strongest Union towns."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if it is. But the people rang the bells, and they say there was a flag from almost every house."

"I thought the Legislature fined everybody from fifty to one hundred dollars that showed a rebel flag."

"I dare say the Legislature is all right enough; but the Kentuckians are confounded people."

"Where have you been, sir?" asked one of the ladies of another soldier who rode up as if to have a chat.

"To Richmond."

"What did you go there for?"

"To keep the people straight."

"Did they need that? I thought they were loyal."

"When Gen. Nelson got in he warn't any too soon, for Richmond was just ready for a surprise and capitulation. (a) But we cleared the streets pretty quick."

"Cleared them of whom? Your friends?"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SEPTEMBER 3rd.

"DEAR LAURA,—This has been a glorious day. I have been revelling in dust; you never saw people enjoy anything more than we have this Yankee rout. Some friends happened to be spending the day with me. Mr. Howe could not be induced to sit in the house, saying, 'it was the first rout he had ever seen,' in a tone which meant it won't be the last, and this would be uttered with a most refreshing chuckle.

"Can't you come out to-morrow to enjoy the dust? I suppose most of the cavalry have passed; but a Unionist from Frankfort says 1280 waggons are yet to come. I want somebody to expend my spirits on. Don't think it inhuman in me to rejoice; these runaways are not suffering; no, not even in mind. Those who have stopped for water do not seem to be in the least mortified. I suppose they are used to running away. Ellen Huston is in trouble; she wants to be married and won't be by a man who has taken the oath of allegiance to a Government she despises, and nobody else is allowed to perform the marriage rite in this free Commonwealth. Mamma won't send Rosa to any teacher who has taken the oath, and as no one else is allowed to teach, I fancy I shall have to instruct her. My method will be the Socratic and my first text—'The consent of the governed indispensable to a free government.' My second will be, 'Don't fall in love with a soldier, unless you can get another Eustace, or a General Lee; no other individuals being worth the suffering that anxiety entails upon those who love.' I should like to hear you on the last order of Boyle's—no more arrests to be published! Come out and hold forth to your Minnie."

CHAPTER XL.

SEPTEMBER 5th.

MINNIE had given her mamma her good-morning kiss, when the latter asked,

"Were you alarmed by the noise on the pike about three or four o'clock?"

"Oh no! only pleased to think how frightened the Yankees must be if they travel so fast all night. I counted over seventy waggons yesterday that I passed as I came home! I pitied the poor mules."

"Andrew," began the waiter, "went down to the gate to see what was the fuss, and the men told him they had been whipped at Shelbyville yesterday."

"God be thanked!"

"And that they were retreatin', and the regiment that was a little piece up the road got so frightened that they went into Louisville."

"Let us make haste to finish breakfast so as we can make lint and bandages."

"How many pairs of socks have you ready?"

"Only two; but Laura has more. Poor Laura! She don't like to waste time dreaming like I do. Who knows how soon our deliverer may be here?"

"There were a good many arrests made yesterday. I know about a dozen of the persons."

"On what ground?"

"Disloyalty; that accommodating cloak that fits big and little, male and female, rich and poor alike. The Unionists have such expansive minds that they disdain particulars, and would think their dignity grossly insulted if called upon to specify charges."

"A great many houses have been searched; poor Mrs. Cavendish was frightened almost to death by their rude insults; they told her if they found an ounce of powder they would blow her house up; they took up the floors, searching for concealed weapons." (a).

"That was not surprising; they have found weapons under the floors in other houses in Louisville. (a) Oh! why don't our protectors come?"

"My principal idea when I think of them is to feed them. I have put up four barrels of peaches and two of tomatoes. But that won't be anything. I expect to feast Eustace's company; they have had to do without meals long enough."

As soon as the breakfast was over and Minnie had finished her half hour's devotional reading, which Aunt Emily had made her promise to observe always when practicable, as the secret way to keep the mind steady in grace, she sat down to make bandages. Mrs. Breckenridge said,

"Nearly all the families in the neighbourhood have been obliged to move in town for protection. Are you not afraid to stay here?"

"No, mamma. Last night I lay awake a long time and thought about Eustace, and how desolate we Southern women were, until it seemed my heart would break; so as I hadn't Auntie to go to, I thought about her and I remembered a Psalm she had made me learn, repeating a verse to her every night, as you know she always liked to have me do."

Mrs. Breckenridge bit her lips; she had felt hurt at her daughter's careless reminder that Auntie and not mamma, had been the one to whom Minnie had always gone in trouble; but as the last sentence forced her to acknowledge why the godmother had taken the place of the parent, she bitterly thought, "I ignored her soul; it was enough for my pride that she was beautiful and well-bred."

Minnie did not notice Mrs. Breckenridge's countenance and continued,

"It was the ninety-first; and I said it last night to the holy angels around me."

"My child!"

"What, mamma!" asked the innocent girl.

"Pray to the angels!"

"Mamma, I am no idolater, I only talked to them—in my heart, I mean—just as when a child I used to talk to my dolls. Don't laugh, please, Auntie thinks the angels are about us all the time. And Laura thinks so too, and you know she has to prove everything—isn't she strange? and so she said she had found forty-two texts in the Bible that represent angels as being with men."

"If the fancy pleases you, I suppose it can't do you any harm. You are well grounded in the simple truths of religion, thanks to one who did a sponsor's duty."

"Oh! Don't you believe in angels?"

"I believe that there are angels."

An officer was announced. It was General Terrell, who as politely as possible, informed Mrs. Breckenridge that he had received an order that she and her family must leave without delay. He was very sorry, etc.

In a little while the ladies, accompanied by several servants, started to walk into Louisville under a sun hot enough for August.

Unfortunately the carriage had been sent away for repairs and they had not time to send for a hack. As, in obedience to the orders of their protectors,

they passed through the avenue, it was full of armed men, drawn up in line, perhaps ready for drill. Some of the wretches laughed and joked about the forced march of the Secesh ladies who had sent them to the kitchen to eat.

Hard to bear was this insolence; but it saved the poor fugitives from a greater sorrow, the realization that they were leaving a luxurious home to become homeless wanderers it might be. Indignation forbade softer emotions. As they passed the vineyard the fences were down and cattle grazing on the green leaves. Some soldiers were cutting down trees and others levelling a fine corn crop.

Henry asked Mrs. Breckenridge the cause of all this and she mechanically replied—

“Military necessity!”

“Military bosh!” said the negro, unconscious he was forestalling the opinion of wiser heads.

“At any rate, General Terrell was polite,” said the kindly-disposed lady, always ready to find good everywhere. “He expressed his great regret that it was necessary to clear a certain part of my place in anticipation of an attack.”

“Oh! I wish I was as smart as Laura and I’d make a speech as soon as we got in town,” exclaimed Minnie.

“When you get there you’ll be tired enough to rest.”

“I am too angry to feel fatigue,” she replied, tossing back her little head, thinking of Eustace and her father. “Do you think Southerners would hide behind houses and turn women and children and poor people out in the cold?” she asked, wiping perspiration from her flushed face. “If the Yankees want to fight, why don’t they let the women alone and go after men? Oh, see, there comes Laura’s carriage!”

In another minute the driver had stopped.

Laura mechanically held forth the passport certifying she had taken the oath, though she had not been asked to.

“What can this mean?” she exclaimed, as instead of the expected picket she saw her friends.

“That our defenders are exercising their usual graciousness.”

“Please get in, Mrs. Breckenridge.”

“Where will you take us?”

“Wherever you wish. You are not walking for exercise at this hour, I presume?”

“Exhibiting our charms for the benefit of our gallant protectors,” said Minnie.

“We were ordered to leave home in two hours and Henry was not permitted to go for the carriage.” (*a.*)

“And where are you going, Mrs. Breckenridge?”

“To a hotel in Louisville. The order said we must go to Indiana.” (*a.*)

“A delightful haven for Southern women. Many of our defenders are Hoosiers, and it is natural to seek the guardianship of the brothers of such chivalrous men.”

“Where were you going, Laura?”

“To your house. The women and children are ordered to leave town. Nelson says he will shell it when he leaves.”

“The brute! Why don’t he go out to meet Bragg?”

“He knows he would meet more than his match.”

“We had better go to Mr. Garland’s, Laura. He invited us there if we got frightened, or had to leave.”

CHAPTER. XLI.

SEPT. 25.

AN excited party had assembled on the gallery at Mr. Garland's to hear the news from Louisville; Mr. Stark had just come from the city.

"It's well, Miss Laura, that you left when you did as you could not get out of town now."

"Had it not been for my promise to ma to leave Louisville if there was, during her absence, any danger of a battle, I assure you I should not have incurred the odium of running from friends."

"In truth I heard of only two Southern families who had left; but the Yankees are skedaddling to their congenial clime over the river to the tune of 'Bull Run Races.' It's fun to see them in the pickle we've been in so long. It's worth several months of slavery to enjoy the terror of our masters. Steam-boats are at the wharf to carry off the Yankee women and children and the worse-frightened men. The mayor issued a proclamation:—['All citizens are directed to close their places of business within the city.' The rigid execution of General Nelson's order relating to persons between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who had failed to enroll themselves for military duty was the sensation for the time yesterday, as, by the provisions of the order, all such persons as were liable to perform military duty who had failed so enroll were after arrest, detailed for service upon the works of defence in front of the city."]

"Our valiant defenders made good their means of retreat by building pontoon bridges over the Ohio before they had any time to attend to the fortifications."

"Did you bring out the day's papers?"

"Else I should not have dared to have shown myself."

"Do give them to us."

"Ah," said Mrs. Garland, "hear what the *Cincinnati Gazette* says—'It is generally believed that Bragg will attack Louisville, and that Buell cannot overtake him in the rear for five or six days.'"

"Hurrah! We're free!" shouted Minnie.

"Suppose Bragg doesn't come?"

"Oh, don't begin to croak!"

"I'm afraid he is too slow."

"So am I," said Mr. Stark; "for the *Journal* says, 'We breathe freer under the belief that the enemy have lost their opportunity in delay.' But don't look so serious, Miss Minnie; our sweethearts will all be here in due time."

"Is yours an Amazon?"

"If you call Liberty so. Some men who were to join the Confederates are waiting here because their friends in the army so advise; of course travelling through the country is dangerous. Miss Minnie, I heard that as soon as you found that Bragg was coming, you went in town to buy a flag."

"Yes, and to look at happy faces. I went first to Mr. Gregg's, where many people had happened to assemble; as it was a central location we congregated there to say to each other. 'Our time has come.' I got home in a great glee; mamma's joy was tempered with awe."

"It was an awful hour; while on the street I did not dare even to pray, for fear I should burst into tears," said Laura. A child with a full heart, determined not to give way, avoids its mother's bosom.

"Ah! what a life we lead," said Mr. Stark; "hourly dreading and yet hoping for the great battle. I never before understood what a battle meant."

"It is impossible for us to comprehend before we feel."

"So there was great excitement in Louisville, Miss Minnie?"

"Yes, indeed; mamma couldn't get me out of town soon! I had such a time trying to find the right shade of red for a flag; I met others looking for the same."

"Why! I thought you, young imprudent girls had your flags all the time."

"Of course we have little silk ones hidden in every conceivable place; haven't we Mrs. Garland?" Mrs. Garland blushed, as hers was sealed up in her pad.

"But then we wanted material to make large ones to hang over our houses."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, and I made mine in my high fever that very day."

"Bosh, child!"

"And wore it up here. Oh! but wasn't it fun to see the Yankees running over the river?"

"No; but it was very ridiculous; what did they suppose our Southern chivalry would do to harm non-combatants?" asked Mrs. Breckenridge.

"They feared us whom they had outraged."

"They were afraid of Nelson burning the town."

"When we got home," continued Minnie, "we found some neighbours who had come to rejoice with us, and we sang 'Dixie.'"

"I'll have you put in a strait jacket."

"You'd better have General Bragg put in one; why don't he come now when he can march in almost without resistance? The first time I ever addressed a Yankee soldier was that day and he told me he didn't expect they'd be here very long." (a.)

"The first time, Miss Minnie? Why, you forget that chivalrous officer who thought the city would be blown up because he saw a fortune-teller at your house."

"He never came but once; he had been very attentive to me a year before at Cape May, and took it for granted that I'd like to see him. I met him the Sunday previous at church; he wore a citizen's coat. I spoke cordially to him, but I assure you I've never seen him since the night he had an old woman hunted."

"By-the-bye, I heard that the old witch was spirited away."

"Not by ardent spirits, I hope," replied Mrs. Breckenridge, and there the matter dropped, as veiled subjects were delicately handled by the faithful in those trying times.

"Bragg would get more recruits in an hour in Louisville than he'd get in adjoining counties in a month; and he'd get plenty of provisions."

"I don't believe he'll attack the city, because he knows three-fourths of the property-holders are Southerners, and we are expected to pay a large share of the Confederate debt."

"Of course we will," replied Mr. Garland; "I consider that providence assigns to Kentucky the care of the Southern prisoners; already have we expended many thousands on them and saved hundreds of lives. Kentucky will save more lives in the Northern prisons than any one State will furnish volunteers."

"Oh," exclaimed Minnie, clapping her hands; she had had time to think while others talking kept her quiet, "just think how near we are to Dixie!"

Mrs. Garland looked at her wistfully,—

"Who can measure the intensity of the bitter disappointment of Louisville if Bragg does not attack it?"

"I do not believe we would feel more the destruction of the city."

"Do you feel so, Miss Laura?"

"Yes; and I know now what it is to be a homeless wanderer. I am willing to admit that Kentucky's first mission is to the prisoners; but I believe her last is to the houseless and ruined of more Southern States. I know many of us look forward to sharing our wardrobes with the victims of the contest we did all we could to avert, believing that war would be ruin."

[We learn from the *Cincinnati Commercial* that an order was issued by Colonel J. V. Guthrie, on Monday, directing the arrest of the she rebels in Covington and vicinity, who have let no opportunity pass recently to insult Federal soldiers going onto their premises for the purpose of procuring water. Men, who may offend in like manner, will also be arrested and confined in the

county jail. A building has been selected in which the women will be placed for safe keeping.”]

“Oh, I wish I were a man!”

“What for, Mrs. Garland?”

“To fight instead of staying at home to be imprisoned; but if they come after me I’ll resist them. Husband, you promised to get me a pistol.”

“He’ll have to go to Boyle for a permit and take someone with him to certify to his loyalty; the dealers are terrorized into being very strict. Boyle ordered all gunsmiths to bring certificates of loyalty signed by three or more persons of well-known loyalty that they might be permitted to sell arms and ammunition to Federal officers only.”

“Contrast Boyle and Kirby Smith.”

“Oh! if you want to make the Unionists ‘hopping’ say something about Smith. He is so noble they have no patience even to hear his name.”

“Are any outrages now perpetrated by the soldiers in Louisville? I thought they were scared into good behaviour.”

“As well try to scare a crow into a Parian figure. [A number of armed soldiers without authority from their officers, were parading the streets last night under pretence of enforcing military orders. They halted citizens in the streets, and in some instances overhauled females, questioning them rudely, examining packages which they carried, and in some cases treating them to gross insult.”]

“But the officers will be starved out if they don’t keep better order. Market people are afraid to go to town even when they have permits. The guards search every waggon and help themselves *ad libitum*. As I was coming out a number of waggons were congregated that had been stopped by the pickets. The owners had passes but the pickets said they were ordered to let no vehicle pass. I went into another road where the picket, a Dutch boor, who couldn’t speak English if he could read it, looked at my pass and said, ‘Gut,’ and waved his hand most majestically for me to pass on. [From the Blind Asylum to the Fair Grounds the trees were felled to fall across the road, presenting a very formidable abatis, while signal stations were erected to direct the fire of batteries which commanded the advance for several miles and rendered an approach extremely hazardous. The Federal patrols now extend about six miles out of the city, and beyond them for ten or twelve miles not a human being was seen going out.”]

“I am afraid to tell you about Cave Hill.”

“Why?” asked all, one with a tremor in her voice.

“It is ruined; [beautiful trees cut down, our magnificent evergreens levelled to the earth; ditches made through graves; coffins thrown up on the sward in heaps.” (a)

Several sighed; Mr. Garland muttered what seemed very like a curse.

“The rascals notwithstanding their fright have time and nerve to persecute grave-diggers.”

[“In the City Council there was presented a resolution directing the Trustees of Cave Hill Cemetery to discharge Mr. Ross (an Englishman) and all their other employes who have claimed foreign protection, which was referred to a special committee.”]

“Bah!”

“I forgot to tell you that Lincoln has proclaimed the slaves free in all rebellious States.”

“Good! Now Kentucky will rise.”

“Just the contrary; her slaves are not to be interfered with; so, if we want to secure ours, all we have to do is to stay in *statu quo*.”

“Is Lincoln blind?”

“To our interests only. We ought to revolt *en masse*; how can we, when we are kept weighed to the earth with obligations to Lincoln’s astute Cabinet?”

“Stuff!”

“Yes; but the stuff that neutrality is made of.”

CHAPTER XLII.

"LAURA, is it not too hard to be driven away from our homes?"

"Too hard? Oh, no. If we can purchase freedom by the sacrifice of home we shall be content."

"Yes, if those we love cannot come to us without entailing upon us the loss of our homes—God's will be done!"

"Amen!" said Laura, solemnly, but even as she uttered it, a look of intense pain passed over her features.

"What is it, Laura?"

"What is God's will concerning us? None but He can estimate our sinfulness, so none but He can mete out our punishment. We have been proud and ungrateful, we shall have to learn humility and dependence on a Power far higher than our own. You will have to share in the punishment of national sins, but I shall have to bear not only that, but a burden of my own that no man can lift."

"What fancy is this,—that you are to suffer more than I?"

"You brought it to my mind. Oh, Minnie, I am never so selfish as when with you!"

"Then you ought to stay with me more; it was only yesterday we were discussing what Mrs. Menon calls your culpable indifference to dress and appearance."

"Am I not neat?"

"Fastidiously so, judging from your old maidish abhorrence of dust and dirt."

Laura laughed.

"I confess one of my first ideas of Heaven is a place where there will be no dust; I do not care so much for mud; when one puts her foot, or draggles her skirts in the mud, she is aware of it and can get rid of it; but dust penetrates clothing, and it seems to me one can never get clear of it. It is so like the little sins of our poor human nature."

"Auntie would never let me call any sin little. Nothing is little that offends God."

"There isn't much danger of my stepping into mud, or of my associating with people who are coarse and malicious; but how can I guard myself from the petty?"

"Oh, pray don't begin asking abstract questions of me! I never answered one that I hadn't learned the answer to out of a book or from Auntie."

"Yes, you have though, my cheery sunbeam, and many more than you think."

"One for instance."

"You have heard me often speak of Palmer's 'Faith.'"

"And seen you fold your hands in the same way, and look at her until I fancied a resemblance between your face and hers."

"I thought you never observed anything you didn't speak of at the time. I'll be more wary of my countenance hereafter."

"No you won't. But what has this to do with my answering abstract questions?"

"I would rather talk to Lord Bacon's ghost than to you; you will never be satisfied with any less argument than 2 from 4 leaves 2 because 2 added to 2 makes 4."

"Absurd. I never have a reason for anything I do; but I have a right to expect you to give one for everything you do. But," shaking her pretty head, she added, with a very serious air, "I can't say I'd like to be under the dominion of reason as you are. You said to yourself, 'I won't have that man because he differs from me in politics;' and there was the end of it."

"If it only had been!"

With a pang of conscience Minnie took up the lost thread.

"What abstract lessons have I given you?"

"As I looked at my beautiful picture of Faith until I too could gaze at the Cross and feel, God's will be done, so I have watched you at times until I became

gay. Ah, my sunbeam, you cannot think how often I have thanked God for your joyfulness! What would I have been without you, my pet?"

Minnie laid her heart close to her friend's as though she would be very willing to part with half of its joy if she could but give it to her.

Sunbeams, and birds and creatures like Minnie are God's best gifts to our sad and weary world.

After a little while Minnie murmured,

"It is so sweet to help you bear your burden."

Laura's first thought was, "You do not. Can flowers and birds lift a weight from the spirit?" Her second was spoken, "The captive in a darkened dungeon may keep his heart warm by every day pressing his lips to the one sunbeam that comes from a hole in his prison wall."

While the girls were thus, heart pressed to heart, Minnie in her common seat, Laura's lap, the door opened, and Mrs. Breckenridge exclaimed,—

"Oh, girls, can you believe it? Cheatham and Claiborne have left Shelbyville, and Kirby Smith Frankfort. Bragg is retreating."

"Oh, mamma! Please stop! I don't believe a word of it."

"I wish that I didn't."

"It may be so, and yet no cause for alarm," said Laura, whose voice was firm; but her heart was stunned as when she felt she had turned her back on Keble for the last time.

"Cause for alarm! Certainly not. Those Yanks whip us!"

"Nevertheless, my daughter, they have done it more than once."

"Yes," said Laura, "and one thing that makes me tremble is my consciousness that Minnie's feeling is so common in the Confederacy. Until this moment I never knew how much I loved the South. I would far rather have my home destroyed than have the Southerners turn back and leave us to our tyrants. (4) The very idea of returning to a home over which Boyle and his satellites rule with absolute power is dreadful. Although I believed all that I had would be blown up at Bragg's approach, I was happy as long as I thought aid was at hand."

Minnie took Laura's sad face in her hands.

"Oh faithless child! Where is our Father that you think we shall be left to the cruelties of the enemy?"

"In Heaven. When we are with the martyrs, we, too, will be safe. But I can't forget history. Why should not we suffer as other nations have? What are we that God should exempt us?"

CHAPTER XLIII.

"OH, Mr. Stark! What about Bragg now?"

"I did not want to tell you the rumour about his movements, as I knew you would tease me for a wherefore which I cannot give; all I know is, that the *Cincinnati Commercial* congratulates itself that the [latest news from Kentucky gives the very gratifying intelligence that Bragg and his army of 60,000 men have left Bardstown.]"

"Only a hoax."

"A trick of Bragg's."

"I hope so," answered Mr. Stark. "We can't know anything certainly."

In a few minutes Mr. Garland walked in, accompanied by a stranger. When the usual commonplaces were over, Mr. Garland said,—

"Our new friend has just come from beyond the lines."

"Oh," said Minnie, springing to her feet. An unconscious smile played

about Mr. Burnett's lips and Minnie re-seated herself. "I beg pardon; I am very foolish, I should not need to tell you this, Mr. Burnett, were you not a stranger; but the idea just struck me, suppose you were a spy!"

"And if I were?" he asked, with utter nonchalance.

"We'd tell you everything in the world we know. Wouldn't we, Laura?"

"I presume Generals Bragg, Buckner, and Smith are quite as well posted as Buell and Nelson."

"You look tired, Mr. Burnett; would not you like to take a nap?" asked Mr. Garland, observing that the new-comer had closed his eyes and seemed to be swallowing a yawn. Minnie had perceived the weary look, and thought to herself he would like to sigh. The unconscious object of observation replied,

"Thank you; I could not sleep; but if I had known I was to be ushered into the presence of ladies, I should have asked for water and a clothes-brush."

"Come with me, sir."

As soon as they left, Laura started in an opposite direction.

"Where are you going, Laura?"

"Down to the river, if Mr. Stark will excuse me."

"Let us go, too, Mr. Stark."

"I feel too tired with my long drive, Miss Minnie, and I don't intend to stay here by myself."

Laura smiled; but inwardly blessed his regard for her feelings. She knew how he loved her, and was a little annoyed that he should have divined with the quick intuition of a lover why she desired to walk—it was to be alone. This was an intimation Mr. Stark could not disregard, whether his delicacy sprang from respect for her or a consciousness that his best policy was never to be intrusive.

It was but a little while before Mr. Burnett returned, and Minnie observed he looked around the room twice.

Mr. Garland also missed someone.

"Where is Laura?"

"Gone to the river."

"And Mr. Stark here?" Stark blushed. "What does this mean? No quarrel, I hope; and yet lovers' quarrels are very delicious things—eh, Stark?"

"Laura often walks to the river by herself," said Minnie, coming to the rescue.

"When her lover isn't here there's nothing wonderful in that. I told her yesterday that the reason she took so many solitary strolls was because she was in love; and notwithstanding the usual clearness of her remarks, I could not exactly understand what she meant by not being able to comprehend how a Southern woman could countenance a man by giving him her hand when his own was behind his back, or in his pocket, instead of handling a rifle."

"Quite a plain speech, I think, Mr. Garland," said Mr. Burnett, giving a scrutinizing glance at Mr. Stark, whose confusion was sufficiently apparent. Mr. Garland invited Mr. Burnett to take a walk, and as they went informed his guest that he supposed him to be a spy of the Confederates.

"Not a spy, sir," was the reply, delivered with the slightest tinge of hauteur, "but a recruiting officer, *pro tem*, though I started to Louisville on private business."

"If I can help any Confederate, I am ready."

"Thanks, but my business is personal. Did you hear that our General Smith sent for the Mayor of Frankfort, and told him he had heard he was a good man and therefore he reinstated him, Unionist though he was?"

"There is a 'set off' for that. Two sisters were riding when they were accosted by some Union soldiers who asked them where their father was. The rascals had been searching for him. The girls would not tell, so the scoundrels cut off their hair. This story came to me very straight, though by the grape-vine telegraph." (a)

"I can believe it, because in one of the lower counties when the Yankees were impressing horses they ordered some young ladies who were riding to dismount. When they found they would not, they cut the saddle-girths and left the young ladies sitting on the ground." (a)

"A young lady, as Morgan's cavalry was passing, exclaimed, 'There is my horse!' The remark being reported to Morgan, the horse was returned. She, much mortified, sent him back; but Morgan compelled her to receive him. I know of two instances where his men left fine animals when told they belonged to ladies; in one case taking so worthless a horse that by night he returned, having been let loose." (a)

After tea, when Mr. Garland's family and guests were seated on the lawn, enjoying the cool breeze and calm moonlight, both so unlike their heated hearts perturbed alternately by hope and fear, Laura turned to Mr. Burnett and asked him to give them a description of the entrance of the army into Kentucky. At the first word she uttered he turned towards her, and so sad was the expression of his eye, and so slow was he to begin the required description that she hastily added,

"If there is any painful circumstance attending it we will discuss something else."

"Painful circumstance! To what do you allude?" he asked, at a loss to comprehend her remark, as he was, of course, unconscious of any betrayal of feeling.

"Oh! to nothing especial; only I thought when many skirmishes and battles are fought there might be losses painful to recall."

"Certainly. But what have men to do with feelings so tender that they dare not let memory face any past hour of their existence?" He asked this question of himself rather than of her it seemed; for, turning towards Mrs. Garland, he said, "I believe General Beauregard is an especial hero of your's?"

"Indeed he is."

"Before his ill-health made his removal a matter of necessity he had planned to take Louisville and Cincinnati."

"I fear the ill-health of that famous general is to prove to Kentucky a deadly misfortune."

"What can you mean?"

"I know," said Mrs. Breckenridge, "Bragg and Buell have measured skill and prowess, and our general is vanquished."

"Why, mamma! they have never fought each other."

"Yes," said Mr. Garland; "and a hard battle it was—not with guns, but with brains."

"The success of our campaign here depended on who could outstrip the other in the race to Louisville; Bragg was first to enter; the Confederates were flushed with hope, and the Yankees chilled by retreating and feeling themselves pursued. Breckenridge ought to have the command; he has enough daring to risk possible defeat rather than miss a quick stroke! When the Confederacy sends him here the Yankees won't have time to fortify after he crosses the Cumberland. To take Louisville, dash is more needed than skill."

"I have never heard of any military man who doubted when Bragg let Buell pass within a few miles of him unimpeded, he threw away the prospect of an initiative victory, which would have placed all the State in his power."

"I know of but one blot in President Davis's character, and that is his partiality for Bragg. I hope Tennessee may not be sacrificed to his prudence, as Kentucky was. When the news passed over the State that Bragg let Buell conquer him without a blow, a pall of depression fell over our hearts, which, I fear, may prove fatal to our energy for a time. Kentucky is remanded to the Yankees by General Bragg."

A long silence followed these words, for the reports from the city received during tea-time had confirmed Mr. Garland's remarks.

Giving a wistful look at Laura, Mr. Burnett smiled resolutely, and said,—

"Oh, Miss Buckner, if you could but have been in Lexington when General Kirby Smith entered."

"I never hear his name without a thrill which I believe God interprets as a prayer for a blessing on that noble man. (4) Why do you look surprised? Can I ever forget who first planted the flag of freedom on our State House?"

"Indeed, I do not believe you will ever forget the name of anyone who confers a favour on your State."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Garland, "that another great mistake of Bragg's was allowing Yankee Morgan to escape."

"Why! our Morgan was sent after him."

"But Mr. Pollard told me that this intrepid officer with 750 men arrested the course of the Yankee army for five days, and could have captured them, had reinforcements been sent to him. (8) But, after all the worse truths that can be said of our country have been summed up, how we still tower above the United States!"

"I see but little hope for her political future. I do not know how anyone familiar with history can have. Remember Athens."

"In one line Coleridge has foretold the downfall of a people he thought not of," said Laura.

"And that line?" said Mr. Burnett, suddenly turning upon Laura, a strange gleam in his eyes, like a child waking up and finding a favourite toy at his side.

"He says the destruction of the Athenian Constitution was owing to the ascendancy of the democratic element; and he speaks of that passion for military glory and political preponderance which may well be called the bastard and the parricide of liberty."

"But, Miss Laura, as you quote that so approvingly, why are you doing all you can to send your lover in search of military glory?"

Laura curled her lip at Mr. Garland's question; but blushed at Mr. Burnett's impertinent stare.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE morning after Mr. Burnett's arrival not a cloud was to be seen in the sky and yet there seemed to be in it a thought of rain. Laura was nervous and restless; shrinking from the very idea of conversation, she chided herself that when there was a Confederate in the house from whom she might hear so much about her beloved South, her feelings should be of herself, but the mental scolding did no good. If she could have summoned before her mind in one fell company all her past sorrows, present fears, and dread for the future, that had crushed all joyousness from life, she might have wept and then grown calm. But she could no more do this than the parched grass about her feet could command the moistness of the atmosphere to collect in clouds and fall in rain. We have not much more control over our feelings than we have over the clouds; but we can generally prevent ourselves or others from being damaged by them. It is very easy to raise an umbrella, and it is just as easy for such disciplined minds as Laura's to shelter themselves from even an offer of sympathy. The poor woman, whose heart was closed to sympathy from those around, was perishing for but a whispered word from one whose mere presence shut out pain. What was there in the thick voice of the stranger which recalled the tones of the longed for? Laura had passed an almost sleepless night. She would have been vexed if anyone had said that the red-haired soldier with his green goggles reminded her of the elegant Federal officer whom she had scorned, and she confessed to herself that no one but a love-sick girl, pining for a memento, could have found one in the new-comer. But Laura was a love-sick girl, proud woman though she seemed, and whenever she had remembered Burnett's sad smile and "Good-night," she groaned aloud while the slow hours of the night mocked her weakness, instead of soothing her to sleep. At breakfast she had talked herself into her usual

animation, for, of course, the Confederacy was the only topic ; but afterwards she made her way to the river.

Soon Mr. Burnett remarked that he believed he had been told that Miss Buckner was a refugee !

"You had better not let her hear you call her so," was Mr. Garland's reply. "She was forced from home by a promise made to her mother, and her cheek flushes whenever we taunt her with running from the Confederates."

"Where is her mother?"

"She returned to Missouri with a refugee sister."

Laura was seated on a huge, fallen cotton-wood, which lay prostrate over the crumbling bank ; at her feet were cows feeding on the little green left by the summer drought. She was reclining on her left arm, while her right hand was pressed to her throat as though she fain would force back some choking thought ; but her face was quiet and Burnett stood a few minutes to drink from her eyes the calmness she seemed to take from the clear blue river. The morning was so still that the water painted on its bosom each leaf of the trees on the shore of the opposite island, with as much care as Frankenstein would. A little boat was gliding across and the music of the oars filled the silence. For some time Laura did not appear to hear even this sound ; but as it neared the shore she looked up and evidently recognized Stark.

"Not yet," she murmured, and getting up from her exposed position moved behind the tree and sat down without looking in the direction where Burnett stood. He was watching her jealously. He bit his lips and took off his goggles while he hastily brushed his hand across his eyes ; then replaced them.

"Not yet," he repeated to his stilled heart, "not yet strong enough to bid him good-bye and betray no pain. I know her well ; not even to her accepted lover will this strange woman show a moment's weakness."

A slight sigh escaped him. Laura looked around.

"Ah, Mr. Burnett ! Have you also a fondness for river scenery?"

"Yes," he replied, with a vacant stare at the Ohio and then turned to her. An amused look came over Laura's face ; she scorned an affectation even for her weak points.

"What amused you?" he asked, as though he had the privilege of long acquaintanceship.

"This is scarcely a time to be diverted from sad thoughts. It is indeed bitter that the cowardly foe will not come out and meet the Southerners, instead of entrenching themselves behind houses from which they have driven women and children. Have you seen the fortifications of Louisville?"

"I have not."

"They are really worth a visit."

"Indeed !"

"You might then enlighten General Smith, who, I fear, has not advanced beyond Vauban. The fortifications are within the town, and made where the Lincolnites think the Southerners will be obliging enough to attack."

"They boast of their chivalry ; but I doubt if they will carry it that far."

"Won't they ? What a pity ! However, I don't think the labour will be lost ; you may be aware that sometimes a Yankee general's hardest task is to make his men fight ; so the rear-forces in the rifle-pits can shoot at them and frighten them on."

"Miss Buckner, allow me to prepare you for Bragg's final retreat."

"Retreat ! No ! no ! At least, he will wait until he gets recruits."

"He is disappointed at not having already received more."

"I heard he expected many *en route*. He has taken the worst possible course for that. If Bragg wanted recruits he ought to have come to Louisville, instead of pretending to be asleep while Buell passed him, that he might afterwards be laughed at when he cried, 'Boo !' Mr. Fink, the Chief Engineer, told a friend that the country through which the armies passed is 'as desolate as though it had never been inhabited, and that it is almost impossible to procure board for the hands even after the men are obtained. He says, 'The road to Louisville lay at the mercy of the invading army.'"

The little skiff touched the bank and Stark sprang up it, gathering as he leaped, a delicate vine of pink flowers.

"Oh, Mr. Burnett!" was said in no complaisant tone. "Miss Laura, won't you come and take a row with me?"

"Thank you, no; my head aches."

Burnett turned towards the river; his eyes were fast closed—as were his lips.

"Will you walk to the house with us, Mr. Burnett?" asked Laura, hoping he would, while she tore up the flowers Stark had just given.

"No, I thank you. I enjoy the river. I shall be up directly."

When they had turned their backs, Burnett gazed at them for a moment and some tears fell. "I have none but God." On his return to the house, to his unspeakable anguish he heard Laura had left. "God has spared me a trial I could not have foregone."

CHAPTER XLV.

For a few minutes the girls sat very still; Laura because she was overwhelmed with the last news and Minnie because she was trying to take it all in.

"On the retreat! on the retreat! Bragg almost out of Kentucky," exclaimed Minnie, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping. Laura's face was very pale; her lips compressed tightly enough to give pain, but she heeded it not. Ah, in this fearful mental struggle, what a relief would any positive physical suffering have been. She walked up and down, her eyes almost closed, endeavouring in vain to feel that Kentucky was not yet abandoned to her tyrants (4).

"Bragg's heart must relent when he stands on the last mountain-peak of this afflicted State and looks over a land chained down by despotism and crimsoned with the blood of her slain. Surely then he will return, return to set her free! Aye, let his drums beat ever so loudly, the wailing of forsaken women will pierce his ear. Let the bugles sound ever so shrilly, the despairing words of disappointed men will sound still longer in his heart."

"Why did they come at all? It would have been better had the Southern army never entered Kentucky."

"Better for us, yes, but not for it. How often have we forlorn and neglected longed for an opportunity to suffer for the cause of freedom?"

"I would suffer anything if we could but be free. God knows I would be willing to give up my home to the torch of the Vandals, could I but shout for Davis and for liberty (4)."

"Enthusiast! How little you know what you say!"

"Did not you say that you felt a pang of disappointment when you found that you could return to Louisville, (4) which was safe only because these whom we had hoped would be its liberators had turned their backs upon our misery?"

"But they did wisely; that feeling was an impulse, my reason says that Bragg did right then, and so I try to feel he is doing now."

"It is easy for you to say this. But with the army went Eustace. Oh, Laura, I shall never see him again!"

"You must not be so despondent," said Laura, kissing her; she knew not how to comfort her. "He would not like to see you thus."

"If he could, would you control this mood?"

"But he can't know it now."

"Yes."

"Do you love him better than Jesus? or do you think the Great One does not care if you are distrustful of His love?"

"It was you, Laura, who doubted that and talked about His justice."

"That is for me, His love is for you."

Minnie looked at the white, stern face and took Laura's cold hand.

"I am always so selfish, your grief is greater than mine. I do believe that you feel more for Kentucky than I do for Eustace."

Minnie was probably right. Agamemnon loved Greece better after Iphigenia was taken. We love the altar more than the thing sacrificed. God pity the man or woman whose whole soul is given up to his or her country! As long as a nation is but a mass of depraved beings the patriot's life can be but a touching history of disappointed hopes and agonizing misgivings.

"Will you hear a letter from Camp Chase?"

'The Buckeye Olmutz,

December 8, '62.

'MISS LAURA,

You see I have not forgotten the promise made in jest that if I ever found myself in a Republican Bastille, I would write you a description of my abode. Don't you like the name I have given to our Araby?—A Buckeye compared Camp Chase to Olmutz. I thought we could not have a better name, though some might think 'Black Hole' even more appropriate. But I object to giving that name to any place but Massachusetts; surely not many there except the Hon. Mr. Winthrop, (who deserves a better birthplace) and a few of his school, can ever object to having their State named after anything coloured. At the risk of shocking you, I am going to give you a true picture of Olmutz the Second, premising that I speak of the department reserved for prisoners of State. Of this class there are nearly 700, a disproportionate proportion of whom are from Kentucky and West Virginia. It costs more to be a rebel in that State and that sham State than elsewhere, seeing a man has all of the curses of the North and none of the blessings of the South. My right-hand neighbour was taken out of his bed at midnight eight months since; my *vis-à-vis* was ploughing in the field when Lincoln's minions appeared, and was not allowed to cross the field to bid his wife good-bye, or to get a change of clothing. (a) My left-hand neighbour deserves to be here, as he was gulled by Bragg and displayed his sympathies too soon. He is not allowed to correspond with his family, and being minus a purse, they may never learn where he is unless you volunteer to convey the information: his name is Girard Edwards; he lives in the village where it was my happiness and my misery first to meet you. There is an old gentleman here whose daughters sent a waggon-load of provisions to the men they supposed had come to rescue them from their thralldom; but lo! their protectors had fled and their Yankee persecutors got possession of the waggon and sent the father (over seventy) to Olmutz. (a) None of us are given more than one blanket—the people in these parts profess to believe in Jesus. Our bed is a plank four feet long; those whose souls are microscopic ought not to be blamed for thinking other people pigmies. Spurge, who sleeps when he can, is black and blue from lying on a bare board. His clothes, I am informed, are 'summer wear.' They look like black shreds. The first night I arrived, being stiff with cold, I walked out in the air to rouse the circulation of my blood, which was clogged with impure atoms floating in the atmosphere. A guard threatened to shoot me according to orders, and I went back, uncertain whether I should die of cold, itching, starvation, or poison—poison? Yes, and of the most repulsive sort. Think of drinking a decoction one part tubercular matter from diseased lungs, two parts molecules of decayed teeth; three parts motes from the mucous membrane of 'running noses'; four parts putrescent matter from gangrenous sores; five parts particles evolved from skins that have not been washed for, decency forbids me to say how long; six parts dust; seven parts smoke; eight parts curses. I fancy I see you faint, as I have heard you say that if in a crowded, close church, or concert-room, you for a moment allowed yourself to think of what sort of atmosphere you were breathing it made you sick. I commended the refined delicacy of the lungs that preferred to let their owner faint rather than receive such an odoriferous compound. The second day money procured me almost all I really needed for bed-covering. We are wood choppers and most of us cooks. You have heard of migrating rats who wouldn't condescend to go around a house; their American cousins will soon be

as agile ; already they disdain to walk around our feet. Ah ! do you doubt we are in a Christian land ? Incredulous being ! so strictly is the sixth commandment kept that we are warned that death is the penalty for killing a rat. The third plague of Egypt will henceforth be known as the first of Camp Chase. There was a young man taken from family and friends, brought here without charge against him, at least there is none recorded opposite his name ; but if I mistake not the nature of God, that blank is filled up thus : ‘ Murdered for having a human heart which sympathized with the oppressed.’ His body lay all night in the dead yard, and the next morning his hair was stiff with lice and nits. Lice were crawling into and out of his mouth. (a) I do not think I shall ever again use any filthy or profane words without thinking of this. Some time since two men in sport began to wrestle ; probably they became angry and dealt hard blows ; some prisoners standing by rushed in to part them. The guards from the lookout fired on the group, killed one man, and wounded another. (a) Think of such cowardice. God forgive me that I ever for one moment upheld this infernal despotism ! But the tears of a lifetime cannot wash out the blood stain on my soul. I wonder if you know the cause of my arrest. I heard of Senator Douglas who had been advocating ‘ whipping the South,’ etc., having a plantation and 150 negroes, and that the Confederate Government had refused to confiscate it, and was drawing a contrast between the two Governments. A bystander reported me to the Provost Marshal, and here I am. I saw in a paper (we are not allowed to buy such as the *Cincinnati Inquirer*) that some guillotines had arrived in New York. This may have been a mere sensational paragraph ; but if it is true it cannot surprise anyone unless he has been asleep, or has lived on the Louisville papers for more than a year. One need not go out of Ohio to see an increase of Butternuts. The time has come when every Northern man must array himself in mourning, in ‘ cap and bells ’ or in butternuts. Oh, if I had donned the last when first you urged it !

Yours, etc.,

A. GORIN.”

“ Poor fellow ! but Laura, you reproved me for calling the Yankees savages. Now I’ll try your game and prove what I said. On learning of the attempted capture by Faulkner’s Cavalry of the steamer Eugene the military authorities sent the Forty-Sixth Ohio to destroy Randolph. The inhabitants seemed to have been impressed with the conviction that the town would be destroyed. There were only a few men and some women and children left.” (a)

“ Oh ! then I am prepared to hear of some great deed of Yankee valour.”

“ You will not be disappointed. Every house in the town was burned to the ground except the Methodist Church, which was left standing for the accommodation of the persons turned out of doors by the fire.”

“ Oh, rare instance of Yankee charity ! one building, minus cooking apparatus or beds, was preserved for widows and orphans and old men to shelter themselves in from the pitiless elements.”

“ I hope you do not blame the poor Yankees for this attack on gray-heads, children and houses. Now, I am not so unreasonable as to expect the enemy to venture off the gun-boats and meet the guerillas hand to hand. Randolph was destroyed because some high-spirited young men thought that a boat which carried provisions, and probably arms to the men who were shooting down their fathers and brothers, was a lawful object of warfare.”

“ How absurd they were ! What right would the Pennsylvanians, during Stuart’s late raid to Chambersburg have had to have fired upon a waggon, not marked C. S. A., which was carrying aid or comfort to the invaders ? ”

“ But, lady mine, sarcasm aside, how can you expect armed men to act like civilized beings if the men who bear the title reverend—as smarter and better ‘ fools ’ of the olden time wore jingling bells to attract attention—talk as if they had received their commission from Abaddon the Destroyer ? ”

“ Oh that St. George would put his foot on this demon ! ”

“ Jefferson Davis will be our St. George, by the grace of God.”

"Already he has his foot on the neck of this dragon ; but the tail still lives. Listen at one of its rattles—Parson Brownlow."

"I never read or listen to his blasphemous ravings. I would as soon sit at the feet of Eugène Sue."

"Nevertheless, you must hear a few clauses. I know I never could make you listen to all the speech. He says, 'I hold that everything that a rebel has, a rebel South, or a rebel North, ought to be confiscated, and then his infernal neck ought to be confiscated.'"

"I think the parson is kinder to his enemies than to his friends ; he is doing all he can to confiscate to eternal justice the souls of the latter."

"You are too quick."

"He says, 'I deny that a rebel has any but two rights, the one is the right to be hanged, and the other to be damned !'"

"No more of him, Minnie. Read me Eustace's last letter."

"Near Morgantown, October 20th.

DEAR COUSIN MINNIE,

As my other letter has doubtless been perused, I will begin at once with the daily outward life of the one you honour by calling your hero. We have been living for a week or two on parched corn and fat meat ; but no grumbler disgraces General Morgan's men. As nearly all the men in our company are of the first circles, we don't think it necessary to make a fuss about what we have to show that we had better at home. I suppose you have heard that near Bardstown we captured 125 Government waggons, and 200 cavalry men. Last night I slept on fodder ; my saddle-bags pillowed (pillored) me. I had undressed by putting my socks in my boots and my feet were wrapped in my saddle-blanket ; over me was drawn an oil-cloth which a certain young lady had sent to Glasgow to await me. When we get into the little Kentucky towns the citizens offer us beds 'as if,' says our captain, "they didn't know we'd roll out." Their beds we decline, but never excuse ourselves from a meal when our officers don't.

Yours, as ever,

E. H."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"As I came from Frankfort I counted 23 deserted houses on the road, and was told the men had joined the C.S.A., and the families gone South for safety. A gentleman who lives on the Shelby pike had no clothes left him by the Yanks but the suit he had on. One of his neighbours had had all her china and glass wantonly broken. I brought a paper with me to read you some extracts," said Mr. Urston, unfolding a newspaper. "[Recently published documents have shown that Bragg's and Kirby Smith's invasion was really intended to be something more than the grand foraging expedition many had supposed it. As a movement against Louisville and Cincinnati (and that now appears to have been the original rebel intention,) of course it was a failure. But in the secondary purpose of securing stores to winter their army, the practical results they gained were well worth the whole invasion. Over the whole region through which we passed—up, in fact, to within less than twenty miles of Louisville—the rebels had kept every mill running night and day, had seized all the wheat they could find and had ground it, had driven or slaughtered and packed all the hogs and beeves they could collect, and had well nigh cleared the entire country of horses. Some portion of the stores they had thus collected was lost on the retreat, but by far the greater part was carried off.

They came into the State in rags; they went out with all the linsey and jeans that the stores of Central and Southern Kentucky contained. A single merchant in Lexington had to sell them (that was the polite name, at least, for the transaction) a hundred and seven thousand dollars' worth of jeans. One remarkable feature of our trip was that we met no young men. The roads were everywhere filled with travellers—the Kentuckians were always a travelling people—but you rarely met a man under forty-five. The young men were all gone to the wars.]”

“Oh,” said Minnie, “I can’t yet bear to think of that retreat. But I’ll read you what a friend wrote about their retreat. Ah! it was really heart-rending to leave Lexington. ‘The terror and dismay of the inhabitants were extreme. The women ran through the streets crying and wringing their hands, while families gathered their clothing and obtained waggons to depart, the greatest distress prevailing. The retreat commenced on Sunday night the 12th of October. Before the army came private trains of refugee families in every conceivable vehicle. Intermixed with the cavalry and infantry were thousands of cattle, horses, and mules. The effect of our retreat everywhere along the road was sickening and depressing in the extreme. No miniature banners waved, no white kerchiefs greeted our troops with approving smiles, and no wild cheer was heard responsive to the greetings which had attended the march into Kentucky. Trembling women stole to the doors to look upon the strange scene before them, and as the truth gradually forced itself upon them, their eyes filled with tears and they shrank back, fearing even to make the slightest demonstration of friendliness—all was sullen and downcast.’”

“Miss Minnie, I’ve only made you bluer than before. But I cannot leave you until I win you to smiles. Does that smile mean I am to go? I have in the *Commercial* an article which will interest you. It is called ‘A Few Days in the Interior of Kentucky,’ written to show the state of things after Bragg’s retreat.”

“Don’t read me any Yankee exultation over our misery.”

“I will only read portions. The writer shows that Bragg, and not Kentucky, is most to blame.”

“I don’t need ten days’ travel to find that out.”

“You are too hard on Bragg.”

“Am I,” asked Minnie, with unfeigned surprise that she should be called hard on anybody, particularly on a Southerner.

“You don’t make due allowance for the defeat at Corinth, which may have rendered imperatively necessary the evacuation of Kentucky.”

“Oh, if Bragg had only published one more proclamation and told us that! If he had only made one effort to soothe the hearts he was breaking! Instead of this he and his staff poured vitriol into our wounds; scoffed when they should have pitied.”

Mr. Urston did not like to hear Bragg abused, and didn’t know how to defend him, for he could not help feeling it a reproach that Bragg had tried to shift the blame from himself upon manacled Kentucky, who had done her best for him and his.

“I’d rather you would talk. I don’t want to call up any reminiscences of the last few painful weeks.”

“But there is a good deal here about Morgan.”

“Oh! if you are determined to read it, pray do so at once,” said Minnie, brightening.

“Beginning and ending with Morgan?”

“By no means. If there is any comfort let me have it; I sorely need it.”

“If the battle near Perryville had been a more decided Union success, if Bragg had been pushed a little more rapidly out of the State, and if, instead of leaving John Morgan, with over half the cavalry of the invading army still roaming through the State at pleasure, the expulsion had been complete, there is no doubt that the hopes of the rebels would have been cruelly crushed. After all Bragg hadn’t retreated, except when he pleased, and as he pleased.

When Buell was pursuing, he got severely punished for his temerity at Perryville. With all the Union force, they couldn't keep John Morgan from going wherever he pleased. Why then shouldn't Morgan stay and Bragg come back? And so they reasoned themselves into the belief that after all the rebels might still have about as strong a hold as the Government on Kentucky. The zealous masses point to Morgan and ask if that doesn't look as if Southerners could go wherever they pleased. Every one had some question to ask about him, or some fear to express. Few had much hope of our cavalry's overtaking him. If they could only keep close enough behind to give him no time for pillaging or destroying, they would do well. But after all, Morgan was the greatest military genius the war had developed. As we got beyond the region of his latest exploits, the fame of his performances, we found, had still outrun him. The stages stopped running for fear of Morgan. Farmers riding along the turnpike anxiously inquired which way Morgan had gone, and whether there was much danger of his coming down there that night. The rebels we saw were jubilant, and hardly concealed their amusement and delight at the consternation Morgan was creating. At Rough-and-Ready, and Salvisa—little post villages on the road to Harrodsburg—they were all expecting Morgan “between then and to-morrow morning.” Everywhere Morgan, Morgan, Morgan, was the constant theme of conversation. “Can't they catch that devil, Morgan?” exclaimed an honest Unionist, who stopped us on the road to have a chat about Morgan's doings. “I guess Morgan's showing them a few more of his tricks,” chuckled an ill-concealed Secessionist.

“As the days passed by the excitement died away, but still Morgan's name was in every one's mouth. His reckless (or apparently reckless) exploits, seemed to have a great fascination for the susceptible Kentucky mind. We have a largely increased number of shuffling middle-men, who “take no part in this unhappy contest,” and who are waiting to see which side is successful, before they decide whether they believe in loyalty or treason. All this may not be very flattering to the people themselves; but where, in the history of all civil wars, has the border country been found otherwise?’”

“What Southern State in Kentucky's geographical condition would have acted otherwise than as she has done? And I remember in one of Scott's novels—my usual resort for historical references—he says the same of border lands.”

“Yes; where in the South has an army been planted that the people have not succumbed?”

“Is that all the letter? I like it. Whenever a Yankee twits me with ‘Bragg,’ I shall say, ‘Morgan.’”

“I saw an extract from the *Chattanooga Rebel* which says: ‘[Forrest and Morgan operate around Nashville. They make Laverne a place of rendezvous, whence they sally forth, like Marion's men of old, at the peep of day, dealing death and destruction to the outposts, foraging parties and subsistence trains of the enemy. These excursions are generally attended by artillery, of both which the brigades of Morgan and Forrest have abundance. Composed of dashing veterans, and led by chieftains who have never been surpassed for skill and daring, the cavalry branch of the Army of the West may challenge comparison with any army of the service.]’”

“What has become of our paroled prisoner?”

“Ah, Miss Minnie, can't you let one poor fellow pass without taking him captive?”

“But where is Colonel Welles?”

“In Camp Dent, the new military prison. He encouraged the hearts of the despairing by letting them look at a live rebel.”

“Most of the people here—Dutch and Yankees excepted—do that every morning while making their toilettes. But what has the colonel done?”

“Nothing.”

“Then why this violation of the cartel?”

“Don't you know all the paroled prisoners are treated exactly as if they were not paroled?”

"And in the South?"

"Are allowed to act out the meaning of parole; Southerners are expected to keep their word. I saw a Union lady to-day who has been South to take her son some money that she concealed in her clothes; but she says, 'that was not at all necessary.'" (a)

"And here the Yankees won't let a mother give her imprisoned son more than a dollar at a time."

"But Southerners are not Yankees."

"I hope 'evil communications' won't 'corrupt good manners.'"

"Those who have been inoculated are not apt to have the small-pox."

"Mrs. Ingersoll, a Unionist, says, that all the time she was in the Southern lines she was treated with the most kindly attention, and had the most gentlemanly sympathies from all parties with whom she came in contact, with one exception, and he was a Northerner by birth." (a)

"Mrs. Laurance went to the prison hospital yesterday to see her husband, and was answered very gruffly she could not. Only for certain days can she get a permit. (a) Imagine Southerners sending ladies to a stranger to get permission to see a sick husband! She had to talk before Lincolnites. Mrs. Cabell went to the prison to enjoy the immense privilege of talking to her husband through a window; she presumed on the wifely privilege of whispering, and a Yankee said, 'Speak loud, madam.'" (a)

"Oh this petty tyranny!"

"Petty to listeners; but not to those who suffer. Prentice says, 'A large Secession rag was torn down from the house of a Secessionist. The gallant soldiers, after taking it down, put a better one, the Star-spangled Banner, in its place.'"

"I declare no man should put a Yankee flag over my house."

"Take care! you'll be tried for treason."

"Tried! How witty you are! Do you call that a jury where all the jurors have sworn what they will do?"

"No one ever heard of such a case."

"Have you never seen the enactment of our humbug Legislature—that all jurymen shall swear they 'have not, directly nor indirectly counselled, or abetted any rebellion or insurrection whatever!'"

"A petty tyranny is exercised in the North. Next to money, the true Yankee loves news. Secretary Stanton has ordered home all the correspondents connected with the army, under penalty of arrest."

CHAPTER XLVII.

DECEMBER 20th.

MINNIE and Mrs. Breckenridge were in Bowling Green, whither they had gone to visit Mrs. Burton, sister and aunt. Minnie's cousin Aglaë had just finished the song of the Kentucky Guard, and in tears the child of beauty and of joy laid her hand on the door-knob, intending to escape to her room and have a good cry, a luxury for which Minnie was always grateful after it was over, for it generally ended with a thanksgiving. As the knob could not be turned she lifted her hand, and ere it fell it was thrown—neither ever knew how—around the bowed neck of a tall soldier in grey. Not a word was spoken and Miss Aglaë went from the song into "Jeff Davis's Polka." A few minutes as balmy and holy as the shadows of angels'-wings, filled two hearts with unspoken love and a rapture that was half prayer, half thanksgiving. When

the pretty polka was ended, Minnie, to whom consciousness of being adored had taught womanly dignity, quietly said,—

“My cousin, Miss Burton, let me introduce Captain Huntington.” Aglaë’s eyes opened in amaze.

“How loudly I must have played! I didn’t hear you speak to any one, Minnie.”

“Did you not?”

“Captain Huntington, I can scarcely repress my pleasure at seeing you. Is your company near?”

“In the outskirts of the town.”

“Oh, joy! Then I must go get something for the blessed soldiers to eat. Famine in the South, feast in Kentucky! Please excuse me, captain.”

“With—” he didn’t finish the sentence. “The ladies of Bowling Green have so petted us that when we come here we feel much like spoiled children returning home after a season of school discipline.” He bowed Miss Burton out. “My darling,” Eustace again clasped the little form to his strong, manly heart. “Tell me good morning, sweet,” he asked roguishly, his lips close to hers, waiting.

“I have,” she replied, turning away her pretty head, but blushing no more than if her mother had asked to be kissed. Hadn’t Eustace an equal right to an embrace?

“Indeed, those are your first words. Tell me good-morning. Quick! Before somebody comes.” She kissed him, perhaps because his beseeching eyes were too near to be thwarted. “Isn’t this meeting the strangest thing?”

“No, Eustace, I never wanted to see you as much as I did yesterday and last night. I cried for you and God saw me, and I begged Him so hard to let you come to me.”

“My beautiful angel!”

“And you are mine, Eustace. Don’t smile. Are not angels the ‘messengers of God,’ and I am sure God sent you to me a year ago and now again.”

For a week Duke’s Regulars held Glasgow and the inhabitants vastly enjoyed their breathing time; though like hunted animals, they knew that every time they raised their heads above the overwhelming tide of Yankee oppression they became targets for new cruelties.

Minnie and Eustace were seldom apart; he was too manly to be ashamed of the crown of his life and she seemed to think it as natural that she should love Eustace as flowers and birds. Their long walks were not often disturbed by the presence of a third person, and in the house the bow-window was given up to them in obedience to the old prescriptive right of lovers. The handsomest, most gallant and most polished men of Kentucky, who were of the Regulars, could not tempt Minnie to even a thought of flirtation. The days when she had permitted the attentions of flirts humiliated her in remembrance.

“But,” she added to her thought, “Eustace has raised me above myself. I am on his level now; he never stooped to make love an amusement.”

CHAPTER. XLVIII.

In the little church, in Bowling Green, Eustace and Minnie were made one “according to God’s holy ordinance.” Eustace felt that he was on “holy ground:” to him the gates of Eden were re-opened and he felt that God came down to talk with Minnie and with him. This impression was probably deepened by the following verses that morning presented by a friend.

“A woman yields to thee,
Prepare her throne!

Whom thou hast vanquished now must be
 'Bone of thy bone.'
 The mystery of Paradise
 Doth overwhelm.
 Reason and phantasy.
 Make thy heart realm,
 Of love and faith and joy;
 Wash thy hands lest they stain
 With sin's alloy,
 One who for thee may bear much pain;
 Pray Christ to cleanse the heart
 Where He will place thy bride,
 To dwell until ye part—
 Death-bed beside."

It was decided by Mrs. Breckenridge that it was necessary for Minnie to return to Louisville for a week, and Eustace yielded, knowing it was almost impossible to buy clothes in the South.

CHAPTER XLIX.

As beautiful as the morning and as silently, did pretty little Minnie run up the stairs and tap at the door of Laura's room.

"Come in," was said in a voice that fell on Minnie's gladness like a shadow, for she was about to dance into her friend's arms. Suddenly she stopped and trembled. Again, she looked at Laura and put her hand to her head as though she had received a violent blow.

Laura arose and took her in her arms.

"Who, darling?" was all Minnie could gasp. How should such a child know how to grapple with the shadow of death? Laura was dressed in deepest mourning.

"My mother."

Minnie's sobs became violent.

"I loved her so."

"I know it."

"What did she die of?"

"Despotism."

So hollow were Laura's metallic tones that Minnie could not repress a shudder.

"Don't shudder, child; it cannot touch her now."

"But you, Laura—What will you do?"

"Suffer!"

"Oh, Laura, if you love me, cry!"

Her eyes were sunken and dry; even her skin had a parched look.

"Why should I? When I did I could not save her."

"Oh, it's too horrible! How could you give her up?"

"As I could give you up—you, my all now." Laura's convulsive clasp hurt Minnie. "They had taken her husband from her."

"What! what do you mean?" Minnie knew she did not refer to his long imprisonment for she had left Mrs. Buckner well.

"That my father has been sent to Vicksburg. Don't sob so, child; you'll kill me. They would not even let her go with him. What do they care that God hath said, 'Whom He hath joined let not man put asunder?' She would not let the Yankees know how she suffered; but before we reached home she had fainted."

Laura began walking rapidly up and down the floor. "She had had nervous rheumatism before you went away. After you had gone she had spasms and in one she found eternal rest. Ah, Minnie! can you think what it will be to be where despots have no power? I can't. When I try my brain reels. I am not yet strong enough to bear the freedom of Heaven. That would crush me as the despotism of earth killed—"

She stopped her rapid walk. Minnie did not see that she trembled so she caught hold of the bedpost.

"I think I can sleep now one that loves me is near," she said, as still holding the post, she placed herself on the bed. Minnie arose and took her head in her lap. More than an hour elapsed when Minnie bent over her friend, whose face was turned from her. She saw and shrieked; Laura's eyes were wide open and seemed set.

CHAPTER L.

MINNIE wrote a letter to her husband and gave it to an exchanged officer; some busy-body informed the General in command in Louisville that he had a suit of Confederate uniform for General Morgan, whereupon he was arrested and searched; on his person was found Minnie's letter to Eustace. Some expressions in it about himself displeased him, and he ordered her South. She pleaded hard to wait until Laura died, for the doctors had no hopes of her recovery; but he would not give her one day of grace. (4.) Immediately she wrote to Miss Johnston to come to Laura. For a week the latter lay at the point of death with typhoid fever. Miss Johnston reached her when she was convalescent, and most tenderly watched over her. She had told her that she should establish a sisterhood in Louisville as soon as she recovered. Laura sat listlessly knitting; it was evident she was not conscious that she was engaged in a manual occupation.

"What is before me?" thought she; "An interminable desert; there may be an oasis here, there may be an oasis there, but the desert will not end till I come to the ocean of eternity; so my reason teaches me. Would it could drill my heart into this conviction! Poor heart! the stately castle with its interminable labyrinths of pleasure is only a mirage. It is not real, and can never be the pleasant picture that I see—a woman's weary head pillowed on a strong breast, while a disengaged hand plays with the letters C. S. A. on dress buttons which once that woman said she scorned. The Fata Morgana—nothing more, heart! Now lie down and be still. What work is there for you to do? I must, in very pity find some employ for you. A 'little while,' it will be but a 'little while,' and all these dreary hours will be over. But I have got to live through them, and how shall I pass them? That is the question now. A literary life I should like best; but though I love to write I would not choose a literary life. Now I can no more refrain from writing than from sleeping; exhausted nature seeks repose; the aching heart must dream ere it can be refreshed; nothing but happiness refreshes me, and I am happiest when I write. But I cannot sell my happiness; I cannot make my living by my pen; our house is to be taken for a hospital—that's nothing, at least, the Southerners think that Kentuckians deserve only to be depreciated for enduring confiscation and poverty. My father is in Dixie; well, he's happy. Happy! Happy! Undoubtedly, when he thinks of the wife who was sacrificed to the South, and the daughter left virtually an orphan and penniless for the same. Is the exile received with open arms as a Kentuckian? If not, he will scorn sympathy and respect given to him at the expense of his State. He has but done what ninety-nine out of every hundred of his State fellows would do were not little mouths waiting to be filled with bread. The man whose destiny has killed a wife will never blame another for not being as bold as himself. The father, who leaves a daughter at the mercy of brute invaders, will never blame another that he loved his child's honour as much as his own freedom."

A long burst of weeping eased Laura's aching heart, and after she had knelt a while she grew calm. Then for nearly an hour she sat motionless, a hand on each eye.

"O Father! Can I do it? Am I worthy to live for Thee? But all my life I have been used to luxury; how can I endure poverty? It would be very hard to bear it for myself; it may be easier to bear it for others. Besides, were I a sister I should have blessedness incomprehensible! And I can forget the wounds in my own heart while I pour oil into those of other grieving spirits. What is the use of the mental inquisition I have undergone if it has not strengthened the new life with the 'baptism of fire'? 'In quietness and in confidence shall be my strength.' I will quietly wait for love and happiness, and while I wait I will maintain unquestioning confidence in the love of the Father who stooped to undertake my reformation. Many influences, chiefly Keble's master-hand, had hewn me into a woman, but the Divine Majesty of Heaven deigned to give with His own hand the finishing strokes as He had at my birth given to Heaven, Earth, and Hell the cast of the woman I was to be. 'Shall the thing formed' refuse to serve her Maker? God, I am Thine. Do with me as Thou wilt!"

Perhaps it was more Keble's words and life while with her than grief at his loss that her heavenly guardian chose as the means of schooling her noble spirit for the companionship of the blessed. Here are two extracts from her journal:—

"Dec. 22. Twelve months ago what a child was I! I looked to the future as unalloyed pleasure as far as it could be separated from my country's struggle. A teacher came to me; had I known him as an angel, would the doors of my heart have opened more readily for him? I teased and taunted him; I sported with him; I enjoyed intellectual jousts with him; I knew him as a mere man; now as he fades from me in the distance his hidden wings loom upon my sight, I bow my head and heart to him, I feel the place that he trod is 'holy ground.'"

"Dec. 31. I have to-day been acting as Keble would like, visiting the poor. Until now I never wished to live to be very old. But how much misery one can relieve in a long life! I begin to feel happy. I have a work to do. I cannot free my country, but I can devote my life to her; I can comfort her. I am rejoiced to hear we are to have a Sisterhood in Louisville. (9.) To nurse the sick, teach girls, reclaim the erring. What a Christlike mission! Be happy, my Minnie; I will try to have but little time to think about myself. I have longed so earnestly to serve my country—how could I do it better than by caring for and helping to cure her sick and wounded captive soldiers, and in tending the widows and orphans of those who have given their lives for freedom? But it will be so hard to give up all my beautiful surroundings; yet that must be done. Already has the order gone forth to rob me of my home. My pictures! Memory will turn the key of a picture-gallery whenever I have leisure to enjoy it. My beautiful mementoes of the absent or the dead can go with me—all that the Yankee Government don't steal. They'll help to beautify a home for one who has no other. Yes; I must be a sister. How many women will be 'ruined' by this war? Oh! my heart beats fearfully even to think of them. Cannot I do something to save them? I will, I will, by God's help. A little wooden cross over our house will be to all these weak and erring ones a promise that its inmates will say what their Master said, 'Neither do we condemn ye;' come to us and be happy; come to Jesus, and 'sin no more.' Some depared hearts will scorn a Saviour, but few, I think, will scorn a happy home. So may we win souls for the Lord. Oh, is it possible that I could do this thing? 'He that turns many to righteousness shall shine like the stars for ever and ever.'"

VOLUME III.

CHAPTER I.

VIRGINIA DAVIS is an orphan and more than an orphan, for who her parents are, or were, nobody knows. The asylum in which she is has not made the praiseworthy discovery that when Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," He excluded foundlings and that, therefore, the Church does well to follow in her Master's footsteps, and hand such little innocents over to the trinity of foundlings, "the world, the flesh, and the Devil."

Mr. Maturin had lost his wife soon after his only daughter had reached her fifth year, and he pitied the solitude of a child who had no playmate of her own age. Mrs. Blanton, Jennie's nurse, and since Mrs. Maturin's death, the house-keeper, was but a poor companion for a child as frolicsome as Jennie. It is as wrong needlessly to cheat a child of happiness, as a man of money, thought Mr. Maturin, and to remedy this grievous evil he took Jennie to an orphan asylum and having obtained consent of the managers led her into the play-room, and told her to choose a little girl to go home with her. Mr. Maturin had scarcely finished his sentence when a child threw down a book and ran to Jennie, catching her in her arms, and exclaiming in accents of wild delight—

"This is my little girl because she is so pretty."

Although the children were nearly the same age the orphan was stouter, not having been reared on pickles and coffee, candies and hot bread, and so she lifted the slight Jennie in her arms.

"Mayn't I take care of her? she is so pretty! Please say yes, and I'll be so good," said the little suppliant, putting down Jennie and grasping the matron's dress. Jennie cried; the orphan ran back to her.

"There, I frightened you little girl, didn't I? I'm so sorry; don't cry."

Jennie who had only whimpered before, now cried aloud; the little enthusiast shrank back, tears in her eyes. Mr. Maturin was surprised; but the matron explained that the previous day a lady had brought a beautiful little boy to the asylum, and that to reward one of the elder girls, who was remarkably good, she had told her she might consider the boy as her peculiar charge.

"And so," said Mr. Maturin, "this little beauty thought I was going to leave my child and she wanted to adopt her—a strange piece of luck! I must adopt that child. What's her name?"

"Virginia Jefferson Davis, a director called her so from admiration of the State of that name, and for a man who, she said, she knew would distinguish himself—a gentleman born in Christian County where she came from."

"But the father's name?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Ah! Then I'll make another selection." Jennie was again called upon to make a choice, but clung to her papa and begged to be taken home.

"I'll come alone to-morrow," said Mr. Maturin, turning to leave. Virginia began to cry piteously as she saw the pretty plaything she coveted carried off. "Oh, she is so bootiful! Let me have her. I won't scare her any more. Indeed, I won't."

"How strange," said Mr. Maturin.

"It seems almost like Providence, sir."

"Providence, eh? Well, I don't know about that; but come here Virginia."

"No, I can't, because the pretty girl don't want me."

"See Jennie, you have hurt her feelings; she is crying. Go, kiss her, and tell her you're sorry."

The daughter did as she was bidden. Virginia forgave her and then said—

"Will you cry if I kiss you again? You mustn't mind; I always kiss the pretty pictures and slap the ugly ones; but I never saw a real picture that could cry before," said she, twisting Jennie's brown curls over her little red fingers. "Please let me kiss you."

"Yes."

"The kiss was given. "Won't you kiss me now?"

"Papa will; he teases me so by kissing me that I don't like to kiss anybody."

"Oh, I should love to kiss him, he is pretty, like you."

"Papa," said Jennie, leading Virginia to him, "take this little girl home, and kiss her so as I can talk and play without being bothered."

Mr. Maturin was amused. "Will you come with me, Virginia, and live in a pretty house and have dolls?"

"I don't like 'em."

"And candy—"

"It made my teeth ache when Sam gave me some."

"And picture books."

"Oh, I like them!"

"Well, then, come with me, and I'll give you as many as you want."

"I'm going to stay here with this pretty girl. I won't kiss her any more if she'll stay with me?"

"But I am going to take my child away. There now, don't cry! but get your bonnet and come with us."

Without one word the unpetted orphan walked to the peg where her bonnet hung, and took it down.

"She does not seem to mind leaving you," said Mr. Maturin.

"No, sir, she don't seem to care much for anyone. She has been sick lately, and would lie all day looking at pictures with which the managers kept her supplied. She never complained, not even when suffering; never said that quinine was bad, but always buried her head under the bed-clothes as soon as she had taken it, and kept the jelly to eat when, as she said, the quinine couldn't spoil it. She is never naughty and yet I don't love her as I do some bad children, I never saw her show any feeling before to-day; she is the most peculiar child here."

"I prefer a different playmate for my daughter. Jennie, I can't take Virginia; you must choose another little friend."

"No, I won't!"

"You mustn't say won't to big people. That's naughty," said Virginia.

"But papa don't want me to take you home with me."

"Then I won't go." Virginia ran to a corner and sat down to cry.

Spoiled Jennie was determined she should go; but in vain she coaxed the poor orphan, who answered only once, and then said between two deep sobs,

"I never go where people don't want me."

It took Mr. Mr. Maturin some time to persuade her to accompany him; of course he would not let her be forced. Perhaps he would not have succeeded had not Jennie kissed her half-a-dozen times and promised to do the same every day. Poor little motherless, sisterless one, to whom a kiss was the rarest bliss of life.

CHAPTER II.

1858.

It is not my purpose to describe how the ingenious Mr. Maturin found means to spoil Virginia as completely as he had Jennie, and to pet her the more when he found she was by no means the gay little romp he had desired for his fragile daughter. But ere eighteen months had been passed in her new home Virginia stood by the side of the coffin of the child whom parental indulgence had thrust into an early grave. Thenceforward Virginia was child and pet so completely that it was not very long before Jennie was mourned by her father more as an heiress than as a daughter. Virginia's precocious development made her the intellectual equal of a man whose only superiority consisted in the art of amassing a fortune, and whose only reading was of ledgers and newspapers. Virginia was educated by teachers who called for six hours during five days of the week, and watched over by Mr. Maturin's housekeeper, who was too anxious to retain her place ever to cross her charge.

Virginia, shrinking from the companionship of girls because thrice those envious of her lavish style of dress had called her bastard, had no confidants but Mr. Maturin and her journal.

On January 3, 1858 she wrote: "To me only the future is all desolate. There is no one to love me; why need I smile? There is no one to care for me; why should I sigh? Why not be like the lonely mountain-peak which if it be above the warmth of the earth is also above its clouds? When it wants sympathy it receives only admiration. Were I to ask for love what surprise would I excite! I am lonely, lonely, lonely! Ah! what would I be without my rooms and the articles of beauty and variety which they contain? I shudder to think. A happy mother with a large family of loving children would not be more appalled, though of course, she would be inexpressibly more grieved, to realize what she would be were she childless. What could I do, if, when I wearied of my books and fancies I had nothing curious or beautiful to turn to? Other girls have confidants; I cannot talk to anybody but myself. Some blessed women can write novels and so enrich other lives with the waste of their happiness. Nearly every woman has husband or sweetheart; but Heaven preserve me from the man who can conquer me! No willing victim will he find. Bah! What is the meaning of such a namby-pamby page? I have dedicated my life to books; but I want some variety. I have devoted myself too exclusively to literature. This reminds me of what one of my favourites says. 'If literature could not make Irving happy, whom could it?' Yet in his diary of the last day of 1825, he says, 'A very, very little of which I would live over again, though some parts have been tolerably pleasant.' Tut! I can say more than that without being literary. In fact, this second volume of Irving's Biography discourages me from trying to find life-long happiness in literature only. I first called women who can write blessed, but Irving did not think this of men. He says, 'I have long since discovered it' (writing) 'is vanity and vexation of spirit,' and he advises a nephew to take 'a wiser and surer course.' Well, I will turn to science. I have always had a desire to know the mysteries of nature—especially in geology."

CHAPTER III.

1861.

"I WONDER if I am only a foolish child who knows nothing of life but its dreaminess. Is there no such thing as pure, unadulterated happiness?"

If there is, where am I to find it? I once thought it was to be found in Science. Was not I happy, almost without alloy, the years I devoted myself to geology and astronomy, diversifying my favourite studies, in winter with conchology, in summer with botany? Yes; I was happy enough then; I should want nothing better now; but I cannot live over that time again. Of course a long life would not enable me to read all the books written on these subjects, but I have read all I can get hold of, and I find no more wonders. I mean nothing that seems wonderful to me; for now nothing but indications of stupidity in the mind of the Architect of the Universe could surprise me into real wonder. There is no new law for me to find out; and new manifestations of old laws cannot absorb my attention in these days of outward distraction. Last week I chanced on Humboldt's Letters—by-the-bye, an unjustly-abused book, and took it up, for the name of Humboldt is as good as a magic-lantern to my fancy. If I ever have a room for a scientific cabinet only, I shall put Newton's bust or statue at the entrance, and Humboldt's at the exit. To me these two men seem the Alpha and Omega of Science. Their whole lives were devoted to her; neither asked other wife or mistress; both found their happiness in her to whom they were wedded for time and for eternity. Found their happiness, I said. Is this true? I thought so before I read these Letters of Humboldt's; but his nearest friend says of him in 1841, when he stood on the pinnacle of his glorious life, 'Indeed he has but little pleasure, and his satirical humour alone can make life here at all supportable to him.' Was Humboldt a disappointed statesman? Ah! if science could have sufficed to make him happy, why was a court the scene of his last days? The Universe should have been his only court, and the Creator of it his only king; but I forgot—Humboldt, like me, knew nothing of, and cared but little for that king. But my other embodiment of science, Sir Isaac, was happy. I believe so, but so I thought of Humboldt even after I had read his Life. Newton was of a different temperament. Ah! I should like to paint a picture and call it Science. I should depict in gorgeous hues a table-land of South America; magnificence should be revealed in every tree and poetry in every flower, and Humboldt should be reclining on it at his ease; he was at home with nature. In the back-ground I should have the snow illuminated Andes, and on the highest peak I should paint a statue of Newton as though he were chiselled out of a glacier. I should like to get hold of a true Life of Sir Isaac, but as only Samuel Johnson and a very few other favoured ones, have had their lives written, I never expect to find one of my peerless votary of science. Was he happy? Ah! I long to have that question answered....Having written this much, I threw down my pen to find out from my library what more I could about Sir Isaac. If he was happy science did not suffice him. As Humboldt turned to statesmanship, so Newton to the study of the Bible. It is strange that he who had studied the Universe should have given his maturest years to the study of one little part of one little book. Ah! Newton, you have cruelly disappointed me. If neither Humboldt nor you could find science sufficient for you, how can I? I thought I needed something else to arouse me only because I had no access to new works, or to new specimens. I could not be hired to read over an old book in these long dreary days. My cabinet still pleases; it is strange that one does not tire of God's works as one does of man's, but since all my specimens are classified, they can no more keep off a fit of the blues than a rattle can make a woman stop crying to see where the noise comes from. Still, I never weary of beauty. Good! I'll study art, and collect prints. I cannot be so presumptuous as to expect satisfaction where Newton and Humboldt could not find it; but they did not devote themselves to art."

"March 10. The noblest part of any human being is cold and dead in me. I am ashamed to have the angels know that I have lived and never loved. God can understand it, but can they? What must they think of me, a woman that loves no one, no, not even them? Them! God and the angels! I thought I was to believe nothing I could not understand. Of the nature of God and the angels I comprehend nothing. My sentiment is the offspring of the poetry I have been reading. Truly the poets of this age give owe of their beauties to Christianity

than those of old to mythology. Will another æon come when God and the angels will be classed with Jove and his suite? What strange voice within me answers, yes, and it will be the epoch of the devil and his demons? I wish I could believe like a Christian, or else love like a girl, then either heart or mind could be satisfied. I have no desire ungratified except the want of desire. Everything palls me. I am sick of life's sweets. Upon my word, I am going to fall in love. I don't expect to do anything except satisfy myself whether there is such a feeling, and if so, what is it? Mr. Graham will do for the experiment. Fortunate that I am to go to the party with him to-night. He is handsome enough with his laughing brown eyes, ever seeking mine; his lips always ready to curl or to smile. Yes; he is perfect, physically, I mean. He is intelligent, even brilliant; and as for his common sense, I expect if any eye but mine were to see this it might decide him sensible enough for me. Then he is rich and I can go to Europe, and so my only impossible-seeming dream may be realised. Very well, Mr. Graham, let us love."

After the Party.

"I do love Mr. Graham. I never heard so soft a voice as his when he whispered, 'Love is life and life is love.' The music was enchantment and I gave myself up to its power, and let Mr. Graham lead me through dance after dance as thought often carries me through dream after dream. His sister told me years ago, that his whole nature was love, and that he would make a lover-husband. How pleasant that will be! Life's poem begins."

A Month Later.

"Old people are right to call young ones 'fools.' Positively I do not find love as amusing as literature. I like the bouquets Mr. Graham sends me; but my own flowers are as sweet. I suppose that the heroines I read about who keep dried flowers have not greenhouses as I have. Mr. Graham's serenades are delightful, but the music not one iota sweeter than those given by Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Robinson. One discovery I have made and that is, that of all the poets Byron has written the most disgustingly.—Bah! what charm is there in a kiss? I don't know whether I ever shall marry Mr. Graham, but if I do I suppose I shall be expected to let him kiss me when he likes—well, there'll be no help for that; but if I had as much strength as he there would be. He dared to press my hand the other night; but he won't again. Bah! the fool sickens me. Why can't he whisper poetry and look at the stars instead of at me? I am getting tired of this love-making. Mr. Ford dared to call me a flirt. If I were a man and senseless as most men I would challenge him. He has insulted me. I, a flirt? Oh desolate! desolate! most desolate am I! What does the present give me? only, so far as I alone am concerned, enjoyment. And it seems to me that now æsthetic and intellectual pleasure is a crime. Kentucky, my mother, guarded as in a dungeon by man's power and subtlety, I can do nothing for her; I cannot even sew for the prisoners. I have made clothes enough for Dutch Guards and Yankee officers. Bah! my hand loathes the needle, and I am done with it. Perhaps it is well for me; sewing gives me too much time to think. It is pleasant enough to dream when gazing at a fair picture or landscape, or when listening to music; for, then objects of admiration order the course of my thoughts; but when I sew I think of my country—terror, and almost despair! and of my individual fortune! Of the first I have resolved to think no more. I am too young to go mad. And what is my future? A repetition of the present, faultlessly calm, but too monotonous to entice imagination; and so my fancy plays sad tricks with my reason. Ah! it is sad to have no future, and I have none on earth or beyond. My existence is asleep. It would be pleasant to feel the painful pricklings of awakened feeling—Patriotism and I not long since had a terrible struggle; both could not survive; vitativeness knew this, and for awhile it has crushed into stillness the bane of my life. What has a woman, weak, and in every respect as inefficient as I, to do with patriotism? I am *hors de combat*, and yet fall under every blow the foe inflicts; and when he is vanquished I dare not exult save under my breath, for, do not I

live in the vestibule of a prison? One word too loud and the door will close on me and then I shall be forgotten. There is no law in the land that I should be remembered. So that loud word I will not speak. Let me have pure air, and the greatest of blessings—solitude, though liberty cannot be mine. My State lost her freedom by feeling deeply for those who scorn her; I will avoid her doom. For those who loved me I could die; but I scarcely think scorn will buy my self-immolation. Oh, words my inmost heart knows half false! Beautiful South, would I were but a man to bleed and die for you! Down, heart, down! The South will sacrifice nothing for you or your State. Then why must I give up my freedom for her? I will forget there are such words as country and patriotism; I will live for myself. Away, patriotism! you have taken the joy from my lonely life; will you take all its peace? Oh, Liberty, most cruel of all blessings! why will you taunt me with midnight visions of your beautiful form, when you know day will find me in the embrace of tyranny? Off, Liberty! I'm too proud to go mad. Love is not happiness; for to love is to be restless out of sight and sound of the cherished one, and surely restlessness is not happiness. Ah, if I loved nobly, grandly, completely, I should have an invisible, immoveable centre on which to poise my being. But not so do I love—not well enough to rise above myself. I desire to be amused and entertained, to be appreciated, to be the object of devotion. I believe never until this hour was I fully conscious of even the cause of my late restlessness. But if I loved perfectly neither time nor distance could disturb the equilibrium of my heart. Presence could scarcely intensify my conception of the adored. The adored? Oh! but I do not adore anyone. Can I ever adore him? I wish I could; I don't like to do anything by halves. Besides, I am too generous not to wish to give what I receive. Imperfect love leads one to think meanly of one's self; perfect love carries the soul out of itself, so that it scarcely takes cognizance of its own perceptions. Music does not listen to itself. The deep, calm, clear river reflects not itself, but the heavens that overhang it."

Two Months Later.—September, 1861.

"I love a hero! I do not think I did love before last night. But when Robert—Ah that is the first time I have called him so—told me that he, as one of the State Guard, was going South to fight for freedom, and begged me not to forget him while he was gone, I felt my heart rise into existence—I never felt it before. Tears filled my eyes, he saw how I was touched; unchecked he pressed my hand, and more than once, to his lips. I am gloriously happy, the beloved of a hero! I am going to make a flag for his company. When I used to read of the knights and their lady-loves, and sigh to think I lived in such hum-drum times, I had no idea that I should ever be a heroine to a hero."

"October 1. Robert has been captured with seven others on his way out; privation of freedom will be hard, I suppose; but not harder to him than to me when I had to keep my own room three months after having the scarlet fever. Besides, I hope he will soon be exchanged; General Buckner has promised to attend to his case at once."

It giving this extract from Virginia's diary, it is not necessary to say that she knew about as little of war and imprisonment as she did of love.

"October 10. Robert has been paroled. What kindness to him when his seven comrades are still in confinement! But his father's Unionism accounts for this."

"October 11. Robert has been here. He wanted to take me in his arms, but I would not let him kiss me even if he is a hero. However, we parted in anger, for he abused Kentucky, my only mother. Kentucky, the only thing I cling to, is now oftenest the cause of my sorrow. People, who would not taunt me personally, do it unmercifully by sneering at my country. Ah, what woe for me that I am a States' Rights woman! Sad for me the hour when my head acknowledged my State my country; for my heart follows my head as a slave her master, sometimes grumbling, sometimes laughing, but always on his track. I have always loved Kentucky. My instincts taught me to do that. I am a patriot; can I help

loving my country? And if the place where I was born and still live is not my country, I know not what the word means. Ah-bah! What is the use of all these self-harrowing thoughts? I will go to my pictures and satisfy my eye if I can't my head and heart."

CHAPTER IV.

NOVEMBER 12TH.

"AH, my crushed heart, lie down! Be still. Who but myself would dare to tell me that I have a heart? I, the cold, the inaccessible, the lone one of my name, not even knowing whether by right that name be mine. They tell me that Robert has taken the oath. How thankful am I that no mortal knew that I loved him! Bah, bah! I do not love him; I never did. At any rate I never have since he said he hated Kentucky. What! wed the man who avowed himself the enemy of my country! Better to die by my own hand if there be no hereafter—and I doubt—why should I not doubt? If there be a God, why is there no vengeance? I can believe in a devil; I can feel him in my own heart. Yes, I feel his presence now; for I hate Robert with a strong and bitter detestation. As he despised my mother—the only one I ever knew—do I despise him. He says he took the oath of the U.S. because Kentucky is not worth his allegiance; so he is not worth mine."

Virginia went to her escritoire and took out a picture a foot long, framed in ivory with outer and inner rims of ebony. It was divided into two compartments. In one, by the pictured seaside, knelt a man, his back to the beholder; beside and behind him heaps of shells of the pearl-mussel, some empty, and some with blackened remains of their former inmates. The face was slightly turned, so that a mingled look of disgust and disappointment was perceptible. The sky was blue; rosy pillows on thrones of golden clouds were fit resting places for the angels. The young man saw neither them nor their exquisite reflections in the calm green sea. (1) Under this bright toned picture was marked "Not one," and the date, "1860." In the other compartment dark, grand masses of clouds were piled in the sky, which was of a peculiar shade of green sometimes seen during a thunder-storm. The bold hand of the artist had dared to attempt to paint the lightning, which seemed not to come from any particular cloud, but to be in the atmosphere. The air which surrounded the same man, who in vain had sought for pearls in the first picture, was of a rich, golden purple with a slight dash of carmine, the most exquisite atmosphere possible. The same man knelt by the same seaside, but no longer wore a sad expression of disgust and inquietude; on the contrary, his countenance was intense in its visible contentment. He had found what he sought. A shell was open in his hand, and on its bosom a pearl of the largest size, on which delicate golden lines were perceptible. Suspended to the frame by a slight golden chain was what might have served Titania for an opera-glass.

Virginia lifted it to her eye, and gazed on a beautiful photograph of herself. Robert had painted a small miniature of her and had it photographed on the smallest possible piece of paper which he had, with delicate finger, placed on the painted pearl. (1)

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Virginia, "and I am beautiful, and he loved me only for my beauty, bah!—Would to Heaven I had none and then I might be prized for myself. I can't see the difference between being wedded for beauty or for wealth, except that the husband may have more power to squander the one than to destroy the other! yet I don't know whether that is true. Tut! I scorn matrimony. How many people do I know happily married? It is pleasant to

some people to be in the fashion even when garrotes and strait-jackets are 'the rage,' but I believe the pleasure of being like other people scarcely recompenses either sex for what it suffers. Certainly it would not me." She took a sheet of Bristol-board, broke the point of her pencils several times in trying to sharpen them, because she was not thinking of what she was doing, and began to draw. She sketched rapidly till Mr. Maturin entered.

"What are you doing? Why! I didn't know you could draw."

"Neither did I."

"But this is very good."

"Is it?"

"Very."

"Then perhaps you can tell me what I mean?"

"There's a woman lying on a couch, soldiers all around her; one has a bayonet at her heart and another a gag over her mouth. You mean to represent Kentucky; I but quote the words you often use."

"Well, what else do you see?"

"Heads of children, some crying, some pouting, some making mouths. I should say you had designed that head for Graham, were not the expression so hateful."

"That man is intended to represent those who hate my mother." Virginia drew a long breath, put a few touches to her crude, but graphic sketch, and fastened it over the mantel-piece. There must have been throbbing misery in her soul when she could give such tragic gloom to the face of an ill-drawn woman; there must have been disdain and grief in her mind when she sketched the children's heads, and there must have been a strong memory in her heart when she drew so correctly the features of Captain Graham; but the expression of hate was an idealization of her own. Did she intend to draw her hatred of him and his of her State with the same strokes? She had not drawn any since her school days, when she had become disgusted with her teacher, who looked at her more than at her drawing. She had not tried since, because to her trying was not pleasant. She would cultivate nothing but enjoyment. But on the morning of her first trial she was impelled by the desire to give her heart an illustrated command to be kept ever before her; she was charmed to find something could for a short while divert her mind from her country and her renegade lover. Her pictures were small, else, as she said, she should not get them off her hands before the excitement of their creation was stale. (*h*)

CHAPTER V.

It was six weeks after her sickness ere Laura was able to go out with Miss Johnston to see some of the clergy about the projected Sisterhood. (9) Laura was happy, smiles of an approaching joy beamed like sun-rays over her chastened beauty. She felt Keble's presence as she never had since he had left her; she saw him smile, and she thanked God for the additional happiness she felt this step would one day give to him to whom she had been the cause of so much pain. Miss Johnston was the first to speak, as if to encourage herself.

"To follow in His footsteps we must 'take up our cross daily.' This is the weightiest cross I have ever lifted."

"The strong He'll strongly try!" replied Laura.

Miss Emily did not speak, but almost prayed that the first sisters might be weak, that so God, Who "never permits any to be tried above their strength," would spare them great trials. She felt this was wrong and lifted deprecating eyes; for, to her, Jesus was always above—in Heaven—and yet very near to her.

Laura's thought was, "God bless the old maids who ought to be known as

His perpetual handmaidens! Other women turn aside to husband and children; they take not their eyes from the goal—Christ on His throne!" She said, "How much Mr. More cheered me by his hearty co-operation in what he called our Episcopal Union—"

"Yes; a union of sisters, children not only of the same Father, but of the same mother, will tend to soften the bitterness that High Churchmen can't always keep down even by earnest prayer, when they see their own brethren rushing from home, leaving aching hearts and outstretched hands to plead in vain, while they go to profess Christianity and fraternal love in the house of a neighbour. If they do the one, let them not disregard the other; then the division of Christ's Body will be intellectual only. Mr. More has always been regarded as one ready for union with anybody not of his family. He wouldn't give to any Church society, so he greatly surprised me yesterday."

They stopped at Mr. Jones's. He disapproved of anything like nuns. So did the visitors; they "were going into the world, being tired of shutting themselves out of it," said Miss Johnston.

"Miss Johnston spoke for me," said Laura. "I have been shut up within myself; she has always lived for others."

Mr. Jones objected that "people would say a sisterhood was Romish."

"Not if they will come to our daily prayer; they will hear no prayers save to God; no intercession asked except that of His Son; one thing Romish they will be expected to do, and that is to say the prayer Jesus taught us."

Mr. Jones fell below zero in Laura's mind when he gave his reason for refusing to co-operate in a work of God's "little ones."

Miss Johnston assured him that the first sisters were Protestants, and that it was lucky for the Romanists that they had not feared to borrow the idea. When they were again in the carriage Laura could not help saying that she had neither faith in nor respect for a man who allowed the fear of what anybody might say to keep him from doing anything."

"Time-serving politicians, girls crazy for admiration and numb-skulls of all sorts square their conduct by others' notions; but a well-balanced, Christian mind asks but two questions regarding its decisions—What does God think of it? How will it affect His Church?"

"I fear Mr. Jay will cool you down soon enough."

"Not a bit of it. It's true I don't like his type of churchmanship—he don't read enough church history to sympathize with me, but he reads his Bible enough to know that Jesus does not approve of shepherds teaching the sheep to avoid each other for fear of provoking opposition from 'the roaring lion' or any of his attendant jackals."

"Laura, Laura! speak evil of no man!"

"Indeed, I did not mean this for Mr. Jones. I pity his natural timidity; I ought to know how to sympathize with it."

"But your big bump of conscientiousness saves you from the quagmire into which he falls—"

"Don't praise me, or I shall feel mean. What right have I to let my contempt so master my charity? and I out on a charitable crusade—oh, shame!"

The visit to Mr. Jay was unsatisfactory; "more societies of various kinds in his Church than his people could attend to."

Laura's impetuosity couldn't help inquiring if the American Tract Society was more in need of charity than the blaspheming children and vicious populace of our streets? He was too good a man to get angry at a question that was rude, if he felt it was dictated by christian zeal, and he replied,—

"I think I am right to pledge my congregation for so much per annum to Union Societies, and even if you think me wrong, had you not better be careful 'lest haply you be found to fight against God'?—I mean, an institution He approves of."

"If we had no Tract Society and no S. S. Union, I should contribute to those that you support—but, if I were to do so now, I should feel that I was

very like the sister who left her brother to die while she went to nurse her cousin. Pardon me if I am rude! I only wished to exonerate the churchmen of my views, as you have sought to do those of your opinion. Will you pardon me farther if I beg that you will not oppose our Society 'lest haply you, too, be found to fight against' something that God wishes to prosper? I have never uttered one word against the Union societies; I only plead for our own."

"I will follow your example—and if any of my congregation ask my advice about joining you, I will say, 'Do as you please.'"

"Laura has always said that though she didn't like your church views, you were the best man in town, and I am so delighted that your present forbearance and kindness must confirm her in her opinion," exclaimed Miss Johnston.

"I am humbled by her praise; I know how little I deserve it. I have no trust in these associations; but I do say, God bless your fervent hearts!"

Mr. North, a High-Church clergyman, bade them "God speed" and promised to advise his people to help them heartily; he told them to remember that on the old maids they must depend for their greatest help, and Miss Johnston's eyes filled with tears as her pastor laid his hand on her head and said, "See what an old Maid can do!" Rev. Dr. Knox, Low Church, was even more enthusiastic in his approval than Mr. North had been, and suggested that a notice had better be sent to all the Episcopal churches calling the unmarried females to assemble in the S.S. Room of his church. Rev. Mr. Smith said, "That it was of no use to oppose women; they would let their own plans die out if opposition didn't fan up the latent heat, and he thought the best way to ruin any project of theirs was to help it on too fast." He promised to read the notice, and if he could restrain his satire, say nothing against the Sisterhood; he assured them that his advice to any parishioner who wished to join the Sisterhood would be, "By all means."

"A bad beginning; only two of the clergy approve of our plan."

"How many did you expect would?" asked Laura, somewhat quickly, because determined not to let it be seen how sick at heart she was. "When of Christ's twelve chosen friends one betrayed Him, one denied Him, and all forsook Him save the one who 'followed afar off,' did you expect the Church was to be better served than her Master was?"

CHAPTER VI.

APRIL 6, 1863.

VIRGINIA sat on a pile of crimson cushions in the centre of a room, on three sides of which were low book-cases crowned with busts, statuettes, and vases; other ornaments lined the upper part of the walls. A harp and an easel seemed to have both been lately used, for a piece of music, with "Love Not" inscribed on it, lay beside the harp; and the fair artist still held in her hand a brush, while she looked at a small painting on the easel. It was a little girl asleep in a desert; a tear was on one cheek and her lips were slightly parted as if about to utter a cry of distress. A well-read spectator would see that the peculiar appearance in the back-ground indicated the approach of the simoon. Virginia sat, looking at it with a provoked air; at last she exclaimed—

"For the life of me I can't make that child look happy: I wonder if it is because I don't know how to paint black hair and eyes."

Mr. Maturin came in while she was trying to enliven the girl she wished to make emblematic of Happiness. He expressed himself with emphasis of delight.

"But, pretty one, why did you paint that little sleeping cherub like yourself?"

"Is it?"

"Strikingly. I think so. I have watched you sleeping."

"When?"

"Before you had this boudoir. It was the necessity of cheering you that made me think of it."

Virginia kissed his hand.

"You would spoil all the world were it in your power."

"Then I am very unlike you, because you are afraid of spoiling even me."

"Shall I read the morning's paper to you, papa?" asked Virginia.

His eye brightened.

"More fun?"

"This is the *Louisville Journal*—a most sage and sedate publication. You know how much sympathy I have wasted on the poor Yankees dying, like hogs do, in and near the rebellious Queen of obstinacy, and now I could cry to think all my former tears were wasted. Don't laugh when I am talking about weeping. But I am relieved to-day. The *Journal* assures me that a certain captain, well-known, (I suppose to his company) has just come from Vicksburg and says, 'The army is fat.' Think of that! A fat army! I supposed I had heard of all sorts of armies, but I had not. It must be distressingly lazy."

"As I was passing an auction to-day a fellow cried out, 'How much for a cheer?' pointing to a second-hand chair. He was answered, '200,000 dollars.' The men looked around for a drunken man."

"What did the answer mean?"

"They made a poor fellow give bond for that sum and take the oath after having had a taste of prison life for cheering for Davis."

"Served him right. He knew that his lungs belonged to Master Abe, and should be ventilated only in his service. Were you at the concert when that young girl came out to sing, 'Hail Columbia!' or some such trash, and the audience would not tolerate such, even from a girl, and hissed her?"

"What would Southerners have said if a Yankee audience had hissed a girl?"

"They didn't hiss her, but her song, and she offered the first insult. I tell you we thought then we couldn't stand it, and I don't believe we could in the days before patent Unionism was invented. However, the pretty damsel having 'retired in good order,' came back and sang 'Dixie,' and they paid her then for their patriotic rudeness. I am tired of the paper; take it."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Mr. Maturin, laying down the *Louisville Journal*, after he had read a few minutes.

"A word of what?" asked Virginia.

"This article about Morgan's outrages in his last expedition. What are you laughing at?" queried he somewhat sharply.

"Cannot you guess, Bishop of Ferns?"

"What do you mean? Who was the Bishop of Ferns?"

"A sagacious prototype of Union men, who on laying down 'Gulliver's Travels' exclaimed, 'I don't believe a word of it.'"

"I deserve your impertinence, but I'll be revenged by showing you are stupid at guessing conundrums. Which is the most costly city in the South?"

"Richmond."

"You needn't sneer, for you haven't guessed right. It is Charleston, because it has cost the Government 150,000,000, dols."

"Who says so?"

"Statistics. Here is a letter written by Mr. Forsyth in answer to one of your Governor Hawes," said the gentleman, as he left the room.

Mr. Maturin was out some time. When he returned Virginia was walking up and down the room, tears in her eyes; as he looked in her face she bit her lip to keep from crying.

"I'm sorry I gave you the spiteful article; but a group of Union gentlemen enjoyed it so I thought it might amuse you."

"Amuse me," she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, "to be vilified!"

"Who dared say a word about you? I thought—"

"Am not I a Kentuckian? and it is not possible for me to escape the odium Mr. Forsyth seeks to lay upon my state. His is a noble office."

"He expresses sympathy for those who have taken up arms for the South."

"And shows it by traducing their parents and relations."

"Only the men."

"Not so; women have more to do with Kentucky's position than the men have. What husband has held back when his wife bade him go? what son has refused to leave his home when his mother bade him? If people stopped to think of what they say they'd stop their nonsense about Kentucky women being superior in patriotism to their sons, husbands and lovers. I wish I could see the man who would rather think for himself than repeat what he hears."

"What! don't I?"

"No, sir, excuse me. You would be a Southerner if it wasn't for your everlasting sing-song about the glorious old flag."

Mr. Maturin always looked pleased when Virginia was a little impertinent.

"I wonder at—"

"Oh! I wonder at myself, sir. Why don't you make me remember I am your child and not your equal?" He frowned. "Don't be angry, papa." She went up to him and kissed him. He was, conciliated and drew her to his knee. In so doing the newspaper fell; as she received it from his hand she sneered and said, "Mr. Forsyth 'seeks to vindicate the truth of history.' History has been written by vindicators of his stamp, and the consequence is mere volumes of smoke, which the historiographer blows from his friends into the faces of his foes, begriming them with soot of his creating. I can scarcely utter the word without contempt. Would anyone vindicate the truth of history he must study it—where only it can be learned—on the battle-fields, on the streets, by the fire-sides and in the councils of the people of whom he treats. If he would write of Kentucky during this war he must not take his notes in Washington or Richmond; but in our midst. Let him endure what we do and then he may criticize us. What would he write by the light of the family hearth, by mourning garbs, empty chairs, breaking hearts, premature gray hairs and numerous graves? He would say a clique governs Kentucky; it beguiled her into neutrality by the sweetest of all sorceries—Davis wishes it! it will be best for the interests of freedom. Did Mr. Forsyth ever awake from a delusive dream to find his arms pinioned, his friends weaponless and gagged, and those he most relied on far away, while a prison-door stood open for him? and did his wife's agonies, and the idea of his children being left to public charity move him then? If so, let him write our history. Did he ever see a man on a stormy night, selected for its darkness, kiss sleeping babe, and tear himself from the arms of fainting wife? and as hope faded did he see other husbands and fathers crush down rebellious thoughts and stay at home when they had seen this sight?"

"Has Mr. Forsyth seen the pride and life of the house steal off in disguise to the C. S. A.?"

"Aye, and has he stood by mother or sister when it was told her her dearest was a prisoner of State; not of war, oh no! that would be too great a favour for one who endeavoured to escape from his tyrants, that he might come back to fight them. Has he seen women faint, and strong men shed tears, when informed that defeat has visited the Southern army? Has he felt the quivering of anguished hearts, not knowing whether their beloved are among wounded or slain? Has he seen the old man grow young, and the oppressed man resume his vigor, woman's eye grow luminous with joy and even children's glee become ungovernable—because victory is ours?"

"Ours!"

"Yes, ours. Let Mr. Forsyth and his like sneer as they may—the heart knows its own home. As for General Bragg I never heard a word against him personally by those whose confidence in him had exposed them to imprisonment and loss of property (and to all but old bachelors and old maids those

words express volumes) until it was understood that he tried to throw the failure of his campaign on Kentucky. Then we had a right to be indignant. Did he expect to raise an army in a State (which had given nearly 40,000 men) in a few weeks? Men would have flocked to him had they believed that their families would be defended from Dutch insults, Irish drunkenness, Yankee insolence, and Negro insurrections. Bragg gave no assurance of holding the State. I was within a few miles of Dixie while he was here, and I never heard of his intending to do so. I saw some who had talked with three of his generals and they gave no assurance of it." (a)

"But what makes the Southerners most angry is that some who joined them left them."

"Were left by them, you should say."

"Nonsense."

"Well, I admit your version and I say it was very wrong. But if Mr. Forsyth could know the reward such have earned for themselves he would pity them, as I do. Ah! it is hard to have the finger of scorn pointed at one; and the bitterest people in the world are the disappointed Kentuckians. I don't blame the poor fellows you call deserters. It is hard to fancy one hears a wife's unavailing shriek for deliverance from a blue-coated ruffian. It is hard to lie down by a camp-fire and dream of seeing a burly negro dash your infant's curly head against a tree."

"But Mr. Forsyth will say as I do; that these men before they joined Bragg ought to have known whether or not he would stay."

"Then you frame an excuse for thousands here yet. Besides, it is forgotten that the Confederates came through the counties that had given the most men to them already. Our beloved Governor Hawes says what has been said a thousand times, that the Southerners of Kentucky are, and always have been, willing to put the question of Secession to the people."

"I have heard you abuse universal suffrage as an invention of the printer's devil, and say nine times out of ten majorities are in the wrong. It just occurs to me to tell you that I have several times been warned not to let you talk so much or I would have to pay the penalty."

"If I don't vent my indignation I shall die."

"Say what you please, child. Remember Mr. Forsyth seems to think Kentucky has only her women to be proud of. He had better think of their fingers and the prisoners."

"And of the men out of whose never-shut pockets come the large sums of money we use, Mr. Forsyth! Why did you start me again?"

"I wasn't aware you had stopped."

"Is it customary for women to openly advocate the cause their husbands condemn? If the husbands were cowards the wives would not hang out Southern flags? It wouldn't surprise me if nurses were arrested for tying babies' white dresses with red ribbons."

"There are in every State men whose first occupation is to make money and their second to keep it. Such Southerners are in our midst."

"Yes; but it is not estates, rather women and children that have placed Kentucky chivalry in its present false light. I suppose the same is true of other States, or they would not be liable to conscription."

"And what other State gave over 30,000 men without being under enrolment?"

"The *Journal* says—"

"Don't quote that inconsistent paper to me. It may be said of Prentice, as it was of a Prussian Minister of State, if he could only cut himself in two he certainly would put one-half in prison."

"Whew!"

"The people can be educated only by papers and stump orators, and the Confederacy never had many of the last or any of the first in this poor town."

"You forget your beloved *Courier*, which I never dared to come home without. When the war began we had sixty-two papers. And do you know that in your dear Kentucky there are 67,000 unable to read?"

"Who will be taught to uphold Lincoln. Heaven save me from ever again living under a Government where universal suffrage is tolerated! No wonder we have universal misrule."

"You want to see the property-test introduced here."

"Why should people who never found out the value of a penny vote to tax your property? I would have two tests; a small income or a daily trade or profession, and also a reading and writing test."

"And drive out the foreigners by disfranchisement."

"Not a bit of it. But I'd have them speak the language they are expected to vote in. For instance, a German here voted for Mr. Bruce, our present noble Confederate senator, thinking he was voting for a Mr. Preuss, a German apothecary. (a) Let foreigners wait twenty-one years for naturalisation."

"There were in 1850, 169,660 citizens not born here."

"But most of those are in our Kentucky Yankee regiments. Think of it! More than one out of every six persons in this State was born elsewhere; and remember a larger proportion of the 170,000 are adults and males than of the 430,000 natives. Moreover, even in 1850 more than one-third of her children were in other States. Kentucky's spirit is not dead yet; it has shrivelled up beneath the blasting influence of gunpowder, but it is strong enough to ruin her. Let it be understood that if Kentucky is to be received into the Confederacy as though an unmerited favour were being bestowed upon her, she will cover her head with the mantle of departed greatness, and at the feet of the tyrant she will fold her cold hands over her heart, pierced by weapons of her children and brothers, and writhe in her torture until the time of the end. She did not desire war."

"Did the South desire it? If they had foreseen what disunion was to cost they would not have inaugurated it. Kentucky was brave enough to stand alone, she would not add a link to the chain that Puritanic intolerance was forging for the South. Oh! sometimes I think over our desperate condition until—"

"You will have a fever before this thing is over."

"No; but my brain is weakened by the grief of my heart, and my thoughts wander ever to the same theme like those of an old man. Well, pride and sorrow have made me old before my time."

"Kentucky's brain was divided; one-half was for neutrality; not that she sympathises with the North, but that she was an old member of the Union, and regarded the South as needlessly rash; the other half was for taking up arms with the South. The *Louisville Journal* threw in the mask that tilted the beam."

"The side that was for neutrality was paralysed by an unexpected blow from the hand of her own creatures; when the blow was given, and bound and bleeding she was thrown at the feet of her enemy, one eye ceased to perceive and one hand fell powerless."

"It was fortunate that her brain was so divided, for while one-half was paralysed and the members governed by it submitted in dumb despair, the other half was alive to plot for the interests of the South; had the whole been active for it she would now be a howling wilderness, a burden on the charity of the Confederacy. Whereas, now one hand is ever busy to send money and provisions and secret information to the South, one foot is still swift to guide to the land of freedom her sons who seek it only in disguise and by stealth. But let the South remember one thing; one-half of her brain is paralysed, but the whole heart is alive to be tortured every hour."

"The South is only angry with us and unreasonable, as all people are apt to be in extremity of suffering, because we are not willing to sacrifice ourselves for her."

"You must not say that. I cannot bear a word against the South. She is angry because we have not sent her men enough."

"There are fifteen Southern States. There are I presume from accounts, about 500,000 men in the Confederate army; if Kentucky were to furnish one-fifteenth her quota would be 33,000. The Legislature here admitted that there were over 33,000 Kentuckians south. If I have given too low an estimate of what should

be her quota or of the soldiers in the South, it is balanced by the fact that no conscript has been taken from her."

"But you know there are many here who wish for a Conscript Law, so as to give disobedient sons a chance to go; so as to give husbands and others who maintain relations no chance to dally with their conscience; and many have felt themselves compelled to take oaths of allegiance from which they say such a law will release them. Besides, other States ought to remember how many of the braves to whom they owe their glory are Kentuckians. I surmise Kentucky has suffered more from emigration than any other Southern State except Virginia."

"And almost as much from immigration. But do you know how many Confederate Generals were born in Kentucky? Gustavus Smith, A. S. Johnston. Adam Johnson, Bedford, Buckner, Breckenridge, Crittenden, Grayson, Duke, Hood, Hanson, Lyon, Morgan, Taylor, Williams, Anderson, Marshall, Preston, Cosby, Schoeff, Rains, Jones, and above all, Jefferson Davis was."

"Kentucky Union Regiments! Your standard comparison for humbugs."

"Yes; and add to that your patent Unionism, and few women have two such good stand-by's for companions."

The writer has left Mr. Maturin's political principles unannounced that the reader might see how difficult it is to "place" a representative Union man in Kentucky.

"A letter from Lebanon. Here is more about Morgan:—['So far, since the entry of Morgan into Kentucky, he has captured and paroled not less than 1,800 soldiers. How long shall Morgan do as he pleases in Kentucky? Whatever is done to drive him out must be done by our soldiers on foot, and it is easy to judge what sort of a time they will have in catching him anywhere except where he chooses to be caught, and where they will catch not him, but *it*. Let our men bestir themselves and not be all shrinking under cover like so many hens and chickens when the shadow of the hawk is moving over the ground. A deserter from Morgan, now here, a very sensible young fellow, says that Morgan's pickets were piloted about and warned of danger by rebel citizens, and that said citizens came to Morgan's camp and reported Colonel Hoskin's strength. Away with such men. John Morgan has been an efficient Southern Superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. If his whole forces were captured, it would not compensate for the loss our army might sustain by the damage done the road at this crisis, to say nothing of other losses. John did this, and John did that; and John himself only knows what he did do.']"

"Do you know how many battles and skirmishes were fought in Kentucky in 1861—2?"

"I have written down the names of all mentioned in the Louisville papers, and there are seventy-five. I dare say there have been more."

CHAPTER VII.

IN the daintiest of tiny nooks sat Virginia. A stereoscope rested on her in such a way that every gentle respiration was communicated to the instrument, and the spray of Niagara seemed to rise and fall almost as it had done in the most enraptured moment of her life, when she had conceived herself a spirit of the Fall, as in a frail skiff she gave herself to Niagara to be the sport of its waves. Virginia sat motionless, her brow leaning on the stereoscope, and ever and anon overpowered by the remembrance of her communion with the Fall; or else, to make it more surely her own, she would sit for some minutes with closed eyes. At last she drew a long breath and said piteously,

"To think that I can never see you any more! Oh, God! why might not I

have lived and died before this accursed war? Well! well! They cannot snatch from me the past."

This last thought soothed her and she slid another stereograph into the instrument. She had taken it up without noticing what it was, and her lips curled as she put another slide in over the picture of a veiled bride. "Why should only the bride wear a veil? Why not the groom as well?" she asked, mentally. The next slide was a veiled vestal. "My antetype; if ever I forget my resolution, I, too, will be buried alive." After a while a tear flowed down Virginia's cheek, and when it fell upon her hand she started. "Were it ladylike I would curse him; but, perhaps it would be better to curse the weakness which has so suddenly dared to show itself."

She put down the stereoscope as if reluctant, but conscious of the necessity of changing her mood, and took up a large book which had just served her as footstool. It was somewhat ludicrous to see the dainty hand—which looked as if it had been given to caress statuettes, raise Dana's Unabridged Mineralogy. "Surely mineralogy is somewhat like love, a hard study and scarcely worth the time one spends on it, unless it can lead to mines of wealth; however, both furnish rare specimens of beauty and quaint compounds." So saying, she drew her little chair closer to a cabinet and picked up an exquisite piece of carbonate of copper. "Robert liked moss better than these delicate shreds of brilliant green. To be sure moss is softer to the touch; can be gotten without much trouble, and, above all, will die very easily. Very proper for him to like moss better than a stone. He did not like things as hard, and cold, and inodorous as minerals; and I?—I like beauty that does not generate nuisances, and brilliancy that cannot fade—not things as easily crushed as moss and his love—bah! It is hard not to curse him. I would not if he were not a Kentuckian; but as I am one too, how can I help it? He a Kentuckian, and in Ohio, chasing down our noble patriots! Poor hunted deer! They cannot escape; I know they cannot! Yankee papers say 100,000 men have been on the track of Morgan's men since they crossed the Ohio at Brandenburg. Twenty-seven hundred men pursued by thousands, hunted by the blood-hounds at a respectful distance. Ah! there comes papa."

Virginia, forgetting that her hair was down and that she wore a *négligé*, sprang into the hall. Mr. Maturin had promised to come at noon with the second edition of the *Journal*, so she eagerly unfastened the door. A gentleman standing before it, started, as well he might, at the apparition of golden hair and white *négligé*. In a second Virginia had gone, and Bob had twice asked, "Will you come in, sir?" before the stranger heard him. Being asked the third time in a louder tone, he said,

"Does Mr. Maturin live here?"

"Yes sir; but he is not in. You'll find him in his office."

"Just like me!" exclaimed Virginia, and threw herself on a couch as coolly as if nothing had happened. She put her hand under the crimson satin cushion covered with Swiss muslin, on which her beautiful head was pillowed, and drew out a volume of her favourite poet. "Anything for distraction!" If she had not been so innately refined, she would have kept herself under the influence of wine until the fate of Morgan and his men in Ohio was decided. She listlessly turned the leaves. "'A Pretty Woman'—I won't read about her! I pity pretty women. I wish I were plain. Then I should not have to be so sarcastic and unamiable to keep bores away. Bah! what is the use of being amiable? And if I had not been pleasant to look at, Robert never would have tried to drain the sweet from out my life. I let him do it—more fool I! I closed my petals over him and he stung me with his treason, and so I let him go. Bah! I wish I had never taken him in. The wretch! Chasing down his noble fellow-citizens in the land of the enemy! A hawk, hooded with selfishness, and supplied by Yankee cunning with jingling bells, did well to fly after his still free mates. Ha, hawk! bring down the quarry! But there is one dove whose heart you will never eat out. To think his sullied lips have pressed my hand! But never my lips. No, thank the spirit of love!"

never my lips. Never my lips! No man but father ever touched them." The book fell from her hands and she burst into a violent fit of weeping, exclaiming, "Hunting Morgan's men!" She did not hear Mr. Maturin, who knocked once, twice; no answer. He then entered.

"Virginia, my darling!"

"What are the noon dispatches?"

"U—m!"

"Oh, quick! Tell me quickly."

He did not speak; she thrust her hand into his pocket and pulled out the paper; but he held it to prevent her opening it.

"Virginia—I—your, I—"

"The last of them, Morgan and all his men!" shrieked the poor woman, and fell senseless.

CHAPTER. VIII.

MAY 2ND.

HARVEY BARTON'S REVERIE IN A RAILWAY CAR.

"AND for the first time I have touched her hand. She offered it to me. My fingers scarcely folded over it; her touch made my heart cold. If a statue I had chiselled and loved with mad infatuation should stretch forth its hands to me my blood would curdle in my veins. When I sat by her side and listened to Miss Davis playing the beautiful variations of the *Lor-lei*, I felt the legend was not fable, but allegory. I am warned; I know her to be heartless. Bah! what am I writing? Surely, I cannot tell myself; only one thing I know of the strange moment when she laid her hand in mine; as soon as the door was closed I pressed to my lips the tips of the timid fingers that dared not—ha! ha! ha! What is man's boasted independence? A trifle at the disposal of a woman! Yet it is not love for her I feel; I can swear that it is not. I could kiss her, as one day when the servant ushered me in without announcing me, I caught her kissing a beautiful statuette. She did not wish the marble brow to thrill; nor if I kissed her would I desire warm pressure in return. I am satisfied with seeing, and ask not to possess. It would frighten me were I to suspect that she had any warmer feeling for me than appreciative sympathy. She has no legal name; I am of anti-revolutionary blood. Luxurious, indolent, petted is she; without a competency for her support am I. To me life must be toil; to her it is a dream. I will never be the one to awake her. Let me watch her slumbers and breathe the sweet breath of her fresh soul. I am content. My existence is but the refraction and reflection of hers as colour is but the product of light. Deprived of light the brightest sky would be black; my life ere I knew her was colourless and vague; now it is refulgent, grand in the reflection of her stainless purity and noble truthfulness. What is life's greatest happiness? To love. Heaven forbid that I should ever answer 'To be loved,' for in that hour would the penance of my life begin. Only the grave could give me rest. Rest? It is because Miss Davis gives me rest that I seek her society. I lay my spirit, not my mind or heart, at her feet, and let her sway it as she wills. And the best thought of all is, she cannot be contaminated by me or any other man. Were she a young and untried girl I should feel myself exceedingly rash to trust so implicitly to her purity of spirit; then my impulse might convince my judgment of the necessity of giving the orphan the protection of a husband."

His meditations were interrupted by Mr. Worsley who took the seat beside him.

"Frightful slaughter on the Chickamanga. I see that our gallant General Helm's brigade went in to the fight 1,763 strong, and came out weaker by 1,331!"

"Kentucky has thirteen hundred and thirty-one more ties to fame ! I see General Buckner greatly distinguished himself."

"The history of the Tennessee campaign in September shows him to be as great a general as his previous course proved him to be a great man."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Isaiah Smith, of Bourbon ?"

"Very well, sir."

"He has been arrested and banished."

"Not possible. He was afraid of his shadow. Even his own wife scarcely called him a Secessionist. How could he have committed an indiscretion ? He was not bold enough for anything better."

"An outrageous Yankee who lived four miles from Mr. Smith's was shot ; the cry was raised that it was by guerillas ; most people think the murder was by his own negroes. But in accordance with Burbridge's order of July 16, Mr. Smith, who did not know the murdered man, is to be punished."

"Infamous ! Burbridge gave that order in obedience to Sherman, who wrote to him to treat all partisans of the Confederates in Kentucky as wild beasts."

Soon Mr. Worsley began to tease him about the heiress, the beautiful unknown.

"Whom do you mean ?" asked Barton, and was told no one knew Miss Davis's real name.

CHAPTER IX.

JUNE 10th.

ALWAYS accustomed to depend on himself, Harvey felt in an anomalous position when conscious that his true life (to such a man life does not mean so many years) depended on another. Not that he was 'a puling school-boy' to neglect his vocation in life if disappointed in winning for the crown of his manhood the love of a true woman. We may not call perfect that which may be improved ; and Harvey, knowing what existence would be if suffered and enjoyed with Virginia, could not feel that it would be perfect without her ; complete to the eyes of partial friends it might seem ; but he would know better.

When a youth he had resolved to learn book-keeping, notwithstanding he never intended to practise it. It mattered not that his father had no more sense than to sneer at his plebeian son ; nor did it even ruffle his temper to hear his companions pronounce him "a fool for his pains." His mother in obedience to the request of her husband, though she thought everything her son resolved on the wisest plan conceivable, remonstrated ; but he kissed away her set speech, and thought no more of it. What difference was it to him that his best friend pooh-poohed ? No more than it affected him that the girl, who called him sweetheart because he was too much of a gentleman to let so plain a young lady be neglected, went into raptures over his remarkable character. Yet this man, so sturdy heretofore, now trembled, not in the presence of his beloved, but in the secret confessional of his own heart. Persons of little minds start to walk over the depths of married life with no more hesitancy than Blondin over the Niagara and, like him, often meet a deserved fate ; but men of Harvey's mould are not mount-banks for blockheads to wonder at ; they do not act to be seen ; but are observed because they are worthy of notice.

Virginia had felt this, and bowed to him who bowed to her, each so occupied with his or her consciousness of self-prostration that neither as yet perceived that of the other. Neither before had felt the need of help ; now both did ; but

neither knew how to ask for it. Ah! why at such times will not an angel come and lift the veil?

Earth was not made to be Heaven.

But why should a heavenly messenger interfere on behalf of those who never seek counsel or sympathy from God?

Harvey Barton sat near Virginia Davis. There had been a long pause in their conversation; and, strange though it may seem, neither shrank from the expressive silence that speaks a sweeter and more familiar communion than many ardent words. He glanced at the open piano.

"Pray play for me."

"I can't."

"You can't play?"

"Not for you, too little for anyone but myself, and it is only when in peculiar moods that I can tolerate my own music."

"That's strange; I imagined you musical."

"I am in the same sense that you are artistic."

"But why do you not play? I want a reason, please."

"Because I love music too much. How can I, who thirst for Beethoven's, Handel's and Mendelssohn's divine poetry, be crucified on exercises and scales, on waltzes and polkas? I love all art too well to be an artist. Except a few impromptus under the stress of great excitement, I never painted because my eye could not tolerate daubs. I am too fervent an idolater to make my own idols."

"Except in poetry."

"How in it?" A slight colour suffused her face.

"I would rather read one of your poems than hear Thalberg."

"How do you know I write?"

"Because you admitted it."

"Never. Scarcely even to my journal."

"It is not necessary to read the diary of a woman so true and ingenuous as yourself to find out your secrets." It would have been requisite for any other man, and the very fact that Virginia had allowed him to read her was a proof of the unsuspected mastery he had acquired. He asked, "Do you really love Beethoven's pieces so much?"

"Better than any music-creation except Mendelssohn's."

"And I except none but Handel's and Mozart's."

"Of whom I know little."

"Would you like very much to hear a sonata of Beethoven's?"

"Would I?"

Her eyes gleamed. "You look as if you already heard it."

"I do in my soul. But why tantalize me with such a mirage of sound?"

Harvey smiled and walked to the piano; nor did he stop until he had interpreted several of Beethoven's most glorious dreams and added "*Cujus Animam*." Then he turned to Virginia. She was weeping; his heart leaped up. "Don't stop, or you will kill me," exclaimed Virginia, not conscious of the force of her words. It was the first time she had ever wept for vague desire and unutterable longing. It was to have this longing relieved that she begged him to continue. He looked at her intently for several seconds, then returned to the piano. Softly as though he were hushing an infant, he played "*Robert, toi que j'aime*" with variations called forth by the first tears he had ever caused a woman to shed. He heard her sigh, and glided into a fugue, a strange, sweet, wild, unfathomable melody; at first a lullaby, then notes whose music seemed like lovers' kisses, not audible save to two hearts; gradually it grew louder and richer until its weird happiness intoxicated Virginia, and she almost shrieked—"Don't!"

He arose and stood before her.

"It was cruel to play for me unless you will always."

He looked down into her face, and like a true man saw she knew not the import of her words. He was too delicate to answer as most men would have done, "I will for ever." He said gently, as if he did not wish to break the spell—

"I will whenever you ask me."

"But I shall never ask you. I wish I had never heard you."

Again he understood when a coarse nature would have shown exultation.

"Next time I shall play marches and waltzes."

"Bah!"

"Are you sick?" he questioned, laughing in spite of himself at the instantaneous change in voice, air, and countenance. She was like one suddenly awakened, and pressing one hand to her head, rose and walked from her companion.

"I will never forgive you."

"For what?" he asked, in a quiet tone.

"For making me make a fool of myself," she answered petulantly.

He was amused.

"Then revenge yourself."

"Pshaw!"

"Is the offender too insignificant to be punished?"

"I do hate amiable men!"

"Why?" he asked, keeping up his tone of badinage, as a child plays when it is happy.

"Because they leave me nothing to do but to get angry with myself."

"If you are provoked because you have shown yourself a true woman—and that phrase means whom the angels love and have fellowship with—then am I not angry, but inexpressibly sad!"

She looked up in surprise, and her eyes asked, "Why?"

"Because your anger proves that you feel me unworthy; you are never ashamed for the angels to see you in tears, or know that you are a woman and can feel. It is true, Miss Davis, that I am not worthy of your confidence; but do not annihilate the bliss of my sweetest hour by making me curse the time that I first felt your power."

She coloured, but not more than he. A minute there was awkward silence—the first they had ever felt to be so, and she said, "Oh, if I could only play off my feelings I'd be happy."

"I remember to have before heard you say that you could be perfectly satisfied with your lot if you could only give expression to all your joys and griefs in music."

"Then they would neither cramp nor rend asunder my spiritual being."

"Would Liszt's capacity for self-relief by musical expression suffice for you?"

"Assuredly."

"Then hear his experience. The *Church Journal*, after having complimented Liszt, speaks thus: 'The expression with which he looked up as his ear caught the familiar sound of compliment we shall not easily forget. "All vanity! all vanity! composed of dead men's bones, out of which the living extract food for vain glory on the one hand, and frivolous delight on the other." He sighed and withdrew.' What do you think of his applying 'frivolous' to delight such as you experience in music, or 'vain-glory' to his own success?"

"Perhaps his glory is vain to him because the Arch-Duchess, whom report says once smiled on him, has left him to despair."

"Grant it. But does it not prove that the highest musical genius is an imperfect safeguard for happiness—a faint consoler in times of depression? That was the last time he played in public before he turned monk."

"Fool, you mean."

"Perhaps so; but God grant that when you prove all to be vanity, you may have surer refuge from yourself than a convent can yield."

"And where will that be?"

"Under the shadow of God's wings. The last time Liszt appeared it was in the Barberini Palace. He began by the most tremendous sounds of joy and triumph. Suddenly a crash was heard and the master began in low wailing notes expressive of sorrow and disappointment; something of complaining and impatience, too. Gradually the whole seemed to pass into nothingness, and then

nothing more than a spasmodic sob as of some strong soul in agony ; and finally, the loud sardonic laugh of some invisible Mephistopheles making sport of all this emotion, so admirably expressed that none could help shuddering as the unearthly sound broke from the keys, as though it had in reality been uttered by some human being in a frenzy of madness. 'Did you not feel it to be the illustration of yonder *chef d'œuvre*?' asked Liszt, pointing to the ceiling on which he had been gazing all the time he was playing. 'The Triumph of Glôry,' added he in an undertone, raising his eyes to that wondrous work by Pietro Cartone, 'does not Glôry's Triumph end in woe and disappointment, in misery and disgust?' As he said the words he turned around with a bitter laugh that echoed through the silence of that awe-struck crowd, so exactly like that which had just echoed from the piano, that again did the same shudder run through every over wrought nerve of the assembly."

When Harvey had left Virginia, she thought. — "This second love has eclipsed, walled up the first. Darkness is swallowed up in light. The world is beauty, and life is music. Is this eager putting away of my first fancy disgraceful to me as indication that I am light of purpose? I cannot feel it so. My God! why didst thou endow me with such a quick appreciation of sympathy, love, with for all highly noble and beautiful thoughts? Why was not I made to enjoy the fooleries many women prize? Why cannot I marry one of the men around me, and settle down? More than one has asked me; why not put myself beyond the reach of Harvey's influence? He makes me suffer, and suffering I do not like. I will not tolerate it. I will banish him, and then it will be over. If I were only sure of what I have just written. Is there not true love in my heart? Why is it that no hour can pass without thoughts of him? But if he makes me wretched I am happier than I was a few months ago when my fancy for Mr. Graham was child's 'make believe.' Let any possible amount of misery be condensed into the next two months, I feel I would give a measureless amount of happiness could I but feel it all to-night. Anything but this intolerable longing, this insatiable thirst for sympathy! I can bear suffering more heroically than the dread of it." Virginia laughed bitterly. As was her custom after such dreamings, she took refuge in self-derision. — "Ah! bah! I don't wonder now, though I laughed when I read it, that Darwin classes reverie with sleep, vertigo, and drunkenness. Enough of this!"

CHAPTER X.

JULY.

"So it is true that a man can live to be thirty without falling in love, and then yield without a struggle, or, even the desire to struggle. Like the man who draws the cork from a bottle of chloroform, knowing that when once under its influence he can have no power of will, not even to save his life, and yet for the exquisite sensation, half physical, half spiritual, will risk death, do I seek the society of the woman whose presence is chloroform, whose voice is rest; but whose love would be—what? It might be madness, I don't know why; but to me Miss Davis seems apart from other women. She has not the innocence of a child; she has probed the nature of more than one man; she has walked, and rode, and danced, and chatted, and laughed, through fashionable life, and yet is no more tainted by her experience, rather, by her observation—than are the wings of the angels who pass through a sooty atmosphere. I have seen a few women as intelligent and intellectual; I have seen young girls as pure, but never before one both so learned and pure. The innocent simplicity of a young girl is fascinating; so is the whiteness of a wax camellia, but a man sighs to think one may be soiled as readily as the other. Yet this woman—this love of mine—cannot be sullied. She may know as much as I; she has read too much to be innocent of knowledge of evil, but none the

less is she pure as the angels who know more. I know she has been courted by flirts and rakes, and have not I heard two of the most hardened say they never dared to kiss her hand—that the majesty of her innocence forbade? Virginia is a woman, and has passed unscathed through scenes where men too often lose their purity. It was strange that Mr. Maturin allowed that rake Dow to visit Miss Ball at such untimely hours while she stayed in his house. There are brave men in the field now; but I doubt if one has more courage than that pure woman who went into a miserable hovel to nurse her former playmate and friend, when father and mother had driven her forth an outcast. I shuddered when I heard of this, and it was several weeks before I could visit Virginia again; but one night I dreamed that I saw Miss Ball on a pallet and an angel held her hand, and at the fire sat a woman with a new-born babe in her arms. The form was familiar, but beautiful golden hair hid her face from me. I held my breath even in my sleep, for fear that my idol was holding a child of sin and disgrace. Then the angel went to the woman and said, 'I love you.'

'What?' exclaimed Virginia, who supposed she was addressing a woman, 'I thought that no friendly hand would clasp mine after it had caressed this innocent.'

'But you hate the crime of the mother.'

'And infinitely more that of the father; but I believe that there is a God, and that He made this helpless one, and although I don't believe in a particular Providence, which Pharisaical Christians are so fond of prating about, I think that if He bestow a thought on the child He has given He will not be angry if I do the same.'

'Nor will He; I am the guardian-angel of this babe, and where I am there you may be.'

'But my dearest friend scorns me'—(I knew in my dream that Virginia meant me.)

'That is because he is carnal-minded. Does he scorn the author of this mother's sins?'

'Yes,' she replied, and even in sleep my joy was excessive that her pure instinct read me aright.

'And so do I,' she added; 'were I to meet him I would spit in his face.'

'Oh!' said the angel in such a shocked tone, that I awoke with immoderate laughter, and that day I went to see the woman too pure to fear the touch of crossed love and pitiable weakness, and far too pure to permit known rakes to cross her threshold. Some did it, I knew it; but she did not. My angel fair of purity celestial, that cannot be tainted! Her spirit is like ashbestos; the passion of her lovers have no power to singe her heart—only to purify it by exalting her. It is well to make a woman feel the unapproachable majesty of womanhood, pure, true, and strong."

CHAPTER XI.

"WHAT have you been reading?" asked Mr. Barton; for as he entered, Miss Davis laid down a book.

"'Counterparts,'"

"Then that accounts for your distracted air. I am Yankee enough to guess your thoughts. You are trying to discover who is your counterpart."

"Quite as successful as Kentuckians generally are when they try to ape the Yankee. I have no counterpart, so I waste no time trying to find him."

"Why don't you say you will never be wedded to any but inanimate objects?"

"Inanimate!" said Virginia, with an incipient sneer.

"Perhaps not to your poetical mind ; but, at least, of the neuter-gender."

"Have you ever sought for your counterpart, Mr. Barton?"

"And found it." There was no change in the countenance of either. Do the moon and stars change when winds blow about the clouds beneath them?

"I should like to see your counterpart."

"You are so critical you would not allow I had found her. But I might have known you were not trying to find the counterpart of your being ; you are too self-sustained."

"I never intend to go out of myself for anything I can find or bring within myself."

"It is so strange that you should be selfish ; such a temperament as your's should be lavish."

"Should it ? Suppose you change it." A sneer.

"Then I should have to turn homœopathist. But as my first guess was wrong I'll hazard another. You were thinking which of the characters in counterparts you were like ? For, of something connected with yourself you were dreaming if I understand your expression."

"Yes."

"In which character do you find most resemblance to yourself?"

"I should be like Rose, if I had her grace and joy and innocence"—she stopped, for she was about to add beauty, but that she knew she had, and she would not falsify one of her thoughts.

"And diffidence," said Harvey, finishing her sentence.

This displeased her, being a very diffident woman, she was always afraid some one would find it out.

"Am I impertinent?" asked he, observing her countenance.

"No," she answered in a most indifferent tone.

"But, you like Rose ! You are more like anybody else and everybody else in the book."

"Even Miss Sarona?"

"Yes."

"It is true I am like what Hertz says she was before the day that the cloud from the bridal-altar enveloped her life."

"And if ever your heart is hallowed by love, human or divine, you may attain to her spiritual stature."

"Oh ! don't. To me Miss-Sarona is holy and not to be jested about. She is the most beautiful of all the characters. You say I have no reverence. Perhaps I have not—why do you smile?"

"At your 'perhaps.' Go on, please."

"If I have no reverence, I cannot tolerate a profane word concerning person or thing I love. I would give ten years of my life to know Miss Sarona for ten days. Are you satisfied there is one in the world of books, at least, whom I do revere?"

"If not real, the world of books is as true as, perhaps truer—than that of our short-sighted, every-day perception. Ah, I know one woman whom I would give anything on earth to have you know. You would love her, and woman's love she would accept."

"Then I don't want to know her. I don't want to love anybody. But to whom do you refer?"

"To Sister—"

"I was not aware you had a sister."

"Only in Heaven. I will tell you about her some time."

"Tell me now," asked Virginia, almost pleadingly.

A strange light fell over his face and his eyes closed as though he saw an angelic vision. She thought, "I would die if he would look so at the mention of my name."

"You could not understand Evie now."

He did not observe the motion of her lips, his eyes still closed. It was the first time since her childish passion for Jennie had grown cold that she had

wanted to kiss any one. She would have liked to have pressed her curved lips on his purple-veined eyelids; their snow warmed her as the fire of his glance had never done. He looked so like an unstained youth; she would never fear him again since she had seen him in communion with the spirit-world, a land to her as vague as that of fancy, and as inviting.

"Pardon my silence. But how can you, poor girl, who never had a sister—"

"Nor wanted one. But who is the lady to whom you give a name so sacred to you?"

"She is the sister of her Master."

"Oh!" was said in a tone that spoke of unconscious relief. "Then she is a Sister of Charity; but if not a nun her vows are not for life. If she is so lovely beyond compare, why do not you try to win her?"

"I would as soon try to give life to a statue."

"Do you like cold women?"

"She is not cold; but braver than I is the man who would presume to appropriate a heart like hers." Harvey little suspected how he was freezing up the mood which had so pleased him.

"But may I not know the name of the woman who can frighten you from her?"

The idea of any one fearing Sister Laura! The woman I fear—"added Harvey, with a peculiar intonation that misinterpreted his heart.

"I ask pardon for supposing you could fear any woman," said Virginia, quickly interrupting him.

He laughed. "You need not, for I do."

"Some horrid old maid, I suppose."

"I can't let you abuse old maids, for Sister Laura is, or, soon will be one."

"I imagined," replied Virginia, unconsciously soothed, "to fascinate you she must be young."

"Permit me, Miss Davis, to say that you too readily take my susceptibility for granted."

"I never suspected you of any. What a pity Sister Laura is too old for you! I didn't at first believe what you said about being afraid to love her."

"Nobody—not even a dog is afraid to love her."

"I don't believe that twaddle about men being afraid to try to win what they want."

"A sure proof that Miss Davis knows nothing of love," answered her companion, looking at his fingers' ends as though he were congratulating himself on their refined look. He stole a glance up, "You would not be?"

"Assuredly not. I, afraid?" She did not say she would not be too proud.

"I wish you could know this Sister; she might comprehend you and interpret you."

"Then she shall never know me."

"She used to be as proud as you."

"May I ask how long you have known her?"

"It seems to me for ever. These years are so long, and we have both grown old so fast."

"Then she may not be too old for you."

"Too old for me! She has the youngest spirit I ever knew. She never can grow old. When her beloved meets her in Heaven he will not perceive that years have passed since they parted."

"Oh," Virginia whispered. She thought she had discovered why he had no hope.

He did not observe her low interjection. "Yet she must be over thirty."

"Then her age suits yours. I have a holy horror of more than a few years' difference in a married couple. Heaven preserve me from being 'an old man's darling.'"

"Would you like to be a young one's?" asked Harvey, in a tone of badinage.

"Indeed, no. But I should rather be tied to a man a year younger than I than to one ten years older."

Mr. Barton looked annoyed. He thought she had seen several years less than she had.

"May I ask why?"

"Because sympathy is the only true marriage-bond."

"The chief; but years do not make age. Do not you suppose I could sympathise with a girl ten years my junior?"

"I believe a good many fathers sympathise with their children."

He bit his lip.

"I believe that difference in years has as much to do with the commonality of unhappy marriages as has incompatibility of temper. When children are invited to grown-up people's parties I'll accept your theory."

"I have but one at present, and that is, that it is useless to want what I can never get."

"Remember Sarona."

"Bah!"

"You are fastidious if Rose would not suit you,"

"No; she would not. We agree in one thing, Miss Davis. Sympathy is necessary to marriage. I have no more desire to marry a baby, however transcendent, than have you to marry a grandfather."

"There would be one advantage in a man of your patience wedding a child; you could mould her to suit your taste."

"I prefer God and education should do that. They have; and I have found such an one."

"Ah! I forgot."

"I don't think you ever knew it."

"Perhaps not," Virginia felt that something was awry, and thought probably she had insulted his judgment which might have desired a woman not his junior; so she said, "More than one great man has married a woman older than himself: Washington, whose judgment let who presume to doubt; Robert Browning, whose taste let who has the audacity, dispute; Napoleon, whose love for Josephine was one of his redeeming traits; Tasso, when twenty-one, fell in love with an old maid of thirty, and although she died in her forty-fourth year his love grew not cold."

"Cannot you understand why? He loved herself, her spirit, and that did not grow old or insipid."

"That was scarcely the reason that the French Diana was loved by father, son, and grandson. Aspasia and Cleopatra were over thirty when they became heroines of the world's romances. May I ask a question?"

"I am sorry you should think it requisite to ask leave to say anything you please to me. Pray, be frank."

"Does Sister Laura's temperament suit yours?"

"Positively I never thought of comparing or contrasting with myself a woman so far above me in everything but height."

"Do you really believe woman the equal of man?"

"Agassiz, than whose name there is none higher in science, has maintained her superiority in a Latin dissertation."

"In Latin, I presume, to keep the knowledge from the majority of the sex."

"Perhaps from those whose minds are not sufficiently disciplined to receive it. Her superiority.—"

"Her superiority, fudge!"

Virginia need not have said "fudge" with such an air, for Barton was the first man she had met whom she had felt her superior. She did not doubt but that some men knew more of law, or medicine, house building, or selling tape; but mere knowledge cannot constitute personal superiority. A physician does not think himself inferior to a lawyer because he has never studied Blackstone or Story.

"God's dictates may better please you. He calls woman man's helpmate. I heard that you had had a discussion with Mr. Hare about the equality of the man and the woman."

"Not I. I had no desire to teach him the history of his race or of literature, and he has but very superficial knowledge of either."

"But why did not you enlighten him by giving him the names of some of the female professors of law and medicine in the ages such old fogies as he are so fond of extolling in opposition to the nineteenth century?"

"Imagine me speaking of Olympia Morata, Novella d'Andrea, Laura Bassi, Madonna Manzolini, Matilda Tambroni, Tullia d'Aragona, Cortisana Romana, Vittoria Colonna, to Mr. Hare! But he has doubtless heard of Mrs. Somerville, Caroline Herschel, and Miss Mitchell, and they have not raised his opinion of women."

"A man's opinions seldom rise higher than his own level; but of all ridiculous argumentation that of the equality of the sexes tires me soonest. A man and woman disputing on the subject are much like a German and an Englishman discussing the superiority of fatherland."

"What do you think of Rosa Bonheur?"

"Highly of her talent, somewhat contemptuously of her costume and slaughter-yard habits. Imagine me slaughtering an ox and you eating it! No. While men are willing to do everything for the ladies I'll do nothing for myself."

Mr. Barton laughed, a thing he seldom did when in conversation with Virginia, whose very badinage was quiet.

"Elizabeth Kaufmann is more to my taste than the Rose of Happiness," added Virginia. "Do you believe any woman who lives for art happier than was Sappho, even if we have to give up the fable of her suicide?"

"No; neither do I believe any woman happy who lives only for love as did poor Sappho. It seems to me Mrs. Browning is the most blest woman of our age; perhaps in poetry she ranks next to Shakespeare. I am sure her Eve is finer than Milton's whining femininity, and who is happier than the wife of a poet who is her equal?"

"But these poet-spouses bring me back to our first subject, men marrying women older than themselves," said Virginia, determined to sound Harvey as regarded Laura, of whom she was unconsciously jealous.

Mr. Barton looked six years younger than he was, and naturally Virginia thought a "Sister" must be rather old.

"So you can understand loving an old maid?"

"Of course, I can. My sisters say the reason I don't marry is because I am in love with Sister Emily."

Virginia smiled happily, and said, "I am not joking."

"Do you think I am? I began a poem to her but I can't finish it. I am not the first poet who has been spoiled by turning from an imagination to a reality."

"Miss Johnston an imagination?"

"At least, to rightly comprehend her is one of its highest acts. Woman's lot! Is it not a strange one? I have thought the griffin was man's fittest emblem; his nobler half would rise did not the strength of his bestial nature pin him to the earth. Thank God, women don't have to be politicians."

"Can you forget Elizabeth of England, Catherine II. of Russia, Maria Theresa, Isabella, Semiramis, Christina, Olympia, Madame Roland, Thermatis, Cleopatra, Deborah, Zenobia?"

"I scarcely call the last stateswomen," he replied.

"I glory in the heroines of war, and in my excited moments count them on my fingers and ask when will the Confederacy add to the list which comprises Constantia de Cezli, (Brevet-Governor of Leucate,) Jeanne de Montfort, Jane of Belleville, (the naval heroine,) Joan d'Arc, the daughter of the Prefect Gregory, the Countesses of St. Belmont and Derby, the women of Suli, the Amazons of Siam, Kalad's Arabian Phalanx."

"I did not know there were so many renowned in war, though I had not

forgotten the names of the more courageous Charlotte Corday, Jael, and Judith."

"But I like women better as philosophers, and Hypatia, Aspasia, the mother of the Gracchi, Portia, wife of Brutus, are more to my taste."

"Of learned women the number is large; Madame Dacier, Elizabeth Carter, H. L. Canaro, LL.D., Jane of Arragon, Ann Clifford, Sophronisba of Carthage, De Genlis, L. Barri, P. D. Montague."

"There is one desire almost universal among women I do not participate in."

"The desire to be loved? I believe your mind would be jealous if your heart loved a bird."

"Certainly you can talk more nonsense than any sensible man I ever saw. I referred to womens' wishing to be understood."

"But why do you object to being understood?"

"Because the man, woman, or child who understood me could rule me."

"I wish I had uttered my thought before, I am afraid to now."

"An insinuation is worse than any charge. Say on."

"I think of all adults I ever saw you are the easiest to be understood. There! I knew I should offend you."

"You have not."

"Scorn was in your eye, though as you were on your guard your lip did not curl."

"So you flatter yourself that you read me? Tut! I have shown you only the company-side of my character."

"The moon shows us only her worldly side; but if the man who is on her will come down to decide the bet, I'll wager anything you please that the side she fancies none but him knows, corresponds to an iota with the side the whole world sees."

"Illustration isn't logic. How did you find me out—if you have—Sir Mystifier?"

"I forgot all I had learned about other grown people and conned over the lessons learned from children."

"That would be flattery were it not sarcasm."

"Strike the balance between the two."

"Verbiage."

"Not a bit of it."

"All of it; were it not I'd detest you, forthwith."

"I am as right in my affirmation as you are wrong in the conclusion you draw. I can no more influence you because I comprehend you, than I can draw down the moon to my humble love because I have found out her secret."

Both blushed; so neither knew the other did. The woman first recovered her self-possession, as she always does, because she most fears to have her confusion discovered. Harvey did not relish the bantering mood Virginia now thought proper to assume, and soon left her, feeling more than ever baffled, and yet more enticed to read the sweet mystery upon which his long callous heart had so suddenly fallen. As he walked down Broadway he thought of her captivating frankness; enrapturing it was when it let him see he interested her, and how provoking when it showed as plainly he could not influence her a whit. He went to his room and wrote:—

"What cares she for my bliss or pain?
But she would like my heart to gain
That she may lay it at her feet
Among a thousand hearts as sweet."

As soon as he had written this, he exclaimed,

"That is false; my angry mood has run away with my judgment. Would to Heaven she would like to win my heart! 'Who plays to win may lose!' They say unreturned or unappreciated love is worse to a woman than to a man. It is false, I assert my equality with a woman; she is no more God-like than I;

therefore no more capable of intense love. When a man has nothing to eat, does he hunger less than a woman? When he is lost in a desert, does he suffer less from thirst? The notion that a woman may trifle with a man is cruelly false. Man's nature is no more brutal, nor his pangs less painful than hers. Self-command is not self-negation. Neither is it true that women are the only necessarily passive sufferers from love disdained. Can I by physical force compel a woman's love? A man's strength will no more enable him to fly on the ocean than will a woman's. 'The heart of her husband might safely trust in her.' Husband! I must be far away before Virginia so calls any man. An old maid let her be and I could bear it, but the wife of another—I cannot see that. If I were not about to desert my heritage to fight for freedom I might try to win her for my life-angel; but the Legislature has already passed the decree which condemns me to poverty. So be it. Poor I may be; free I must be. Oh politicians! who brought on this bloody war, do you feel that hopeless love is the only recompense many of us will have for the parental homes we have sacrificed, and fortunes we have thrown away, and to our enemies? And for what? To rivet chains on free-born men; for I have no hope that the Confederacy will ever be able to redeem Kentucky; I am not of the sanguine; I fear brute force, used as brutes are wont to use it, in destroying will overwhelm us. But I will not think of this. There is one gleam of happiness. Gleam, did I say? I am over-flowed with the ecstasy of loving as this day is with balmy sunshine; the sun must set and the twilight pass wearily into night. Have I any more hope of winning for my heart lasting sunshine? I may have; but I try to be sensible and think not. I am thankful for the present bliss. I understand now why God called Himself "Love," because it is the highest, holiest, and best of all things animate or inanimate to which He has given existence. I must not be too precipitate and frighten from her perch of unconscious fascination the bird of my Paradise, the bird that my very soul longs to cage, before my heart has clasped it firmly. Oh, this sweet delirium! This delicious madness! Do I not know that to indulge this mood is madness? It is well my cigar is finished. I have been a fool and happy long enough. Let me get at my dispatches from Richmond and admit common sense to the brain from which it was expelled while the cigar lasted."

Meanwhile Virginia was scourging her heart; she, too, was writing rhymes—lovers' most available consolation, and hers were:—

A "LORD OF CREATION."

"Dear sir, are you a grand 'lord of creation?'

Oh, fal-lal! But what a glorious nation,
When each supercilious lord of creation,
Takes a woman's heart for his daily ration.

That you are a smart man let none dare deny,
You can dance and flirt, you can flatter and sigh,
All these are parts of your fine education,
Surely you ought to be 'lord of creation!'

That you are quite handsome you very well know.
Where would your glass be did it not tell you so?
But looks you think 'killing' can never harm me;
I cannot be conquered by what I can see."

CHAPTER XII.

"Oh, if I could only make the four walls of this room gradually enlarge and enclose new beauties! It seems to me every article in it has been conned until

it can afford me no new ideas. Is there not such a place as Heaven—a space where beauty is inexhaustible? Sometimes I feel as though it were impossible that I, this wonderful, thinking, suffering, active I, can ever cease to be. My body can be resolved into dust, but my body is not this I. What has it to do with my exquisite dreams? When I can neither hear nor see what is without, whence emanate the lovely visions I so highly prize? Oh, if eternity were but a succession of dreams! But this would not suit people who are victims of the nightmare. What am I? I am a being who lives in the beautiful. How came I on this strange earth? Was it a good God who placed me here? Then why did He not give me a mother? But that gift would not *per-se* be any token of kindness; I am sure I should rather have no parent than such a disagreeable one as Emma's. And I believe I think it better never to have had such an one as Alice had, if she had to be taken from me and my heart, like Alice's, were only an urn for her memory. If Mr. Maturin had left Jennie fatherless, her life would be but a sarcophagus to represent the days of childhood. Heigh-ho! I can't settle this question—"Why do I not know a mother?" as a proof final of a superior Being's ill-will towards me, so let me go back to my first question—What am I? I believe I have no better answer than I have given—one who lives in the beautiful. Maybe, my parents were so poor they could not have given me beautiful objects, and so God gave me to one who could. True, poverty could not have deprived me of the skies by day and night; but they alone would not suffice. It requires great variety to satisfy me. Satisfy? Satisfy?—bah! If I could only travel all over the world there might be some chance of satisfying for a while my hungry brain; but were I to live several centuries the whole world would become as familiar to me as this room. Truly, nothing but Omnipotence can satisfy me if I have to live an eternity. And if I have to live for ever, where am I to live? I am not a baby to believe that Providence is only Kriss Kringle who fills stockings with presents bought nowhere. As surely as a parent fills his child's stockings, a God supplies the world with beauty. But where is He? Preachers say everywhere; if that be so, why don't things go on better? If He knows I am in the world, why don't He make me love Him? Why don't He care for me? I am not fool enough to think that I sprang from a cabbage. If I have, or had parents why didn't they care for my babyhood? I might as well deny I ever had parents because I never saw nor heard of them as to doubt God's existence because I cannot see nor hear Him. Women and men love their children; do my parents never yearn for me? They may be dead. I hope they are. May not my ignorance of them be a proof of God's pity for me? It won't do to say that there is no such thing as a particular Providence, because the world is 'out of joint' any more than to say I have no parents because their neglect contradicts an almost universal law of nature. Oh, if there was but one capable of teaching me the truth! There must be a God. If not, why don't flowers grow out of shells? Why don't some men have feet on their backs and noses where are toes, and eyes where are fingers? What should I think of the sense of a man who came in here and finding all my shells in one cabinet and my corals in another, said they only chanced to be so? Am not I almost as great a fool? What would I think of the man who lived with me and watched my daily life and said I did not love beautiful things? The man who knew what Mr. Maturin has done for me and could say he does not care to please me, would be nearly as big a blockhead as he who can see all that God made for me, and say He does not care for me. If He does not, why has He placed me here? Why not in Africa? How many orphans in our asylum has He cared for as He has for me? They would not enjoy what I do, perhaps. Some of them would rather wash than work out problems in geometry. They want plenty to eat and more than enough of finery. Let them be cooks and dress-makers. They love babies; let them be nurses. Oh, my brain aches with all these thoughts, and my soul is thirsty for the truth." A servant entered.

"Mr. Barton's card, Miss Virginia."

"Say I'll be down in a minute." She added to herself, "Am I to doubt his

love because for years he gave no evidence of his existence? Ah, if God could come to me and talk to me, and love me as this man does. Poor child! I cannot but pity such a childish woman as I am, and does not God?"

"Won't you play for me this evening?" asked Virginia of Mr. Barton, because her whole soul was steeped in a rose-tinted, misty atmosphere not very conducive to conversation. Harvey was glad of the invitation, because she asked this favour but seldom, notwithstanding her peculiar enjoyment of such music as he played. He knew why when she was under its influence she was for the nonce almost as much in his power as if he had magnetised her. This evening he particularly desired to assert his supremacy over her sensitive temperament, in poetic revenge for the way she governed all his reveries. He sat down to the piano and played wild and joyous music, often improvising. Virginia became restive; he perceived this and grew rapturously excited; he had his revenge. Did she feel something of what was passing in his mind? Perhaps so, for when he got up she stopped her walk up and down the floor, and picking up a volume of Goethe, the first book her hand happened to fall on, said in an indifferent tone, "Let any one but combine art and science and literature as Goethe did more illustriously than any other man, and he must be happy."

Harvey smiled at the transparency of her *ruse*, and said, "Yet I have read his own confession that during his whole life he never spent four happy days; and I think him too superior to Byron to wish to rival him and Rousseau in their absurd desire of appearing more wretched than they were."

"Rousseau, bah! He disgusted me so, I could not read him. I can't read either his works or Byron's—with few exceptions—without feeling as if I had been tossed upon the sea."

"To me the unhappiness that is most touching is that which seeks to hide itself."

"I never thought much about it. I am as happy as a child."

"One thing let me beg of you; if the sparkling bubbles of youth dissolve while you play with them, at least, never part with its dreams. Keep your heart young."

"I think my love for the beautiful will do that. Biography is my favourite department of literature, and I have been on the search for the secret of happiness for eight years, and have come to the conclusion that there never was a truly happy person."

"History shows us one—Wilberforce. Only last night my mother quoted this extract from his diary:—'I find the sense of God's presence produces a calm, humble, confiding dependence, making me walk softly.'"

"Walk softly! How poetical," said Virginia, trying to drown the remembrance of the number of times that she wished she had a friend whose presence could have just this effect upon her. How sweet it would be for her to know the joy of dependence on one whom she trusted! She knew she could not find happiness, and as for peace, the very word seemed like the echo of a half-forgotten dream. For a minute Harvey did not interrupt her thoughts; then he spoke, pitying both himself and her.

"Bowdler's picture of the great Wilberforce singing like a blackbird wherever he went, has touched me strangely."

"History has shown him to me as a philosopher, orator, philanthropist, statesman; I would as soon think of a doll in a kaleidoscope having a distinct existence as of Wilberforce being a mere individual with the joy of a bird."

"Bowdler says he always had the spirit of a boy. Yet he had many enemies, and was often opposed with vehemence and ridicule, as he still is; for all very strong and decided characters, whether in public or private life, must have enemies."

"Truly it is strange for such intense Southerners as we to be lauding him."

"I was speaking only of his happiness."

"I was defending him in a party of Secessionists the other day. I hate the slave-trade and so did they. None of us loved slavery except from opposition to

the abominable Yankees; yet they all vilified him, because he did what he thought his duty. I defended him, because I always take the part of the weakest."

"Do you, Miss Davis? I had expected more justice from you."

Virginia's uplifted eyes asked a question.

"I always side with what I believe the right."

"Oh, of course, and so do I. How you make me retract all my pithy sayings that no one else questions."

Harvey shook his head dubiously.

"You know you do," she exclaimed, smiling, "for I always avow it when I am vanquished, being ashamed to be ashamed of being conquered, however mortified I really feel to find myself in the wrong."

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHY should I alone, of all earth's women, be deprived of life's best gift—noble love? Mr. Herz's music excites me sadly to-day. There is only one thing I can do when I hear music, and that is, write; it annoys me to hear talking, or even to walk, or croquet; only writing seems to harmonize with music; it is as if Mr. Herz played and I sang. Sometimes music so surcharges my brain with ethereal flame that if I did not give a few faint sparks to rhyme it would burn it up. Were I a Christian I should always worship by music. I can understand what prayer and adoration mean when music excites me beyond all bounds, and my spirit soars aloft and folds her wearied pinions at the Throne of Deity—not that I know what that is any more than does a king's carrier-dove know him to whom she bears a message. Had my spirit no pre-existence in the realm where sweet accords were born, and where they ever live to sometimes send faint echoes to our earth? If not, why does it so often waft me to what seems an old loved shrine? Oh, God, if in Thine august dwelling, Thou dost ever deign to listen to spoiled children of the earth, look down in love and pity on me now! Is all music a delusion and Heaven a cheat; or, am I unworthy of both that I doubt either? If one is real, then must the other be. If there is no Heaven, whence came music? Never issued it from clods of earth. Is the infidel or the musician the victim of his brain? Ah! I am in a tangled wild. Steep rocks my intellect can never scale shut me from men and Deity. I could doubt as perfectly as Berkeley, though to a different end, did not sweet echoes resound from these inaccessible barriers. Echoes! They are but echoes; where dwells the voice? Sometimes I turn steadfastly in one direction, sure it is there; but soon an echo elsewhere mocks; and where I myself am, I hardly know. Oh, God, I am lost! Is there no one to guide me out of this labyrinth? Pshaw! does God Himself hear me? Oh, God! is there a Heaven? I have answered, 'No,' when in hot discussion; but I dare not whisper to myself a lie while I listen to the tones that angels seem to send o'er the wires that bind my life to immortality. Angels! what are they to me? What the nymphs were to the Greeks—too beautiful to be given up to reason's scorn. Angels! angels! angels! Are ye, too, lost in fathomless void? I reach out my hands in the stillness of the night; but I can feel ye never. I cry aloud in my desolation to know if you are near; but ye answer not; all in vain do I hush the beating of my impatient heart to list the waving of your wings. Spiritualism mocked me but for a day. One ill spelt and ungrammatical communication was enough for me; even when but fifteen I dismissed a lover because he knew Moore's poems better than Butler's grammar; and Dr. Walton, who talked so beautifully, never wrote me but one letter, because it was ill-spelt. And was I to patronize in an angel what I would not tolerate in

a man? I should rather turn Romanist and pay hyperdulia to the Virgin, who can't talk ungrammatically. But, ah! Has Mr. Herz gone? I suppose the music ceased when I began to sneer. Oh, God, if Thou canst hear me, comfort me! I am wretched, wretched!"

With this, Virginia threw down the pencil she had been scribbling with, laid her head on the arm of the sofa and wept. Mr. Herz was engaged to come and play for her twice a week, and as he often left her in an abstracted mood which he understood too well to disturb, he did not notice that his "good-morning" elicited no response. Virginia wept unrestrainedly as a babe weeps, not knowing that it wails for want of tender care. What were the splendour and beauty of her home to the lonely woman? Wrap a babe in velvet and lay it in a golden cradle, put a statue as exquisite as Miss Lander's Evangeline to sleep beside it, and leave it alone. Then can you understand Virginia wailing for what she, alas! knew not. The servant opened the door quietly—for so everything was done in Mr. Maturin's house—and admitted Mr. Barton,

"In tears, my beautiful!" An exclamation that neither his nor her excitement allowed them to analyze.

"Your beautiful, am I?" she exclaimed, too accustomed to flattery to resent a compliment, or notice it as most women would. "Then you can tell me what I want."

"Love."

"I do not; I hate it. It troubles me!"

Harvey moved his lips nervously; he had long felt what she needed to round her character into symmetry.

"Tell me what I want. If you can't, no one can."

"There is nothing earth can give that you have not except what now you scorn."

"I don't care where it comes from. If you know what I want, tell me," she said with the petulancy that at another time would have amused him. "Why did you sigh?"

"Because I cannot tell you where or how to get what I know you need; the only—"

"Oh, tell me what it is! I'll get it for myself."

"A hope of immortality."

"Do I?"

"Yes."

"Would I be happy if I had that?"

"I believe so. I should be. Without it, I am not."

"But is there any immortality to hope for?"

"If you loved you would not ask that question."

"Do you believe in what you prescribe for me?"

"I do," he answered, as his colour rose; for, he knew enough of her straightforward common sense to expect her to sneer at him for not seeking what he believed would make him happy.

But even in her excitement she saw his confusion, and her heart trembled in self-pity. With a woman's natural instinct to yield obedience to spiritual superiority, in which trait she is nearest allied to the angels, she had, like a lost child, been about to commit herself to his guidance in a path she had never trodden, but with which she hoped to find him familiar. She felt when she perceived the confusion with which he gave his last answer that he was almost as ignorant as herself: but she made another effort to make him declare himself competent to guide her where she longed for the moment to be—though she knew not how to go—where peace was to be found.

"You mean I ought to be a Christian."

His pleased look answered her.

"If I ought to be, so ought you. Are you?"

Barton had ridiculed the idea of any hell, material or immaterial, but now he felt that the lost soul of the woman he loved might curse him through eternity. Virginia rose, and crossing the room as though nothing unusual had

disturbed her serenity, took up a purse she was crocheting. A pang smote him as a demon whispered, "I'll settle with you for the gift of this soul."

For a few moments neither spoke; but when Virginia had unravelled out a row of wrong stitches, she asked,

"Were you at the theatre last night?"

Without heeding her question he expressed his thought.

"If you could only know Sister Laura! You could no more resist her than you could be harsh to an angel. And even your severe sense of consistency could find nothing to sneer at in her. Ah! she could make you happy."

"Doubtless; and not me only."

"No; also any who would yield themselves to her influence; it is never seemingly aggressive; only when with her, you know that you breathe a different atmosphere than that to which you are used."

"And scorn all lower regions of existence as does the dweller on a mountain height those who eat and sleep in the valley."

Barton brightened.

"May I bring her to see you?"

"Excuse me; I should not like to ask her to descend to my level, as it seems she does to yours."

"Indeed, she descends to no one; she draws all to her elevation—how, nobody knows."

"I have one favour to request of you."

"Would that it were a hundred!"

"By what rule of mathematics could that be wrought? But this one is better than any other hundred. Forget the weakness I have shown to-day."

"Not even in Heaven can I."

Virginia curled her lip; she was provoked, but answered—

"It seems to me that you speak very boldly of going to a place which, granting it exists out of the realm of fable, you surely have no passport to."

"This is the second time you have surprised me with a doubt of a Heaven?"

"Your surprise cannot equal mine to find that you believe in it, and yet care not for it. I am more philosophical. If I believed in the elixir of life I should seek it. If there is a Heaven for consistent people, there must be a hell for inconsistent ones, and truly I don't care to be there, seeing how much trouble they have occasioned me here."

"You take retribution for granted."

"God is just. He will annihilate all or judge all. Universalism is unphilosophical; retribution is logical. The God Who made me must have been a logician. I find logic as necessary as bread for every-day life. You know, too, I pride myself on my taste."

"And well you may," replied Harvey, glancing at her elegant dark tissue dress and delicately-plaided scarf wound around her breast as gracefully as Guido painted turban on the Cenci, while a silver net held her golden hair. Then Harvey glanced around the exquisitely-arranged boudoir, his conscience glad to be diverted awhile. "If you have not taste, Burke and Allison wrote in vain."

"If I have, one of them did. But if I went to Heaven—you know one may suppose anything—do you think I should like to stand beside a satyr?"

"Mythology and Scripture," replied Barton, smiling.

"A satyr only symbolizes an animalized man. No! No! Demons and angels can never consort. Venus and Vulcan. Bah! I'd rather have no Venus in my Olympus than one who could like Vulcan."

"Perhaps he was the best of the two."

"Then expel both. But be assured a God of such taste as the Maker of this world and the starry heavens will never place saint and sinner side by side, any more than I would wear yellow and red together."

Harvey could not resist another smile.

"What strange fancies you have!"

"Oh! That reminds me to ask you about what I was thinking of yesterday.

Did you ever find in your everyday or literary world analogies of the characters of mythology?"

"You are Psyche before Cupid kissed her."

"If I am Psyche, who symbolises Sister Laura?"

"No character of mythology; but the angel who said to sorrowing women, 'Come and see the place where your Lord lay.'"

Virginia's bright beauty was now like a flower steeped in mist; but she answered gaily,

"You did not guess rightly about me; I am a Naiad."

"A musical one—music, not water, being your element."

"And is not water music made visible? In the morning, what is the ocean but an oratorio of creation? at night, what but the grandest of nocturnes? What is Niagara but the wedded spirits of all operas and *Te Deums*? What are cataracts but fugues for eye and ear? What are rivers, when played on by the wind but Nature's *Misereres*? Are not brooks love-ditties? showers, 'songs without words'? What is a thunderstorm but an orchestra in full blast?"

As she spoke her eyes closed, and as she named it she seemed to hear each musical voice of water. It was not strange that Harvey put his hands over his face for fear he should kiss her eyelids. There are some women whom certain men feel that they must pet and shield. They do not so much desire their love as the privilege of protecting them. As Harvey would have wrapped in his cloak and warmed with the warmth of his bosom a foundling exposed to a storm, he desired to fold Virginia to his breast and hold her there forever—not that he might enjoy her beauty and intellect, but to lessen her chances of suffering. There is no selfishness in love like his.

Day after day Harvey talked with Virginia and never told his secret, or, if he did, it was in a dreamy, poetical way, which her delicacy refused to accept as more than tribute to her sex and beauty. Her beauty? Yes; "there was the rub." She was convinced that Sister Laura's intellect, loveliness and spirituality, held in bonds stronger than death or pride his heart, while her beauty had won the suffrage only of his fancy. Therefore, did she for the moment loathe her charms which she felt had betrayed her into his hands: she sought not to disguise from herself that she loved him. Lonely orphan, she had no desire to be unconscious of her greatest happiness. His unguarded expressions of love and reverence for Sister Laura had produced the impression that he sought in her beauty only to forget a stronger spell. She was not jealous of the Sister. To a nature like hers jealousy is as impossible as would be an Ethiop's features to one of her temperament. Shyness and pride prevented her giving her consent to calling on Sister Laura. She was as much afraid of meeting her as she would have been of conversing with Harvey's guardian-angel. Her pride shrank from knowing her, lest for the sake of a lover she should become copyist of what had so charmed him, not because she naturally assimilated with all good and beautiful influences, but to secure her empire over him; she had never tried to attract him or to retain him; she would not stoop to either now.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WHAT has the future to offer me? Quiet and pleasure dull as a summer noon-tide, even to satiety. Bah! I am sick of both. And yet I don't know; comfort is more to me than love. How could I, who cannot sit in a straight-backed chair ten minutes without weariness, make my own living? Nor have I forgotten how uncomfortable I was at Mr. Scott's, because I had to lay my cheek on a cotton pillow-case. And did not one mosquito keep me awake all that night?"

What a horrible bore it would be to me to have to put away my own clothes when I come from a walk or drive! Yet I think I could make my own living. I might spin novels out of my own life; but where find readers for my cobweb books? Would not those women, whose literature is comprised in Bible and cookery-book, pronounce me most pedantic? How critics, who judge of female capacity by that of their mothers to quiet babies, and that of their sisters to entertain one-ideal clerks, or that of their wives, whom they married for beauty or money, would denounce my heroines as unnatural! It is easy enough to write, but to be read is the difficulty. And when one writes for a living the latter point is as important as the first. I could only write from my own experience, or, rather my consciousness of capacity for experience. I have never sufficiently appreciated human nature to make it my study. My contempt for it forbade me to desire more knowledge of it. If I could find it only consistent! I like Milton's Lucifer better than his Adam."

Having written this, Virginia threw down her pen in disgust, took up a book, read two pages and found as she turned the page she did not know what book she had picked up; so she discarded it and went back to her desk and read over what she had last written; then resumed her pen."

"Why am I writing thus? Because my adopted father has become so cold to me. It is months since he has fondled me. Ah, how kind and tender he used to be! It is not only because I fear going into the world that I cannot leave him; if I forsake him whom will he love and pet? And what will my human heart have to cling to? And is it not better to cherish a stone than nothing? Can I have offended him? If I—"

A sigh behind her answered Virginia's sob.

"What's the matter, my darling?"

"Nothing."

"And is it nothing that you have been writing? As I passed the door I heard a sob. I opened it gently. Pardon me that I did not knock. I thought I might find a photograph or letter in your hand, and so discover why you have lost your old sweet cheerfulness. When I saw you writing I intended to let you put your secret on paper that I might see it. What made you turn around so soon? I should be sorry not to find the ball when I have probed the wound. Pardon me—"

"That you shall not do," cried Virginia, as Mr. Maturin took up the journal.

"Forgive me, Virginia, I must know what troubles you. The next month must not be like the past. Whom you love you shall marry."

"Indeed—"

"I want no protestations. I say you shall be happy, though the enviable dog break the heart of another woman and you mine."

In one of his he held both of her hands and heeded neither struggles, entreaties, nor anger. An intense light came into his eyes. He dropped the book and caught her to his bosom.

She said, "You are not angry with me? You had not ceased to love me?"

"Ceased to love you!" He laughed strangely. "I love you as you do not know," he muttered, with ill-repressed eagerness.

She looked up brightly,

"What! Not after all the proofs I have around me! God's love I often doubt, yours, never. Oh, my father—"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, in fierce pain. "Virginia, answer me one question. Do you wish to marry no one else and leave me?"

"I would rather die than love any one better than you, and desert you for him," she answered, supposing he had treated her so coldly lately because he had thought she wanted to leave him.

He strained her so impetuously to his heart, and burned such a long kiss into her brow that she trembled, she knew not why.

"Let me go."

"Never, my darling! Never, my bride that's soon to be!" After this he met with no resistance as he tightened his arms around her passive form. "Speak one

word, my precious ! Say, ' George.' ” He asked this with the instinct of an old man, fearful of receiving reverence instead of love. “ Kiss me, sweet, as—” He checked himself. He did not wish her to embrace him as she had before, with the unconscious love of a child. He lifted her face to read confession there ; but her eyes were closed and her lips rigid.

CHAPTER XV.

HARVEY sits smoking, and these are the thoughts which rise with the smoke :— “ She is on a mountain peak, my beautiful, but ever-separated one ! Mist surrounds her and shuts her out from the world, but not from me ; for I, too, am on a mountain-peak. I also am in a cloud, and, therefore, I see her. She is near to me—so near my voice could touch her ear with thrilling words ; but between us there is a valley I dare not descend into, and I can never reach her. I know this at last. It was long before I would be convinced that what seemed a part of me was far away from me. The stranger on the Hartz mountains may not recognize at once that the spectre of the Brocken is his shadow, and may have many vain outstretchings and grievous falls ere convinced he cannot grasp it. Angry, dark clouds are surging in the chasm between us, and it knows no light save when the lurid lightning shows forth in triumph its gloom. I should not be afraid to descend into that region of clouds had not Fate said I should not ; therefore I dare not. How sad she seems to be ! I wish it was not so ; I never heard her laugh ; I never thought of this until yesterday—her eyes smile so rapturously. Rapture ! Poets had written of it, and what they wrote I had read, and would have attempted to explain to a foreigner—would have, I say ; for now I know it is one of the half-dozen words that mortal tongue may utter, but not explain. Since I have looked into her eyes and their light has fallen into the depths of my soul my spirit knows what rapture means.”

CHAPTER XVI.

SEPTEMBER 20th.

It was a damp day that had neither cold nor heat to flush a maiden's cheek when Sister Laura entered the reception-room of the Church Home for Unmarried Women, and saw before her a fair creature whose golden hair shaded a brow of as deep vermilion as her cheeks and even throat ; there was in her air such painful embarrassment and consciousness of something which humiliates that the Sister advanced rather more quickly than her wont, and taking a hand not offered, said in her low, sweet tone of feeling.

“ I am glad to see you ; pray be seated.”

As she said this she looked down, her artistic eye expectant of two soft blue eyes swimming in tears, but the visitor allowed herself to be seated without glancing up or speaking. Sister Laura felt a strange thrill in her heart. Had she lost a bud and found a full blown flower ? Where her old pet Minnie was she knew not ; but the woman at her side, evidently not such a child, strangely

suggested her, perhaps by making her feel that a helpless one called on her for strength. There was more intelligence expressed in the full forehead and intellectually shaped head which her small white crape hat could not hide, and there was more character in the pale curved lips; Sister Laura felt a desire to lay the flushed face on her calm bosom and colour her sombre dress with a wreath of golden hair. Perhaps there was more than a minute's silence before the Sister said,

"I hope I can do something for you."

"You can save me!" was the wild cry that startled the woman beside her, who took her trembling hand and said—

"I am sure you are as pure as I."

The hand was indignantly withdrawn, and rising haughtily the girl raised large dark eyes full of fire to shoot a scornful glance at her astonished companion. But the scorn only pleased the Sister, who in no wise abashed, rose also and taking both hands of the wild girl, seated her beside her as she would have done an angry child. Still holding her gently, but firmly, she said in her most soothing tone, "Tell me, my poor trembler, what I can save you from."

The tones of Sister Laura generally commanded, not demanded, answers, and she shuddered as the stranger replied.

"From suicide from myself;" then she burst into tears. Sister Laura untied her hat and laid her burning head on her shoulder; then passed her soft hands soothingly over the hair whose beauty she saw even then. Unresistingly lay the worn out woman, and allowed herself to be caressed by one whom she believed had closed for ever to love the heart to which she clung none the less that she despised herself therefor.

A bell rang.

"That is the bell for morning prayer; will you come with me into the chapel, or lie here until I return?"

"Don't leave me; if you do you will never see me again. A good angel, if there is such, brought me here against my will; if you leave me, an evil one, whom I know so well, will hurry me away."

"It is not easy for one I take an interest in to escape me."

"As they passed into the hall Virginia murmured to herself—

"It is strange that to the woman to whom I owe much grief I should so willingly yield myself."

This convinced Sister Laura that her beautiful guest was not sane; probably she had escaped from an asylum; but she said in her gentlest voice.

"It is not strange. I am glad you cling to me, and no one, if law can prevent it, shall take you from me before you are willing to go. You shall sleep in my room and be with me always. Will you, poor darling?"

"It is not strange that you have bound him with such iron cords."

By this time they opened the door of the chapel and both were silent, Sister Laura in prayer for the beautiful shattered life God had sent to her to comfort, and, if possible, build up anew. As she rose to read the psalter she heard a noise behind her and saw Virginia had fainted. She motioned to a poor man who had stopped for the morning service as he went to his work. He took Virginia out, following the Sister who was no stranger in the room of his bedridden wife.

"I think you had better bring her up-stairs, if you please, Mr. Weston; I fear she is going to have a spell of illness." He bore her up-stairs and laid her on Sister Laura's bed. "Thank you, how is Mrs. Weston?"

"Better since she has stopped fussing, and that blessing her children, servants, and I owe to your visits. God bless you! Good day."

As he went downstairs he thought, "What a blessed institution old maids are! Pity Mrs. Weston hadn't thought so." Laura's physical strength was not sufficient for her to undress Virginia until some of the Sisters could assist her. She murmured, "Oh, God, let me help Thee to fit her for death and life with the angels, and then let her die. I can't pray for her to live. I have suffered too much." It was not long ere the hushed heart began to beat, but consciousness did not return.

When the doctor came he said the stranger had the appearance of a typhoid patient, and must be at once removed to the apartment for the sick.

"No," replied Sister Laura, "from what the lady said in our only interview I suspect her to be insane; therefore, it would not be right to put her among the sick; but she must stay with me."

"Are not you afraid?"

"Of that beautiful being!"

Dr. Blair smiled.

"It is of no use to argue, as I see your mind is made up. What is her name?"

"I don't know, and none of her clothing is marked except in the corner of her handkerchief is an anchor. It is possible she may be named Hope and this be one of her pretty conceits; at any rate we'll call her Hope until we can learn her name."

"I should call her Aurea."

"How much more appropriate! Aurea she shall be for a while. Did you ever see such golden hair on a woman?"

"But once or twice, perhaps; but I like yours much better for a woman; hers is a rich frame for a pretty picture. But will you not advertise?"

"I am afraid I must. Certainly I will."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, of losing her."

"I supposed you had your hands too full weeks ago."

"But not my heart—this poor creature touches that."

"How do you know she is fit to be an inmate here?"

"Is that a question, good doctor, for a follower of the Great Physician?"

"I will put an advertisement in the dailies."

"Promise me you will not allow her to be moved until she is quite well."

"Are those her clothes?"

"Yes; I forgot to put them up, so absorbed was I in her."

"She is of wealthy family, judging from them—black satin slippers, silk stockings, and lace mantle."

"I had not thought of them. She can hardly be from an insane asylum."

"Most likely her aberrations were the symptoms of her disease."

"Good doctor, you always suppose good things."

"Yes, she is rich," said the doctor, blushing at the compliment, because of her who paid it; but to whom he would no sooner dare to speak of love than would the Romanist to the Virgin.

"That organdie did not cost less than two dollars a yard, and the lace on it was more; besides gold bands, exquisitely wrought, held the sleeves at the wrist; and see this beautiful cameo set in pearls, and the dainty jewel-flowers on the watch. I had not noticed her clothing before. She is so beautiful, I have been in a dream ever since I saw her."

"You look a year younger than you did yesterday."

"I feel like a girl who has been shut up all day alone, and in the evening is given a new doll."

"I'm afraid the Sisterhood will suffer."

"I'll nurse her only when the rules of the Institution allow me to be in my room, or exercising; at other times the regular nurses will attend her. But the night is my own."

"Good-bye. Don't make yourself sick."

"No danger," she replied, looking like the Laura of old times, who petted and frolicked with Minnie. She was right to be incredulous, as after all she had suffered she was as strong as she had been ere she had learned what life means. Sister Laura pressed her lips on the weary lids that curtained the beautiful eyes, and sighed. She knew that the fair being whose beauty and misfortunes had opened her heart to a love that was not only charitable but womanish, was in a very critical state. The Sister counted more than thirty years, and the foot of the Reaper had often ground into dust the flowers that

her eager hands would fain have pillowed on her breast. The end of her meditation was to wish most heartily for the return of Sister Emily, who had gone South to nurse in the hospitals, and Laura was the head of the Sisterhood.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Harvey went the day that Virginia had left her home to see her, he met the old housekeeper at the door. She almost sprang upon him, crying out, "Oh, bring her back to us! Mr. Maturin will forgive—how strange you look! Merciful Heaven! What is the matter?"

"What do you mean?" asked Harvey, between his set teeth and white lips.

"What do I mean? Oh yes! It's all mighty fine to make-believe—"

"She has not left!"

"Now, you needn't put on any airs with me. I had got to her boudoir door when I heard her say to you, 'You had not ceased to love me?' Yes, tremble, wretch that you are, to beguile her into a runaway match."

"Woman, do not dare to tell me that she has run away!" panted Harvey, sinking into a chair, because he felt that the ground was slipping from under his feet.

"Mr. Barton, whether it was honourable or not, I stopped at the door. I heard you say in a tone like a man 'most mad, 'Ceased to love you!' And I heard you laugh at the idea."

A flash of intense relief, an ecstasy of joy passed over Harvey; he sprang to his feet and rang the front-door bell.

"I believe the man is crazy," muttered Mrs. Blanton.

He smiled. Her exclamation convinced him that his sudden idea was true; the housekeeper had lost her wits; it was not uncommon for crazy people to consider others insane. He did not wait for the servant to reach him before he exclaimed,

"Is Miss Davis in?"

"La! ain't Mrs. Blanton told you?"

Harvey grew rigid.

"What," he said, in such a tone as might issue from a closed vault.

"When the breakfast-bell rang this morning Miss Virginia didn't come down. Betty went to see what was the matter. She went into the dressing-room where she had made ready for Miss Virginia an hour before; nobody there. She went into the bedroom; nobody there. She went all over the house and garden and then come and told master. I tell you, I've heard of women's having the hysterics; but if master didn't have them, I don't know what they are. And we're all in the greatest trouble, sir. She was a blessing to every coloured lady and gentleman on the place. Always wrote letters to my sweetheart."

Mechanically Harvey rose and walked home. His door closed on him; and the angels who witnessed his anguish never say that men cannot suffer as acutely as women when they have lived as pure lives.

The day was passed alone in his room. In the evening he went again to Mr. Maturin's and asked for him. The interview was productive of bitterness to both. Mr. Maturin hated the man whom he now knew loved his adopted orphan, and would not have seen him had he not had a faint hope that he could guess where she had gone. In angry jealousy he would have sought him in the morning had not he been in the parlour and heard the conversation between him, and the housekeeper and Bob. Harvey had but one satisfaction. Mr. Maturin swore that no one but himself had been with Virginia during the evening; he accounted for the words repeated by Mrs.

Blanton, by saying that he had spoken harshly to Virginia about a little outburst of temper, and that she had cried and accused him of ceasing to love her and he had assured her of the contrary. Of the course of her flight he professed utter ignorance, but was sure she had not run away with any youngster. Mr. Maturin did not say that after she had recovered from her fainting-spell and started to flee from him, he had carried her as he would have done a refractory child and laid her on her bed; nor did he say how she writhed under his good-night kiss; nor how he had supposed her fainting consequent only upon her surprise. Neither did he tell that she had left him a note thanking him for all he had done for her, and saying that now she would support herself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OCTOBER 20TH.

"Do I love him, except as I love the ocean? It is pleasant to think of something grand, and hear in one's heart of hearts an undertone as sweet as it is sad, as precious as it is monotonous. I do not think often of the sea, nor of him; yet somehow in all these dreary days of listlessness I am ever with him on the seaside. In my dreams leaning on him, I wander for hours. Weak as I am, upheld by his strong arm, I could walk long and far on the beach, and let his voice mingle with that of the ocean as it does with that of my life. Oh, that the three were one! My present hours are only dried seaweeds that his presence flung at my feet. My present joys are only the empty shells whose life departed when he left them stranded on the reefs of pride."

So thinking, the desolate woman slept, and in her sleep she turned fretfully, as though something hurt her, and moaned as a babe might who dreams that its mother has gone. But though so lonely, she was not alone. Over her floated angels as birds above a lake; nor did they pass without leaving some reflection of their presence; and among them, full of justice, but ready to pity, sat the Omnipresent Father. Did He, Who "numbers the hairs of our heads" send one of the angels, thinking of his happiness and that of the woman at the same time, with a thought to Sister Laura, who entered while the restless sleeper still fretted? The low, dry sobs distressed the Sister, who longed to soothe Virginia; so she lay down beside her and took her in her arms.

"It is you? I dreamed that God told an angel He pitied me, and the angel answered, 'Let me comfort her!' Will you be my angel? I am more desolate than Hagar; for she had what I'll never have—a child."

"Miss Davis—"

"Oh, call me Virginia! Won't anybody love me?"

"I do, dear. May I be Sister Laura to you?"

"Oh, yes, Sister Laura! sister! How sweet that sounds! I never had a sister." For some time they lay silent, the one comforting the other and being consoled by the voiceless sympathy of a caressing hand.

"Sister, how long before I shall die?"

"Many years, I hope."

"You are cruel. If you knew what it is to suffer you would not say that. I wonder I should have expected sympathy from one whose face and manner say, I am above the ills of mortality. Oh! I thought I had found a sister, and you cannot even understand how I suffer, and that I must die."

"Hush, dear."

"I tell you I must die. I will die, if I have to take laudanum."

Her tone was wilder than her words. Laura clasped her firmly as would a mother the child she had determined to conquer, at the same time that she fixed her calm, holy eyes on Virginia, and willed her to be quiet, Ere long the sufferer ceased to tremble, and closed her eyes like an exhausted child; but in the last glance she gave her, Laura read the agony of disappointment, and knew it meant that she thought her pitiless.

"Listen to me, dear friend. I know every turn of the dire anguish through which you are passing."

Virginia curled her lip in disdain at the idea of so composed a woman ever having felt such throes as hers.

"I was once as proud and unyielding as—"

"I know all about what you were when you were young. He told me; and that was the reason I thought you might feel for one more sorely tried."

Laura, supposing her still a little wild, did not feel surprise in hearing her assert such knowledge of her. She felt there was but one way to convince her that she could feel for her, and that was by showing she had suffered as much.

"God sent to me a true and noble man; my pride repulsed him as Lucifer's might an angel of light. I could forgive myself if I had repulsed him only because an enemy to my country—"

"What do you mean?" asked Virginia, half-rising.

"He was a United States' officer."

Her hearer lay down and seemed conscious of a momentary relief, which Laura noticed no more than she had the tone of her question.

"You never saw a man like him, pure as the angels, for his own sins were so immediately 'washed out in the Blood of the Lamb,' that they left no stain; he could not take to his bosom a woman who was not fitted to be his companion in the court of his King. He would have made me all he wanted me to be, and both my heart and head knew he was right; but I was cold and proud; though true enough woman to worship my superior."

"I am so glad to hear you say this."

"I do not worship him now; I adore One Who has made me worthy of Keble's love. You have heard the legend of St. Christopher; he would serve none but the strongest; I will worship none but the Best. Did you ever think of what it will be to lay your hand in an angel's and say, 'Thine forever?' Did you ever realize what it would be to know that even Death can no more touch the one you love? That no Devil can ever tear you from his arms?"

"I don't believe in any Devil."

A tremor passed over Laura, but she felt this was no time for argument. She knew that every day the doctor expected to find Virginia's brain in a state of congestion; but as little did the victim know of the physical evil which lay like an incubus upon her, as of the moral evil that was doing a more deadly work.

Breathing a prayer for guidance in a case where any excitement might bring on a fatal termination, Laura continued her own story:—

"Keble thought that I parted from him in angry disdain; for agony such as was mine when he left me is often as cold as contempt and prouder than hatred. Oh, what a parting to be the last!"

"Did you never see him again before he died?"

"I do not certainly know now that he is dead."

"Mr. Barton told me that he was dead."

Laura contracted her brows.

"What has he to do with our sacred love? I thought that my pride had at least saved me and him from being talked about. Ah! has it not even that solace left?"

"I never heard him mention the name of Keble. Perhaps he only thought that a woman who could not love him must needs love none lower than an angel."

The Sister always forgot herself when a sudden interest for another was

awakened, and she gave a quick glance at the flushed woman beside her. But the same delicacy that made her wish her love concealed from prying eyes and busy tongues forbade her to show her suspicion.

"You said you do not know that he is dead. That is very strange."

"Not when you consider how difficult it is to have any secret communication with the South."

"With the South?"

"If Keble be in Heaven he was shot for a deserter, because he would not desert his conscience. He was brave enough to defy an opprobrious name, but not mean enough to fear death. Have not I reason to be proud?" asked Laura, in a tone which sounded like that of her girlhood.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHAT makes you look so sad, Miss Davis?" asked Sister Ellen.

"I am pitying the world because it is so wretched."

"Are you?"

"Yes; who is not?"

"I am not."

"That is because you are a child."

"No; it is because I love so many people; try my recipe for happiness."

"I can't. I have no power to love people generally."

"Sister Laura—"

"I know she does it in a Christian way; that is, she prays for, and tries to do good to every one who comes near her, and so gets up an interest in anybody; she and you may call that love; but I don't."

"Then love one man with all your heart."

"And so ensure my own wretchedness. In my large circle of acquaintances I doubt if there are a dozen happy marriages."

"Nonsense."

"You call it so, because you never look beyond the surface. But if I were wife to any one of some twenty husbands I could name I should rather be shut up in a menagerie than be left alone with him, subjected to all his caprices and uncertain of his love and respect, or wofully certain of his indifference or disdain. I tell you I am afraid to marry."

"You afraid! I thought you never feared anything."

"Only two things, hell and its representative on earth, an unworthy marriage. I sometimes feel that I should as soon enter a pest-house as the state of matrimony."

"Whew! a home might be a pest-house to you; you are not fond of children. But talking of unhappy people, have you observed how gloomy Jane Harper is? She has not a happy home. Her parents have only a polite company-love for each other; thus their tempers are embittered; their children, born in a loveless atmosphere, have grown up without any especial love for their parents or each other. Jane's heart is naturally warm, but her home has chilled it. Poor thing! I pity her. I wish she'd get married."

"I never dare advise anyone to set out to look for husband or wife; better be the child than the wife of a loveless home."

CHAPTER XX.

ON one of her days of convalescence Virginia seemed to droop so listlessly that the doctor said to Sister Laura, who followed him out of the room, "I can't do anything more for her unless you can nurse her mind as effectually as you have her body."

"I will try," was the answer which meant, "I'll ask God to teach me how." When she returned from the day's duties, she stooped over her and whispered, "Can I do anything for you, pet?"

"Act as you talk," was the reply, partly peevish and partly shy, while a faint blush stole over her face.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"You called me 'pet.'"

Sister Laura seated herself gently on the bed and raised the wasted invalid's head on her bosom, caressed her, and whispered broken words as mothers do to babies.

After a while Virginia lifted her hand slowly to Laura's face and turned it so that she could see it.

"Sister Kate was right."

"About what?"

"She said I ought not to let you stay with me when you should be walking, and I said, if you waited for me to ask you to leave me you'd wait a long time. And then she said, 'I can't see how you can be so selfish, miss; what good will it do for all the rest of us to take care of her, and try to make her strong so as she can live as long as we do when you spoil it all?'"

Laura's heart beat with the highest selfish joy she had ever known; but she said, "Sister Kate is so unselfish, she is too exacting of other people. It does me as much good to pet you as to walk."

"No; it doesn't. She says all the Sisters are talking about my selfishness; you are good like they say God is; why are not you strong like Him?"

"Hush! hush!"

"Was that very wicked that you looked so shocked?"

"Very, dear, you did not think who God is."

"No! for I don't know."

"Oh, my wounded bird, fold your broken wings on His bosom and roam no more! Do not be afraid, poor trembler. He was a human being as you are. 'He has carried your sorrows.'"

"How?"

"By suffering for three-and-thirty years the ills of mortality, and now He sympathises in all your trials."

"Did God suffer?"

"Yes, in His manifestation as Man. 'He went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain.' Is not that thought a balm for every wound that cauterizes your soul? Will you let me read a little to you, darling?"

"What?" asked Virginia, in a non-compliant tone.

"The Exhortation in the Visitation of the Sick. I know of no other words that can comfort so well. Most of it is God's own language, and the rest His ideas."

"I'd rather have yours; I know you."

"Forgive her, Father," prayed Sister Laura, "and teach her to know Thee."

"Do you know Him?"

"Yes, as my Father."

"Have you a Father?"

"Two, and both in Heaven."

"What?"

"My father according to the flesh, and the Father of my spirit."

"And now you have no home?"

"A very sweet one here."

"I have none."

"You may have one with us."

"Bah! I want a beautiful house; I am not used to plain things. Oh, forgive me! How rude I am! I think my head has followed my heart to confession."

"There is nothing to forgive. I feel the plainness of this home as much as you; only I don't mind it. I have another one to which I shall go, and that surpasses anything you ever dreamed of."

"Oh, don't go there while I am homeless!"

"You need not be always; a home more glorious far than even you can desire awaits you. Angels' songs, ten thousand times sweeter than the birds' songs you love so well, will there make everlasting but never-wearying, because never monotonous, music."

"I shouldn't like to hear any music always."

"You need not; you'll have a universe to wander in; but if Mozart, and Beethoven, Handel, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Bull, Lind and Hays, Donizetti, Wollenhaupt, were all in one house, do you think your mind would weary of the variety of harmonies you would have? And there earthly weariness of sense cannot trouble. Why did you jump so nervously?"

"From impatience to see the home of your fable. Tell me more."

Laura looked into her bright eyes and hesitated; but her heart was full of the joys of Heaven that evening; for the day had given her much trouble with two refractory Sisters, and so she continued,

"Flowers, compared to which the blossoms of earth are faded, scentless things, will bloom forever, and every day—I have to use an earthly word, not knowing how angels divide time—you can gather a new one."

"Oh, charming! I have botanized for years. I wish you were God to create what you imagine. Oh, Sister! don't look so pained. I'm a heathen; there's the end of it; but talk on. I feel better than I do when I take wine."

"Do you love painting?"

"More than anything, except the sea, and the sky, and birds."

"In the home of which I speak you may see landscapes more softly beautiful than Claude Lorraine ever painted; Turner never pictured scene so grand as will break on your ever-astonished eyes as you wander through God's Universe. Eternity will be hung with pictures, before the very thought of which Michael Angelo's, Raphael's, Vinci's, Guido's, Gainsborough's, will be forgotten. Murillo never thought of cherubs such as you may caress; Reynolds never painted infants as lovely as you may pet. Raphael never drew such angels as will call you friend; nor Angelico such forms and faces as your eye will ever fall upon."

"I wish I was there," wearily sighed Virginia, attempting in vain to turn herself. Laura turned her, and continued,

"I need not ask if you love eloquence."

"I worship genius everywhere."

"Except in its unembodied state."

"You mean God. I might worship Him if I could see Him."

"Yesterday you told me I had not been away from you though you had not seen me for six hours. I asked what you meant; you said, I had left such a pretty basket of fruit for you to eat, and such sweet cordial for you to drink, and such sweet flowers for you to smell, and pretty pictures for you to look at, that I kept myself before you all day. But you are not the first person I've met who was more grateful for a basket of fruit than for an orchard, more thankful for a pleasant draught than for springs of cool water, who felt more indebted for the present of a fine picture than for all nature."

"Please tell me more about that beautiful Home. I love fairy stories."

"Try to imagine what a lifetime would be if you could go to every land and hear its most talented orators, preachers, and poets; then imagine yourself where Demosthenes, Moses, Isaiah, Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, David, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Cicero, and many such are."

Worn out with long nursing in hours for exercise, Laura was overpowered by the picture she had drawn, and resting her brow against the head-board of the bed, tears began to trickle down her cheeks. Whether Virginia was conscious of this, or whether Laura's words had made her meditate, a long silence ensued.

"Sister Laura, are you weeping? I feel your heaving."

"I ought not to be. Cannot we rejoice to give up our beautiful earthly homes and all expectation of any to take their place for a very little while, if such an one as I have pictured will be ours forever? And if our hearts cling too much to these earthly ones, would it be fatherly kindness to let us lose forever the only one which war or time cannot destroy?"

"That home is not mine, for, God is not my Father."

"Why not? Do not you wish to be His child?"

"No."

"That is the only possible argument you can maintain; for eternal truth says, 'He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"If He were my Father He would be kinder to me. Why did He take away the only treasure I had?"

"Last month a poor neighbour came to request me to stay with her little boy while his foot was amputated. I went; the mother begged as pitifully as the child that the surgeon would not take it off. At last, out of patience, he said, 'I will not; let the diseased foot stay, and bury it with him before Christmas.' But the boy's father said, 'Come back and cut it off.' Our heavenly Father lopped off our dearest pleasures to keep our lives from putrifying in His sight, and that soul and body might not have to be buried together. Ah, Virginia! He longs for you. Even when you were most forgetful of, and rebellious towards Him He pitied you."

"Yes; He let me come to you. He made you wretched first, I suppose, that you might become a Sister and care for me."

"It may be partly so; but the first cause of my suffering is in my own heart. Sin and suffering are converse terms. I deserved all I have suffered."

"Poor comfort."

"But this is not. I am better for it." This was not a boast, but a hint.

"We have talked enough to-day; I'll bathe your forehead until you go to sleep."

"I'd rather you'd pass the tips of your magnetic fingers over my eyes. Kiss me, to show you have forgiven me for thinking you had never suffered. I should rather have the man I love false or cold than to think him hung as a deserter."

"And I can bear death better than estrangement. I should have died had Keble been unworthy."

"And I should hate God if He had taken my lover from me. I should rather have him unworthy; scorn is easier to bear than grief for the dead."

Laura shook her head.

"I know," Virginia answered to the silent denial.

"It is well we are not like Addison's Unfortunates, who thought everybody's lot easier than their own. I feel I could have borne no other cross than that appointed me, and you none other than yours."

"I have borne two; both laid on me by love."

CHAPTER XXI.

Nov. 1.

"WHAT! still dreaming, Virginia?"

"And why should I not, Sister mine, when I have no other happiness?"

"Though you persist in finding pleasure in nothing, you cannot deny that you have duties, my sad friend."

"I acknowledge no duties incumbent on me save to you, and you require nothing of me. When I asked you for my portion of work in this busy hive, did not you tell me it was only to learn to be happy?"

"As my wayward child will not even try to understand her allotted duty, I must give her another task. I am responsible for her happiness; I must in some way secure it," said Sister Laura, drawing the bowed head close to her heart.

"Secure it? That you cannot do; you cannot control my weary discontent; but you can give me some sort of happiness as long as you are with me—no longer. It makes no difference whether you soothe or chide me, little mother; as long as your low tones are in my brain the echoes of the past cease. Never send me away from you because I do not conform to the rules of the establishment by performing daily duties. You will never turn away that spiteful dog whose sore back you healed; yet what good does he do you?"

"Loves me," said the Sister, smiling.

"Oh! I pay for board and lodging ten hundred times better than he does, and so I know I'll stay here for life."

"But—"

"I'll listen to no but. It would kill me if you were to drive me from you; or, if sorrow could not do that I should take chloroform and wake no more."

So saying, Virginia passed her arm around her friend's waist, while her head still lay where it could feel the beating of her heart.

"I can't stand that, little mother," she exclaimed, starting up as tears fell on her forehead. "Do I give you trouble? If you care so much for me that I grieve you, I will go; I must go. And yet—how can anyone who loves you go from you? No; not even your grief shall drive me off. Did you ever succeed in making anyone desert you?"

Such a pang passed over Laura's face that the woman, learned in love, exclaimed—

"Sister, you have been cruel. You are not a woman, whom if a man could love—all could not—not being capable of entering into the inner sanctuary of your being—he would willingly desert. Oh, don't look so cold. Say you are not angry at my impertinence."

"Angry!"

The tone was so hollow that Virginia shuddered, feeling here was sorrow deeper than hers; for, was it not successfully concealed under a calm manner? If a convulsion of nature opens a chasm, it takes another throes to cover it up.

While Virginia thought something of the kind, a calm, as though an angel had thrown a veil over an unburied agony, came over Laura's still pale face, and in her natural tones she said—

"Virginia, I came here to ask you to take a pupil in painting. I saw yesterday quite a remarkable picture painted by a child who had never taken a lesson."

"I cannot teach. I hate children because they ask so many questions. And as for painting, I abhor it; would as soon open the door of a vault in Cave Hill as my portfolio of sketches."

It contained some mementoes of her life, and she had brought it under her arm when she came to the Sisterhood.

"I thought you might be willing to teach this girl because she is an orphan. It was at the Asylum I saw the little painting that surprised me—a dead baby in its coffin and in its hand blue violets. The coffin was chrome yellow, and the baby might have been a mulatto, but anything more touching than the little wasted arm and living violets I never saw."

"Am I to go to the Asylum to teach her?"

Sister Laura pressed her lips on Virginia's brow, and said, "She will come to you at ten to-morrow."

At ten o'clock the next morning, little Evie came to the Home for the Home.

less, and was told by the portress to wait in the reception room. Seeing no one, she took out her pencil and a little blank-book given her by the director, who had, by a Providential "chance" presented her with a box of paints for a Christmas gift. The little girl sketched a long time, unthought of by Miss Davis, who lost in a reverie over Coleridge's beautiful definition of love as given in 'The Friend,' quite forgot her appointment. So after Evie had drawn the cupola and gilt cross over the chapel of the Home, which she had noticed when gazing up at the blue sky as she tripped along the street, tired and warm from her eagerness to reach the blessed spot where she was to be taught to draw all manner of beautiful things like she read of in the Bible and saw in her dreams, her head fell on her arm, and she slept. When the recess-bell sounded at eleven, Miss Davis woke from her dreaming, and hastened to the reception-room. Walking noiselessly up to the little sleeper, she laid her hand on her head. Evie opened her eyes which lightened instantly, and she began to draw with the pencil which she had retained in her hand. But the child's expression and act were so singular that Virginia thought she was something of a somnambulist, and said—

"Wake up, little one."

"Hush! Don't wake me," whispered Evie. "Let me dream till I draw this angel."

Interested for the first time in many days, Miss Davis stood motionless, watching, as she supposed, the sleep-drawer. The child was not pretty, but Virginia had seen that her eyes were something wonderful; not for colour, shape, or size, but for a dreaming mistiness which seemed hung over them to keep mere mortals like herself from prying into secrets that angels had whispered. She wished her new pupil would look up again without being spoken to, for she was seized with a sudden desire to paint those eyes, and supposed the peculiarity of expression would pass were she thoroughly awake. And while she stood still waiting on the caprice of an orphan, partly because she, too, was one, she closed her eyes, and imagined herself painting the Past as a sad, grey haired woman, but with this child's expression.

"Open your eyes, angel," said Evie; and as Virginia did so she saw that the child was sketching her face. She laughed—this was her first laugh for weeks.

"Why! why! you queer child, what are you doing?"

The little orphan started, blushed, then began to cry.

"Don't cry, child. You have not done anything wrong, and if you like, you may sketch me all day. Don't be frightened."

"I'm not frightened; I'm so sorry you can talk loud."

"Sorry I can talk loud?"

"Yes; I see angels in my dreams, and sometimes they whisper to me; but they never talk loud. I thought I was dreaming and painting an angel in my dream; and you're only a woman."

Virginia smiled at the unconscious scorn of the last phrase, but raised the child's lips to hers.

"I am not only a woman; I am an orphan, dear."

The child did not seem to feel any sympathy.

"Won't you like me better for being an orphan?"

"No, ma'am. Why should I?"

"Because unhappy people ought to pity and like each other, and orphans are the most wretched of all people."

"Not our orphans. Ain't you happy here? Ain't this Sister Laura's Home?"

"Yes; it is her home and mine too."

"Then what makes you unhappy? Are you very naughty?"

An angry blush suffused the woman's cheek, but a glance at the child showed she meant no rudeness.

"What is your name?"

"Evie."

"Well, Evie, hand me your pencil and sketch-book."

"I haven't got that sort of book."

"What is the name of the one you have?"

"This is named my 'Happy Book'."

"Why do you call it that?"

"Because it makes me happy; I've got a cry-book."

"And what is that, little phenomenon?"

"No, it ain't little; its big, with Nelly in her coffin."

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

The first drawing lesson was given, and when Laura returned that evening she saw or fancied, that Virginia was more awake than she usually seemed.

"I hope you liked your new scholar?"

"Perhaps I did."

"Will you try again?"

"Certainly. I intend to teach her both drawing and painting; I did not need that kiss to pay me, your look did that; it was the first indicative of approbation."

"Oh, no."

"Truly, I wish I could do something to repay you for your unwearied watching, night after night. I didn't deserve all this kindness. Why did you show it?"

"To please myself and to please God."

"Did you never weary in the long watches after the day's duty was over?"

"I could always rest myself."

"How?"

"You can't understand; but if you'll try to, I'll tell you."

"Indeed I will."

"A promise is a solemn thing. When I wearied I thought, 'Jesus sees me and loves me,' and I rested on His smile."

"How can I redeem my promise?"

"By trying to love Him."

"To please you?"

"If you have no worthier motive. I did not restore you. To God are your thanks due."

"A minute ago it was Jesus I was to love; now it is God."

"They are One."

"What ridiculous contradiction to say that three persons are one person, and one person three persons."

"Excessively so. Who says it?"

"All Trinitarians."

"People who speak without thinking may. But I presume the absurdity is Unitarian in its origin."

"What then do you say?"

"That three Persons are one God; the word *persona* means masks, or outward appearance. One nature has three manifestations."

"And you laugh at Transubstantiation, and yet believe in the Trinity, which is equally contradictory."

"Not to my mind. My consciousness and daily experience teach me that three may be one. You are not a Materialist?"

"Don't think quite so meanly of my common sense."

"Are not your soul, mind, and body entirely distinct, and may they not exist independent of each other?"

"Surely. The body exists before the soul, and the soul will be after the dissolution of the body. An idiot has body and soul; but no mind."

"Then your body, soul, and mind are three in one, or, you are three women."

"What a simple argument. Where did you see it?"

"Nowhere. I thought of it years ago, and have ever since been expecting to hear of it, but have not. A month since I read in the unanswerable Leslie, what bore some resemblance to it, that 'understanding, memory and will are one soul.'"

"Leslie lived before Coleridge, or he would not have written that; the understanding is distinct from the soul."

CHAPTER XXII.

Two months had elapsed since Virginia's disappearance, yet Harvey could find out nothing concerning her. Fain would he have exchanged his miserable days, cooped up generally in Louisville for the battlefield, but his talents were of a peculiar order, and it was thought best that he should remain in Kentucky and organise the crude elements of the "Sons of Freedom." Now every discordant element in the new party seemed to be mingled in the one desire to overthrow a tyrant, and Barton felt that his work in Kentucky was about accomplished. He had, therefore, the more time for his sad heart to devour his spirit while he awaited the permission he had earnestly entreated—to take the field. He had been to the Post Office for the twentieth time, expecting the much-desired letter, and was again disappointed ; so he walked through street after street, hoping soon to find himself in the country, and thinking, " Fool that I am ! Fool that I was ! Was not my father's blighted life enough warning ? Am I to inherit his curse ? In my youth I was shy of beauty and avoided maidenly fascination. For what ? That when I am thirty I can make the more perfect fool of myself. Beauty could not bewitch such a Ulysess as I became in my boyish days by the light of my father's wasted affection. But it is not Virginia's beauty and grace that have destroyed my peace. I scorned to surrender myself to a doll or a puppet ; but why should I have feared to yield respect to intellect, or to pay my devoirs to purity and true nobility ? I said to myself the few times I thought of her as my possible wife, ' Virginia, at least, will never confess to her bosom-friend that if she had been sixteen years older her husband would be the last man she would have married.' My poor father ! I took warning there. I loved no butterfly-girl ; I waited until a woman had matured sufficiently to know her own mind and was not so inexperienced that it would be as natural for her to change her love as her fashions. For years I waited, but I did not feel that I was waiting, I was so accustomed to solitude and to being immersed in my books that I felt no feverish thirst for love. It was not the golden hair, the wonderful eyes, that won me. It was the fascination of enthusiasm that drew me to her side ; but it is the intellect and purity of the woman that have undone me. I did not throw my life into the lap of a girl to be her plaything. I sat down by the woman, and knew that she was strengthened by my presence as I by hers. Ah, Virginia ! did you never know what you are to me ? If you had surmised it, could you so cruelly have left me ? Could you know what it is to be forlorn, and yet leave me wholly desolate ? I was so when I first saw the sunbeaming-face that at once governed my heart as the moon does the tides ; but that desolation of spirit was for my country ; I was hopeless of her success then. Virginia, do you know what it was to give life to a broken spirit. Love of freedom and right had wrecked me on a desert of lonely pride. I who had passed my first youth without ever seriously desiring any woman to be my wife, yielded to you my peace of mind. Yielded ! I hardly know whether that is the word. I was in a slough of despondency ; I chanced to raise my eyes, and above the grey mist of my colourless life was a soft blue vapour, and in it, unobservant of me as is the magnet of the needle, was a woman to whom my spirit rose ; she asked no one's love ; I gave her mine that others in vain had asked for ; she cared for no man's praise, and I worshipped. She tormented me, and I could not hate her, for I felt that the torture of her sarcasm was the scourge my despondency needed, and the tormentor was always gentle, and never said to me what she would not have said to herself, and said to me only because she wished to see me nobler."

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM SISTER LAURA'S JOURNAL.

"How sick at heart I am! Human nature nauseates me. I wish so many people would not make me their confidante. How will it ever be possible for me to cure myself of contempt when every month a new confidence adds fresh fuel to the flame that I sometimes fear will consume all the charity in my heart? Poor Lina has just been with me, telling me how her artful step-mother has insinuated herself into her father's trustful nature, and rooted out the first wife's children that she may reap the wealthier harvest for her own. Never before was the wary man of business duped; but a woman finds out his weak point, and he becomes her victim. He says he abhors flattery and laughs openly at the woman who artlessly or artfully confesses she likes it, while she 'laughs in her sleeve,' at him, and flatters him who has no idea she is ascribing to him more than she feels is his due. Poor Lina, cursed with the power of reading human nature, knows that Mrs. Howe is a 'snake in the grass,' but is too noble to tell her father and breed confusion. This woman has neither beauty nor intellect, but her manners—after all, by far the greatest seduction to men—are charming, and her finesse surprising. Lina wants a home with us, but I can't consent to her becoming a sister; she is too young and must wait, and while she waits I shall pray God to send her a husband to love her tenderly and with a proud heart. Ah! here is one I know would suit her well—but no! I would not dare to let him take that simple-hearted child; as Keble thought none but Christians are worthy to marry, I dare not call an irreligious man to take in his arms a pet of mine. Even if she escaped contamination, she could not escape suffering with dread of his future; and children, too, often are regardless of a Christian mother, and follow the father to hell. Poor Lina must love worthily, or she had better lie down in her coffin on her bridal night. Ah, Keble! I am sorry I have thought of you. I have no time for you now; I must go to the school in an hour. What matter? I can suffer; for within me love springs up an inexhaustible fountain, and from that I drink and am content. It is best."

A sigh at the window caused Sister Laura to lay down her pen and go to the sad woman who stood by it.

"Why do you waste your time in dwelling so much on what a home with him would be?"

"How did you know I was thinking of that?"

"You were reading when Sister Alice began to sing 'Sweet Home;' besides, darling, I have dreamed as you do. Be wiser."

"Ah! you don't know how perfect he would make any spot."

"Your reveries may have no more solid footing than the men who trod on the Sertonian bog."

"I have faith in him."

"It was only last night you said you had no faith—"

"In God as a Father; for I have never seen Him."

"Neither have you seen your lover as a husband; you have more data from the past of your life as connected with God's fatherly goodness to speculate on a heavenly life, than you have from what you know of Mr. Barton to build up snow-palaces in which you melt your existence away as they dissolve under the warm pressure of daily life. Oh, my dear one, in the dark of my poor human sympathy I can ask only one blessing for you that I am sure will not prove a curse; it is that God's Holy Spirit may bring you into the ark where I ride above the region of clouds, and where all griefs are consecrated on the altar of divine love."

"Suppose he dies before I see him?" said Virginia, evidently continuing her thoughts, and not heeding Sister Laura's. "Sister Fannie has been telling me about the sudden death of her lover."

"If you had but her simple confidence."

"Where she loves I should despise; where she honours I should criticize. She is a Southerner, and yet loves him who died fighting against the land of his birth. But would to God I had her faith! She is far happier with a dead traitor for a lover, than I with a living, honourable man to adore me."

"Are you sincere now? Would you exchange your clear-sightedness and knowledge of history for her childish mind?"

"No; I would not. If there be a hell I would rather descend to it from the sublime height of a comprehension which sees and scorns all, than to be carried blindfolded to Heaven—if there be a Heaven."

Laura's eyes were full of tears, and she murmured—

"You too, Virginia! Ah! I never loved any one who found not some way to torture me!"

Virginia knelt down by her friend, and buried her face on her knees and said, "Sister, do not love me. Let me perish. I am not fit to stay in this house dedicated to a God in Whom I have no faith. I am a disgrace to your Sisterhood. What would the world say if they knew this holy retreat was open to an infidel?"

"Jesus is the Father Confessor of this Sisterhood, and when I carried your case to Him, He said, 'I went to earth to seek and save the lost. If you are to do My work you cannot repulse the lost who has sought you.'"

"But are you not afraid of my influence?"

"You have promised me that not an inmate of this house but myself shall know of your infidelity."

"My word is sacred, and never forgotten. But is not my daily life that of a hypocrite? What right have I to a seat in your chapel?"

"The same right the thief on the cross has to a seat in Heaven."

"But I do not repent. Every chapter of history I read confirms my infidelity. If there were such a God as you believe in, in mercy for the rest of the race He would destroy one half of it."

"And you among the doomed half?"

"Undoubtedly. I would acknowledge His justice then."

"But my God is no hot-headed man. Were He all justice He would be imperfect; for, where would be the love and tenderness inseparable from a perfect character? But be appeased. Your sense of justice will be satisfied. The day draws near when the good and the evil will be separated for ever."

"But why does He delay so long?"

"So long? Why the world has not been created six thousand years, and a million of years must seem a very small term of ages to One Who is 'from everlasting to everlasting.' Besides, I should suppose that the very genius of destruction would be satisfied with the food he has been gorged with for five thousand years. The Americas, Africa, and Australia turned into wildernesses; Asia, a land of the curse; Europe, the stage on which nation after nation has triumphed, sinned and been destroyed, often leaving no memorial; the Jews preserved that the light of history may hold them up as warnings for the Ages. Surely, history might satisfy even an Aristides' love of justice."

The astonished woman raised her eyes to Sister Laura's glowing countenance and answered—

"Oh, how pitiful is the human mind! Why has no one in books or conversation given me this hint of justice?"

"I am very glad, dear, to have given you one good idea before I leave you. Next Monday Sisters Annie and Julia go with me to nurse in the hospitals at Nashville."

"Let me go. Oh! I can't stay here without you."

"We shall have to swear that we are Sisters. If you could only believe in God you would not be so very lonely when left with your Father."

"I know that you pity me. But I am glad I did not believe in your doctrine of the future life when I canonized in my envious, yearning heart Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland. I cannot think of them as in a Christian Heaven,

and yet where they are is glorious enough for me. Oh, tell me, Sister, tell me, where do you think they are?"

"When I have asked God I shall."

"What?"

"When I am with Him I shall beg Him to let me go to them, aye, even if it be where angels of peace never fold their soft wings. Where will they be? We cannot tell; but where shall we be?"

Not wishing to wound by an impious reply, Virginia evaded the question.

"Where will the saints of my infidel calendar be? Why, with Plato, Aristides, Cato, Socrates, Brutus."

"Plato and Socrates seem to me to await us in Heaven. They acted up to the best light given them. So I should fain hope did your French saints, and if so they may be throned where cant, hypocrisy, hate, fanaticism and tyranny cannot enter."

"Oh, if I could go to such a world as that, I, too, would be a Christian! Prove to me that there is such a place."

A moment's silence, for a throb of her heart that angels called a prayer, and Laura replied—

"Suppose the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Cave endued with reason, and holding a council to decide on the veracity of a travelled fish who has declared that he has been to a land where all is light, and fishes can see as well as feel each other. A finny jury pronounce him a liar. He begs for a suspension of the sentence, and hastens back to the outer world, and returns, bringing a fish with eyes. The seeing fish's language is incomprehensible to the blind; but they feel the organs said to be for the reception of light. Now these fish, being much wiser than men, and knowing that every organ with which God has gifted them has a use, conclude at once that eyes would never have been given without an object; yet they cannot give a decision. After a while the captive fish learns to make himself intelligible; he complains much of the darkness, and longs for light. Then the jury, you remember I told you they were more sensible than men—give the verdict that there must be such a world of light as the traveller describes, or their captive would not long for it. My little captive, come with me to the antechamber of truth and see the light."

"The ante-chamber of truth is my heart."

"Ah? Then you can settle many questions. What is the nature of comets? Are the worlds nearest us inhabited?"

"Tut! I spoke of intellectual truth."

"And are the mysteries of mind so much more easily solved than those of matter? If so, where does the soul reside? How does the brain move the finger?"

"You know it was not of such matters I spoke."

"Is truth one and always the same?"

"Assuredly."

"Have you any mental faculty denied me?"

"What do you mean by so ironical a question?"

"If truth is always the same, and the antechamber of truth is my mind as well as yours, how is it that we pass into different presence-chambers, and bow before different sovereigns?"

"Our minds have been differently trained."

"Yes; but if truth be not Janus-faced, what difference does that make? There are dwellers in this house variously gifted and educated; yet we agree as to what is truth, except yourself."

"But, except yourself, none have read and studied as I."

"Bacon, Shakespeare, Taylor, Newton, Wellington, Washington, Paley, Temple, Bull, Calhoun, Clay, were as well educated as you, and they believed and were true churchmen. But were you ever convinced by arguing?"

"Certainly; yet I am wary about owning sudden convictions. I like to test a newly discovered truth before I announce it."

"While argumentation is going on our verdict should be held in abeyance;

when the subject is of vital import we should make up our minds only when we are alone with God."

"Or with an angel like you, little mother. No; I am not one of the unreflecting class of people who say argument never convinces anybody. If there is any such thing as changing opinions it is the result of argument with ourselves or with others; otherwise the change is irrational and ridiculous. I confess when one thinks that the fishes and crabs of the Mammoth Cave have neither eyes nor light, and that all fishes which have eyes have light, it does seem too nonsensical to say it only happens that those in the Cave are without eyes; and is it not equally absurd to say that I, with my wonderful capacities for seeing and hearing, appreciating and enjoying, only happen to find myself in a world where I am called upon to exercise these capabilities?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIVING in Louisville and by the rules of the Sisterhood going twice a day to chapel, Virginia's refuge was soon discovered after she was well enough to leave her room. But she did not care for that. In her blind agony that the adopted father whom she had revered without questioning his claims upon her deep love and gratitude should suddenly have abased himself in her eyes, took away the sting from the consciousness that she would be talked about. Moreover, the solitary life into which no confidante before she knew Laura had ever penetrated, which she had chosen and persisted in rendered her less sensitive to gossip; perhaps, it is truer to say that her morbid aversion to scandal or anything approaching it prevented her knowing much of its nature. That Mr. Maturin's avowal of a different love from that she had supposed him to cherish for her, should have degraded him in her opinion may seem strange. But I doubt if that man or woman ever lived who did not worship somebody; if not the true God, or a false one, a fallen mortal. Of "Our Father," Virginia knew about as much as she did of Jupiter. Mythology and the Bible were pleasant studies for literature, and art owed many debts to both; but she had never prayed after she had lost the habit of repeating the Lord's Prayer as she had been taught to do in the Asylum. Jesus was a beautiful character; she thought Him worthier of reverence than Socrates and Plato combined; but worship Him! No! there was but one she had worshipped; he had made her life a poem; had showered on her beautiful gifts; he had provided guides for her through philosophy and literature; he was her god. I know not how to describe the sudden revulsion of her mind when she saw he wished her to be his wife, better than by saying—with all due reverence—it was as if God the Son had asked the woman who was left alone with Him to be His wife. And she fled from him; she, reared in luxury, could face poverty, but she could not witness what she considered the self-degradation of the one she worshipped.

She was accosted one morning in chapel by an old acquaintance. "Why, Virge! you here! you thinking of turning Sister! Who would have thought it? At any rate I've won a bet from Mr. Barton. Don't open your big eyes so furiously because I bet about you. He said he had no faith in any woman; he had never seen one whom some man could not make a fool of." Virginia's nails hurt her palms; but Miss Scott could not know that, or she might have added that she had suddenly been ushered into Mrs. Alcott's parlour where stood Harvey in a passion, because his only confidential friend had just said, "You'll marry Virginia if she isn't already married; one good

look into her clear eyes, and all your faith in her will return." It was just then that the servant opened the door; but Harvey was too excited to notice that, and while Miss Scott crossed the room towards Mrs. Alcott, whose back was towards her, he made the speech which turned into scorn Virginia's love for her idol—her representative god she had not been afraid to be brought into close contact with. When Miss Scott had made her last remark, Sister Laura spoke to her, and Virginia stood motionless, like one who has received a death-blow and would be glad of another stroke to render dying easier. As the Sister passed out into the street she said to Miss Scott,

"May I inquire what your bet is?"

"Certainly. I meant to tell Virginia. When Mr. Barton made his ungallant speech I knew he was thinking of her and I exclaimed, 'I'll wager you a dozen pairs of white kids, no man has made a fool of Miss Davis. I have faith in her, if you haven't.' The idea of her running off with a romantic adventurer was ridiculous. Oh! but won't I exult over him! This is the first bet I ever won from him, though he always pays them; I wish I had met Virge last week. He's gone away, but I suppose he'll soon be back."

Virginia sat for hours in one attitude, head bowed in dejection, her lips white and her hands purple from mutual pressure. Had Miss Scott known this she would have run back to her and told her that Barton, instead of taking her bet laughingly as gentlemen are used to do when ladies ask them for a dozen pairs of gloves, had flushed to his hair, haughtily said, "good morning," and left the room without a bow. Virginia's eyes closed against the hateful sunshine which seemed to read a secret no one else guessed, and to mock her for it; so she sat until Sister Laura came home; the latter perceived that she was suffering, although she, as if unconscious of it, began to talk cheerfully.

"I found Clara very ill, too weak for conversation, but she held in her hand a very pretty box. It was hardly as long as your hand; the top, of mosaic set in jet, represented the woman taken in the act of sinning and brought to Jesus. They were alone. He stood with outstretched hands to receive her, but she had fallen at His feet; her long hair fell over her shoulders, but did not hide the beautiful, upturned face in its new ecstacy of joy and worship. I admired the box exceedingly, and Clara said she was crazy to have it copied but knew of no one who could do it. I thought of you, and said, 'Perhaps I can find one to undertake it; she may not succeed, but in that case I am sure you will not have to pay her.' I should have brought the box for you to see, but I feared some accident might happen to it, and said, 'it was possible you would go to see her.'"

"Surely, you do not think I can copy it?"

"I do; at any rate, you must go and see it. I shall sit up with Clara to-night, and as it is a long, lonely walk, I shall beg you and Sister Alice to go with me."

"I don't think I can walk so far," replied Virginia, listlessly.

"Then you can turn back when you please; but will start to please me," said Sister Laura, pressing her lips on Virginia's brow, and feeling a desire to soothe the anguish she read in her face.

"What book have you there?"

"The 'British Poets.' Oh, how the deep chords of the past vibrate in tremulous music when I think of the last time I read them. Like a dying bird, my heart sings a plaintive song to my dismal spirit."

"And mine beats high and quick, scarcely with patience brooking the tedious present, that now stretches its shadowing wings over my heart. The days are gone when sportive Moore could move me to tears or to smiles; Byron sickens me, and for straight-laced Pope I never cared," said the Sister, as she picked up the book, and saw the names of those three poets over some of the pages; "I have found earth but dross, and its poets but gold-covered mortals; the badge of my rest is the cross of the Crucified. I don't care for love-poetry now."

"You are a bigot," said Virginia, laughingly, taking her hand, half envying her

her resignation, and half-pitying her for having given up the glories of literature for incessant demands of sick and poor."

"An Atheist said of Voltaire, 'He is a bigot, a Deist.'"

"Don't begin an argument. I was only jesting. And as it is the first jest I have uttered since you knew me, pardon it. But, Sister, you are a marvel to me. What a strange thing the human heart is!"

"I find mine stranger than any other; perhaps, because I know it best."

"But if I die, sweet Sister, you won't put me away from your daily life as you have your lover?"

"Not if I think of you as an angel; you can understand why his memory is too painful to be an ever-welcome guest. But, dear, do not talk of dying. I think God will spare me that."

Sister Laura had been disciplined until her nature was calm and receptive, while Virginia's was overflowing and full of unrest; she partly filled the vacuum in Laura's life, and Virginia enjoyed the very vacuum because she could breathe freely in it. She looked intently at the Sister who, forgetting her presence, was introspecting her heart.

"Ah, my best friend, your heart is not mine, nor is it yours; it bears Keble Wilson's name and will wear it till death."

"What passion is so unreasonable as Love?"

"Hate is more. I have known persons whose pet prejudice might be called a passion." There was an undeveloped meaning in Virginia's tone.

"What can one of your age, until now a shaded flower, know of so hateful a passion as hate?" inquired the Sister, feeling very much older than her charge; yet she knew of no hate but political—if it would ever have been correct to call her Southern enthusiasm by so severe a name.

"I feel it," answered Virginia. "Two years ago I had a fancy; it might have grown into love but for one thing; he hated his State, my State."

Laura raised to her lips the frail hand which nestled in hers. Virginia was no longer a child, but a patriot, and in a new sense a sister devoted to the same mother, Kentucky.

"I am so glad you think for yourself and don't allow people's talk to prejudice you against Kentucky."

"I am a very unprejudiced person. You look as if you did not believe me."

"I never saw any one who had no prejudices."

"Have you?"

"Of course. I am not aware of any on subjects of note, or I would combat them; but I am afraid to say I have none, lest my words should seem as ridiculous to others as like observations are to me when uttered by some of my acquaintances."

"I hate prejudice. If you find I have any, tell me of it."

"Thank you for the permission, and I beg you to return the favour. Although I doubt if either will ever consent to call a cherished opinion by so ugly a name."

"I learned how blind, and little, and ignoble a thing prejudice was when I heard Kentucky defamed by those who called themselves patriots, and to prove their claim to the title denounced, not reproved, the land of their birth. The true patriot never clings so closely to his country as when she is in perilous straits. If she has wronged herself he will do what he can to right her."

"And although he will never whitewash the acts which offend his conscience, he will blame in sorrow, and not with evident delight that he has something else to abuse her for. I am so sick of mankind, human nature disgusts me so, that even patriotism appears a more refined selfishness. It seems to me that everybody is crying out, 'For me! for me! for me!'"

"Davis, the pure and untainted—"

"Is living for history—"

"Oh!"

"And no finer character will she show."

"But Lee?"

"My hero must be the 'exception to prove my rule!'"

“And his State? Where does history show a sublimer picture than that she will paint of this Curtius of the Nations, springing into the gulf of ruin to save her sisters and herself from monthly John Brown raids.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

JANUARY 18TH, 1864.

SISTER LAURA'S REVERIES IN THE HOSPITAL AT NASHVILLE.

“I dare to love No. 9, because I am sure that he will never presume to speak of love to me, a Sister of Charity. It pleases me to see that I am like a dream to him; I think he must be a poet. Strange, that my heart, stunned by groans and sighs, should thrill at this idea when I knew before that he was a patriot. Is the thought that now comes to me treacherous? I do not believe that; it will be very long before the second Advent; then there may be no Southern Confederacy, perhaps, but there will always be love, and to me the definition of poet is love; yes, lover of beauty, of truth, of intellect, of man and woman-kind, of God. I cheated myself out of the crowning joy of this dispensation—accepted and acknowledged love; and I do not like to go among the angels uncrowned. Ah! ah! what am I writing? I have been crowned. I love Keble, aye, as dearly as ever. Only everything whirls round so rapidly, that I feel as if he was removed far from me. Since I have lived an active life and had no time for dreaming it seems as if he had forgotten me. I no longer feel his presence. I am not false to him. It is as though having been enamoured of music I should have vowed to devote all my life to its reception, and to ponder over it; but duty called me to another life, and in this new existence, I wandering alone through disease and sorrow, and anguish and death, came suddenly upon a noble piece of statuary, calm and at rest; and I, worn out ere my mission is finished and longing for the old music to strengthen me, and finding it not, sit down to rest by the statue. And unsuspecting of glamour, I sleep and dream of it. Yes, but I hear the old music now; it mingles with the vision and envelopes the statue. I dream on; the aroma of romance is everywhere in nature and in art; how can I shut it from my life? Ah! this soft and beautiful moonlight, whose misty splendour envelopes me with witchery of by-gone dreams! Cannot the heart ever be made to grow old, and give up its buried treasures? When I think I am safe in old maidenly reserve a subtle charm of sky, or flower, or music throws me back into my girlish days, and I thrill with the momentary ecstasy of new life and—pay for it. There is no old age for the heart. It can't keep pace in decay with its decorous body. My young heart in my old body is like my little pet's face shaded by grandmother's calash, I cannot cheat it into the belief that it is old and ought to be done with childish things. It only throbs the wilder and says, love is for God and for angels as well as for the young; and I may be as near to the one as I am far removed from the other. And so I must suffer for my heart's waywardness. My brain will have to ache again, my hands will have again to tremble and grow cold, because my heart cannot resist the witchery of No. 9's low pleading tones. It says it is only harkening to music like that Keble made for it, and so it will not heed the councils of common sense. Common sense had its way when Keble was so cruelly mocked. Ah, bah, brain! Of what worth is all your hoarded lore if you cannot silence one sweet memory? Nay; you will even assist her to robe herself in hope's fairest disguise and call herself true love. Ah, poor brain! poor brain! can you never conquer this heart of mine which Keble called invincible?”

Another time the night-watcher's thoughts were on this wise.

"Do not I know that it is ridiculous to love him? Absurd enough it is, and yet I am not ashamed of it, not before myself and the angels and God. I could not bear to have man know it. But to the angels, who breathe no atmosphere but love, it can never be ridiculous, never absurd, though sorrowful enough it may oftentimes be. And why should I love No. 9.? what is there about him to draw my heart from its miserly-kept past? I, whose life was consecrated to God solely, save that a blessed memory shared it with Him, as a church called St. John's is yet altogether God's, I to give up my life to a new love! Well, why not? would not an angel do the same? I know God sees nothing wrong in this. The patient sufferer who never sleeps without murmuring in pain, though in his waking hours he will not complain, is a Christian. Then why should God object to my loving him? My heart is wise, wiser than my desperate grief. Wild, wilt thou that I am! Why should I think that he who shares with his Maker my midnight thoughts will ever seek, or wish to draw me from my lonely bondage to the poor and wretched? The other night suddenly awaking with the first smile I ever saw on his lips, he eagerly grasped my hand and began to draw me to him. I knew he had mistaken the Sister for an old love; but my heart ceased beating, for, quick as lightning's flash was the conviction that if he should kiss me I must nurse him no more. But before with the strength of delirium he could draw me close enough he opened his eyes full on me, and exclaimed in bitter disappointment, 'Too old.' Then he released me. Yes, I am too old for him; he does not look to be thirty, and I am over that. Yet he is older than I—I do not mean in years—I know he is. I have found out that in his most eloquent ravings. The body is nothing to me; his mind is older than mine; and his heart, too, for now mine is quite young and his old—old still, for the frost of disappointment yet covers his life. Who could have treated such a man so cruelly? Who could have been the frozen flower that he says his mad love could not warm to life? I could hate that woman for her insensibility. Strange that he could love one who was not appreciative; for his whole being cries aloud for sympathy. What could form a more fascinating contrast than his childlike spirit and vigorous mind? Whenever I take him a delicacy which he enjoys he makes me eat every alternate spoonful. It is no use for me to refuse; he only looks more earnest and says, 'Poor child! You need it more than I,' and he refuses to take his spoonful till I have mine. One day he murmured, 'If you really were the one I eternally seek I would make you eat it all; but I must eat some so as to gain strength to fight again for liberty to seek her once more.'"

Sister Laura stopped dreaming and bathed his face. When she had cooled it enough, he began to murmur—

"I don't like eyes deep set in blue bands, and with dingy red curtains over them." No. 9 turned his gaze from Sister Laura's eyes: as though comparing them with another's, he added, "Her eyes were, oh, so bright! so bright when I would excite her or anything pleased her unexpectedly; but generally they were pensive: and I have seen them as sad as yours," he added, turning again towards his nurse.

CHAPTER XXV.

Nov. 8TH.

"Not her! not her!" muttered the feverish invalid. There was nobody near the cot of No. 9 but one attentive watcher, although this night was to decide whether he must die, or might live; but he was only one in a hospital.

Sister Laura rose quickly from the seat beside him, and leaned over his pillow; he might murmur a last message to one who was waiting for him to

come and slip a bridal ring on a hand that merrily threw off dance after dance. But the sick man was leaving no message—only talking to himself as men often do in the dotage of a sick room—

“She is not intellectual enough.”

A pleased smile on the face of Sister Laura spoke to the eyes of angels what her thoughts did to their spiritual ears—

“Thank God, that nearly all my life I have been a student.”

There was no vanity in this; Laura had charmed too many men of intellect to keep their seat by her side hour after hour, not to feel that she could interest another one. If a man loves music chiefly, is a girl who has practised three hours a day for years and taken many prizes, to be called vain because she thinks she can please him?

Only once before had Laura felt so self-satisfied; and she, whose life had known so little selfishness for two years, was not by the angels grudged either short-lived feeling of content.

The other time was when on bending over No 9. a white rose from her bosom had fallen on his bed. He took it up, not observing whence it came and asked—

“Why is this like my love?”

“Because it is sweet,” was her answer.

“Pshaw! She is not sweet. It is because it is pure. What do I want with a sweet woman? Bah! you give me sweet things enough. I wish you'd give me lemonade instead of that syrup. I want a pure woman! a pure woman! a pure woman!”

Then Sister Laura smiled, and an angel said, ‘She has a right to; for she is pure.’ The earth seemed desolate and dead, the air was dreary and chilling, damply chilly like that of a vault in a cemetery. Sister Laura’s lips were slightly parted, and her breath came thicker and faster than its won’t. It was night. She being the best nurse in the hospital, though the one with the least physical power, always had the watch which lasted from midnight till six. The Sisters in the men’s hospital always nursed inc ouples; now Sister Julia sat by; but the younger always made her comfortable in the only easy chair in Ward No. 3., tucked a blanket about her, and then in her low-backed, long-legged, wooden chair ever and anon felt very comfortable as she glanced at one who could rest. Sister Julia was of a temperament that nothing ever troubled at bed-time, or meal-time, or chapel-time; she was as content as a bird, for she could always enjoy eating and sleeping; but she had this advantage over it, she could pray. “Sleep on, Sister Julia, where ‘little is given little is required,’ thou art more likely than I to hear God’s ‘well done.’ Happy child,” thought Sister Laura, gazing at the woman three years her senior with a half envious, half self-congratulatory feeling. Sister Julia’s life and her own contrasted themselves in memory’s swiftly moving panorama.

“Is it a happiness only to vegetate, even though a vegetable life fills one’s mission and nourishes others? This Julia, what does she enjoy? Eating, sleeping, walking. I told her a nurse required more than others change of air and vigorous exercise to enable the system to repel noxious influences, and so she walks vigorously; not as I do, with sore feet and weary limbs, my spirit on the alert to seize some hoped-for unknown beauty, dragging my subject-body after it. And in our daily life how differently we work! She can hold a limb while it is being amputated; I, too, have done this, but she did not have a nervous chill after she went to bed. She always does her duty, for she always does what I tell her and in the way I advise. Do I follow God thus? Then, who is best in His sight? I often want my own way when God wants another; she is wise enough to know I have more judgment than she, and always submits. Ah! Sister Julia, I know whom angels think the best. She is as tender, as gentle, and as watchful, except when I bid her sleep, as I am, and no patient prefers my sympathy to her apathy except No. 9. He, all the nurses say, evidently misses me when I am absent, though I think he seldom knows when I am present. But God’s ways are more ‘equal’ than we see. If Sister Julia can sleep soundly while these men groan and tumble about her, I can look into the night and see Dantesque visions;

I can gaze into the fire and dream like Ike Marvel. I can watch the suffering patriots, and carry their destinies into God's grand future until I shiver at the Patmos seer's delineations of the regions where are 'dogs and sorcerers, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie,' or, glow with rapt beatitude, listening to the glorias of those who have 'come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb,' Who lets me follow them to the 'fountain of living waters;' where I am refreshed as is a feverish man who drinks in his dream."

The Sister's reverie was interrupted by a cough from one of the farther cots, and she took a cup from the trivet and gave some warm "stew" to No. 2. Then she walked the length of the room, as she did several times an hour, sometimes turning a hot little pillow, sometimes removing a blanket, and tucking the covering more closely around some rough soldier, whether friend or foe she seldom knew, and never willingly; God drew the line, the nurse did not wish to see it. Soul No. 1, might blacken a foe, and soul No. 2, might glorify a hero, but she tried to see neither, for the Gospel and medicine and nutriment were given for both by their Creator. The outer man was sometimes gentlemanly, oftener coarse and repulsive to a lover of the beautiful such as the fastidious Laura Buckner had been; but Sister Laura was a child of Christ, and liked to walk in His footsteps; she was a lover of the Immortal and so could endure what the dainty young lady could not have tolerated. Laura told Sister Julia to go to sleep again and she would call her if she needed her, and added she was sorry if replenishing the fire had awakened her, and received for answer, "Nobody ever hears you do anything. My neck was twisted."

Sister Julia went to sleep, but her friend sat down wearily in her high-backed chair, and rested her feet on a turned-down tub, her elbows on her knees, and her head in her hands, and could not help wishing for the luxurious chairs in her old home, that once she did not know were luxuries. But soon she resumed the old reverie. "Yes, God's ways are 'more equal' than we think. When Sister Julia looked at No. 9, she did not see Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' and feel that the wounded man was St. James. When she hears him rave she never thinks of Hamlet, nor even wonders whose falsity has embittered a spirit so noble. But I wonder much, and I think it was a woman, soulless must she be to be false to him." She fell into a reverie in which she held a dialogue to decide on which side No. 9 had fought. Notwithstanding his Northern accent she decided that Southern he must be. This decision was that of her wide-awake hours, though he spoke oftener of Northern scenes, particularly of boating and fishing on Lake George, and so graphically would he speak of the blessed quiet of Sabbath Bay Point, and the bold declivity of Roger's Slide and of other spots of interest she had before the war enjoyed, that she sailed with him and enjoyed it as truly as when she had been there. From her doze she was aroused by No. 9, petulantly exclaiming some incoherence, and as she reached him she heard "Melia," in a tone of reproach. So at last he had spoken one name of the beloved, which heretofore his delirium had so closely guarded. She had not heard the "A," but was confident the name was Amelia; it must be that, or Emilia.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"You can go away, if you please; you have deceived me, and I don't like those who do that."

Unconsciously a look of distress was revealed to the sick man's gaze.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in the quiet, gentlemanly way, that even in delirium he had not forgotten until now. "I am very rude. It is not your fault if your head is like hers; but I might have seen how little hair you had, and she had enough to half cover her figure. How entrancing she was the night she wore it down in a tableau. Why don't you let yours fall lower to cover your long neck? Your eyes are monotonous. I like eyes which dance, and burn, and suffer, and rejoice while I am speaking but one sentence—hers did sometimes."

"What was her name?" asked Sister Laura, from no feeling of vulgar curiosity, but fearing he would die and she not know to whom to write.

"I don't talk about her to any but the angels, and if you were an angel you

would have thrown away that black cross long ago," he said, looking at the large cross such as the Sisters fastened their collars with. "I often wonder if you could ever have stayed with her; your manners are so much the same, even to the peculiar grace of moving your hands; but yours do not seem so soft and white, and I think they are a little larger, but that may be because you don't wear pretty laces." As he said this he took her hand carefully. Then he let it fall and passed his own musingly across his brow. "It is so strange."

"What?—My likeness to some one you know?"

"Your nose and mouth are so like hers; but her face was oval, and yours—oh, it is so long! Her cheeks were like a frosted peach, and yours are like marble. Now go away, please. Excuse me; but you have tried me so much—so much!"

The pale Sister was tired, too; but she did not think of that. She sat down again on her uncomfortable seat, turned her face from him, and tried to find out a way to discover his secret woe, to trace the dear one who had deceived him, and see if yet she could not be restored to him. Her brain grew lighter as the slow night passed on, and she put her hands around it, for, it seemed to expand indefinitely.

In a few minutes she fell sidewise, but not to the floor, for her feet were on her dress which she had tucked about them to keep them warm, because it was not well for Nos. 8 and 9 to have a big fire kept up near them.

During her unselfish dreamings, No. 9 had not slept, but had had his eyes fastened on her as if she could help him to find the lost thread of his past that he might unite it to his present. He knew he was ill and that the Sister of Charity was his nurse. He felt that he had been wounded; but how or when he could not yet recall.

When he saw her fall with great effort he arose and kneeling by her, rested her head on his breast, not able to raise her, and not thinking to call any one while he held her face close to his and tried to read the mystery. He felt she was no stranger; every feature seemed to have been long ago burned in his brain. He kissed her cold lips, feeling it was his right. He raised an eyelid, but the eye was too soulless to tell him what he tried to learn. Who was she? Where was he? Was this delirium? "Oh! tell me about it," he exclaimed aloud.

Sister Julia sprang up, as did a convalescent close by. Unresistingly, No. 9 let Sister Julia and No. 6 lay his mysterious burden on the floor and put him in bed.

As soon as help could be obtained, Sister Laura was carried to her apartment, and restoratives applied—

"Let me go to him, he needs me," were her first words.

"Just hear her, doctor!" said Sister Annie. "We might have known her first thought would not have been for herself."

"One of the patients likes her nursing best? No great wonder."

"Doctor, tell her she can't get up."

She did not seem to note the remarks of either, and swallowed, as if unconsciously, a draught he gave her.

"That will make her sleep for hours. Let me know when she wakes."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE sun was setting when Sister Laura, her eyes still closed, heard some one say, "I wonder how No. 9 ever got out of his bed and held her head. Poor fellow! It was enough to kill him."

"Yes ; but when the doctor gave him some medicine he went off just like an in—"

"Hush ! I thought she stirred."

Sister Kate went to the bedside, looked a minute, and then came back—

"I don't like the way she looks. I suppose the doctor knows what he is about ; if I had not known he had been giving her something I'd say she had fainted."

"Poor Sister ! I hope this attack won't kill her. I am an old nurse ; but I never saw anybody before who had so little strength with so much will."

"So much heart, you mean. Poor thing ! She ought to have a husband to take care of her instead of her having to nurse all these big men."

Sister Frances went out, and Sister Annie took up her Prayer-Book and learned the Collect for Ascension Day. She repeated it aloud, and her voice probably aroused Laura from a syncope. She gave a long sigh, and the nurse turned to hymn 176, and learned that inaudibly lest her voice might awake her idol from even the deep slumber she thought she was enjoying.

"So he is dead. The last one who needed me is dead," thought Sister Laura, and tears she had no power to shed tingled in forehead and nostrils. She would have asked questions, but her lips were too parched and tightly closed. "Poor fellow ! But why should I say, 'poor fellow ?' Ah, rather let it be 'happy spirit.' Let him pity me if he remembers me. His ravings were sometimes beautiful enough for songs or hymns, if they could have been set to music. But the poor girl who betrayed him—I might have found her out, and I know that no one who has ever truly loved him can forget him. As well might I try to forget Keble. Once or twice I dared to believe that No. 9 could arouse in me the romance of my nature that Keble had glorified. Foolish idea ! I know now how utterly absurd ; for No. 9 is dead and I am only glad—glad that he is at rest."

After this sort was Sister Laura's reverie when the doctor entered and asked the attendant, "Has not she awakened yet ?"

"No, sir."

"A glass of fresh water for her, Sister Annie."

"Oh, please, let her sleep."

"She has slept long enough."

"But don't waken her. Oh, doctor ! do you know what a blessing sleep is ?"

Strong was the pity for the unknown grief of Sister Annie's life, as he soothingly replied, "It is a type of the rest reserved for those who have sorrow and labour to leave behind."

He moistened Laura's lips, and when he had given her a spoonful of wine she opened her eyes.

"I am quite well now, thank you."

"Your sleep has done you good. I've a notion to give kind Sister Annie a like draught. If I had given it to you yesterday you would not have fainted last night."

"Fainted ! Did I ? I never fainted in my life."

"Until last night ; but perhaps you only wanted to see how much strength your spoiled patient could muster in an emergency." Dr. Laurence fastened his eyes on her, but she showed no suspicion of his scrutiny.

"What do you mean, doctor ?"

"That No. 9 managed to get out of his cot and hold your head. How he did it nobody knows, but I suppose he could not have sat up a minute. When Sister Julia awoke he was talking to you."

"What did he say ? Did she tell you ?" In her desire to know the end of what had excited her so much she forgot the strangeness of No. 9 leaving his cot.

"He was begging you to explain a mystery."

"Poor fellow ! He has imagined in me a resemblance to one he loves."

"Is that all ?" asked the good doctor, in a disappointed tone. He would have considered himself worthy of canonisation if for every Sister he could have found a husband in a maimed patriot. He thought all ought to seek happiness where he had found it, in the blessedness of happy wedded life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NOV. 12TH.

EXTRACT FROM SISTER LAURA'S DIARY.

Hospital No. 4.

"I utterly despise and condemn myself. What can it mean that I enjoy dreaming of this man who never shall know me but as a hospital nurse? Ah, Keble! how disagreeably my face burns whenever I think of that noble spirit shrined in my past! If in your high home you can condescend to be amused—for angels cannot feel scorn—how must you be diverted by the queer way in which love revenges itself! I, who was wooed by, and yet deaf to you, the noblest of earth's favoured ones, now engrossed by one who will regard me only as an old maid and nurse! Ah, perhaps this is the secret of my present fancy, that I know I may love in safety. I never wanted to love, never was willing to own such weakness; always fought against it, never desiring to become housekeeper, seamstress, mistress, or mother. I had to long hide from myself my admiration for Keble; but this wounded one I may love for ever and he will not suspect me. Yes; here is the secret; I dare to love No. 9, because neither he nor any one will ever know it, and I shall not be persecuted by his addresses. My ideal is to me as a statue, were he to become as a man to me it would terrify me, and then, I think, I should love him no more."

NOV. 14TH.

"THERE is one thing very strange about my new mood, a circumstance which makes it seem to me that I, and not my patient am in a feverish dream. I cannot pray concerning my new love, I cannot ask God to bless it, for I do not want it blessed. I do not desire that anything should come from it. I, who am in the habit of mentioning to God everything which pains or pleases me sufficiently to excite any emotion, I love, and cannot pray about it. Ought not this to convince me that I am only in fancy bound? It would be in my present state of feeling as much a mockery for me to ask God's favour on it as if in a theatre I were to fall on my knees and pray that Romeo might wed Juliet. I do not love No. 9 because I desire to win him, but because it is beautiful to love, and him I can love."

As usual, Laura's soliloquy was interrupted by a restless patient. In vain she tried the usual ways of restoring him to quiet. No. 13 evidently could not rest. "May I read a little to you to divert your mind from what it is dwelling on, or write a letter to some absent friend?"

"Ah! I am thinking almost always of my beautiful child. I shall never see her again. My beautiful flower an icicle!"

"The same Father who gave her the loveliness which blessed your life will preserve it for you to bless you again when your touch cannot soil her loveliness."

"She used to sleep in my arms. Her mother spoiled her at first; but poor Hattie had consumption, and the doctors said it injured the child to breathe her mother's breath, so I took her always in my arms and she seemed more exclusively my own. When every one in sleep had forgotten her I lay awake to watch the rosy sea-shell murmuring in its soft slumber. My beautiful, fragile shell, the only treasure life's rough waves ever threw to me! My lost baby!"

"She is as much yours now as she was when she slept in your arms, for, to children death is only a sleep from which they will not wake to scream in pain."

"Well, there is one comfort; she can never be defiled by sin; she will never marry a loving fool to turn his life to bitterness."

A dark frown crossed the sick man's face, and the Sister understood why the husband had spoken of his little daughter being the only blessing life had thrown to him.

"Would not you have done anything to have ensured the happiness of her future?"

"If you had ever loved a child you would not ask the question."

"And yet I doubt your willingness; you have only to give her willingly to God to feel consolation in the assurance that she cannot suffer nor sin. I know you were a father who delighted to be surprising your pet with new pleasures; if she had lived, the day might have come when no pleasure offered by you could have charmed her sorrow-benumbed soul. Now she will enjoy with ever-increasing zest all that can befall her."

"Go on," said the brave soldier, whose arm had been amputated without his giving a groan, but whose eyes were now filled with tears.

"I daresay you intended to give her a fine education; but the routine of school duties might have proved irksome, or even altogether hateful to her; or her health might have been sacrificed in eagerness for knowledge. Now she is learning hourly, and yet never has a headache caused by study; she is at a boarding-school that would be home to her were her parents with her; and when the time comes for you to rest, she will be able to teach you more than you could ever have taught her. She will mount from circle to circle, progressing in knowledge and appreciative power."

"Good-night," said the soldier, whose tears—the first he had shed since his daughter's death—were flowing fast, but as he turned his back to hide them Sister Laura saw that the expression of his face was resignation, and almost a tranquil joy.

The next morning he thanked her for putting him to sleep the night before, and said he would be much obliged to her for the little Prayer-Book he had declined a week previous. She gave him one, and passed on, her sad heart not too numb to thrill with pleasure.

The next night she sat thinking how desolate she was, and wondering why God had seemed so cruel and inflexible about Keble, when No. 13 called "Sister Laura" under his breath, as if desirous not to rouse another.

When she reached his bedside he put his hand in hers and said—

"God was right to take her. I've been reading about the Baptism of Infants; she never would have had any safeguard like godfather or godmother. Was it because I didn't have the cross signed on her brow that God did it, and made her suffer so dreadfully before He took her? They wrote to me I ought to be reconciled to her loss because she endured such tortures. But I wasn't. Now God knows I thank Him for taking her away from such people as her mother and I. We fit to train a child for eternity! She takes laudanum all the time to dull her suffering, and, strange as it may seem to you, I never realized that my child had a soul until last night. Of course, I knew it; but I never thought of it. Why should I when for years I have not thought of my own—"

"How merciful God has been to save you until—"

"Until I knew you. I heard you say you were an old maid; you told me to be thankful that God had taken from me the delight of my eyes! I think, may-be, He has crossed your life. You wipe away tears sometimes when you think we are all asleep. Do you thank God that He made you an old maid?"

Not exactly understanding the expression of the Sister's face, he abruptly changed the subject—

"Where did you come from?"

"Louisville,"

"A Kentuckian! Then all you do is in vain; the South will never thank you for it. If I had been a conscript I should have been appreciated; but as I am a Kentuckian who volunteered to fight for liberty and the South, as I left my baby to die, for I can't help thinking if I had been there to watch over her she would be alive yet, as I lost an arm when I might have kept it, I'll get no credit for my sacrifice. I scorn such ingratitude."

Sister Laura opened his Prayer Book to the second Exhortation in the Ante-Communion Service and walked back to her seat to pray for an immortal soul and reconcile her heart to its desolate loneliness.

What power was it that kept Sister Laura up, enfeebled as she was by her short attack of illness, which, indeed, was only the legitimate consequence of exhausted energies? The doctor had warned several Sisters that their head was to be no more allowed to send the strong hands to rest, and her night-work was principally confined to No. 9, unless some worn-out nurse unconsciously fell asleep, and then Laura moved about like a mouse, delighted to let her sleep undisturbed. No. 9 was conscious, but he had ceased to talk unless asked a direct question, and more than once his patient nurse, opening her eyes, obedient to the magnetism of his gaze, saw tears in his. The excitement of delirium had yielded to the calm of despair; his watcher felt it was despair. He showed no interest in anything except in her presence. He never asked for her now; but when she left him he seldom moved his eyes from the door unless he slept, and generally at her return his face for a moment lighted up with what seemed consciousness of life; but the gleam went out so soon Sister Laura wished sometimes that it would never come; yet if it did not, she felt disappointed. She knew now that she did not love him, and would have made, if necessary, an affidavit on that point to any who mistook her sympathy for love. But the subtlest of spells that lonely hearts can know—the consciousness of being longed for as if an essential part of another's being, enabled her to bear what many of the patients insisted was beyond her strength.

The doctor fancied himself wise and said mysteriously,

"Let her do as she likes. No. 9 takes little note of anyone but her; to be satisfied by her presence is an important part of his convalescence. The poor fellow when she is away sleeps only by snatches and when awake shows more interest in the door than at any other time he does in anything. I believe the rascal enjoys the pain of having his arm dressed because she helps me."

"Yes," said Sister Julia, to whom the doctor addressed the previous words. "The morning when you uncovered the wound and found that the bone needed resetting. Instead of looking distressed, he said with a bright look and in eager tones, 'Oh doctor! was it true?'"

"I remember. What of that?" asked the wily man, knowing very well, but pleased to see Sister Julia's curiosity was on the same scent as his.

"Then No. 9 said, 'I thought I dreamed of springing from the bed to catch an old friend whom I saw faint, and that in so doing I dislocated the joint of my arm. Is it true, doctor? Did I do it?' Then you said, 'You did. Positively, man, I believe you are crazy. You are more glad to find your arm broken than any man I ever attended to have a broken limb cured.'"

"No. 9's face became instantly calm and impenetrable when you said, 'So you knew the good Sister Laura before?' He exclaimed, 'Sister! Oh, my God! found only to be lost!' And do you remember when she came back? Did you look at him then?"

"Yes; and do you remember how like a well proud man he turned to us and said, 'Pray do not speak of my mistake. I am a stranger to Sister Laura; I like her nursing so much better than anyone else's, and if she knew I had mistaken her for an old friend she might pay me less attention.'"

"Just the contrary," was my reply to him."

"And I never will forget how he said, 'Be kind enough to grant the first favour I ever asked of an enemy.'"

"Yes, yes!" said Doctor Laurence, laughing uneasily at the remembrance that his patient in some unaccountable way seemed suddenly to rise above him. "And while Sister Laura stopped to speak a kind word to the eight patients who were nearest the door, I began to work with his arm. I know I hurt him. I have made stronger men cry out for as little; but he didn't seem to notice it."

"He turned ashy white once with pain."

"With pain! If you had gone through my bitter experience, Sister Annie,

you would not have said, 'with pain.' It was when she stopped by his cot and laid her hand on his hand that he turned pale. But you Sisters don't understand that sort of thing; Sister Laura was like you; she thought she hurt him, and snatched back her hand, saying, 'Oh, forgive me! I have hurt you!'

"Then he smiled."

"I'd rather he had cried. I felt cross because I knew something was wrong, and I couldn't tell what. I'm not used to being baffled, and I hold that a good physician studies temperaments and emotions as much as bodily ailments; that is, when he is more anxious for a speedy cure than a big bill, so I said right out, 'The bone will have to be broken and reset.' Then Sister Laura turned pale as he was, and he—"

"Yes, and he thought she would fall, for he raised himself and put out the other hand and caught hold of her."

"Just like a lover that."

"Oh! Do you think he loves her? So I think."

"It's like a lover, I say, to think that if fifty men were by no one but himself could hold up a certain woman."

"But, doctor, do you think she cares for him? How could she have seemed so willing to hold his hand while you broke and reset the bone if she does?"

"Do you think my wife would let any other woman hold my hand?"

"Perhaps not; but this is another case."

"Yes; I couldn't put so much gall in my tones as he did when he said, 'Sister Laura, judging from what I know of you—see of you—you would not mind holding my hand while the doctor snaps and patches my bone!'"

"But didn't she look like an angel that a naughty boy had been throwing useless stones at, when she replied, 'Not if you wish it.' And then she smiled—how could she?—reassuringly, and almost whispered, 'I will hold this poor hand firm; Sister Annie, will you hold the other?'"

"And you didn't seem to mind it a bit when he said courteously, 'Thank you, Sister Annie, there is no need to be troubled about the left hand.'"

"Mind it! Certainly not. Not even when, as you broke the bone, he threw out his left hand and caught one of hers in it, and fixed his eyes on hers."

"Ha! He must have thrown his hand very gently. He did not shake his right arm. That fellow is a hero and a fool; I believe he would let me break the left arm if Sister Laura would hold one of his hands and let him hold one of hers. When I had finished the job I had a chance to look at his face, and he was gazing into the Sister's grand eyes as if into Heaven, and as I said, 'There! It is done!' and she laid the hand down on the bed, his face clouded up and he sighed—when it was over."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

No. 9 declared that he must walk into the yard and sit on a bench in the sun. The day after his arm was reset he was assisted to rise and dress, and this was the third day that he had sat up. Sister Laura was by him and it was to her he made the remark. She handed him a cane and said,

"Would you scorn to let me hold your left elbow? I might help you a little."

"Pray do." A thrill passed through his frame.

"I hurt you," she said, hastily drawing back her hand.

"You are mistaken, Miss Lau—Try again."

"You scorn to forget Sisters are not to be called Miss!"

"I dislike the word Sister. Mayn't I call you Miss Laura?"

"No."

He seated her. She smiled,

"The gentleman forgets he is an invalid."

"A worthless one; but I do not so much mind the loss of the use of my right arm now." He emphasized the last word.

"Why not as much now as ever?"

"I have been a dreamer—"

"You talked in your delirium, and of one you loved."

"Ah! What did I say? Did you find no clue to the past?" There was a strange irony in his tone. Sister Laura looked inquisitively into his eyes.

"I haven't much curiosity."

"You used to profess belief in magnetism of—"

"What! Then we have met years ago. I have often thought we must have, so familiar did you seem; but I concluded you must be a near relative of a New York friend."

"We have met before. It humiliates me that you need to be assured of it." His tone was very hard.

"You forget I am a Sister."

"May God pity you! You were so ignorant of the truth of—"

"You are very strange. I am going to read some letters I received from Louisville this morning. You ought not to talk so much. Perhaps the sun is too hot."

"I am cold," he said, with an unconscious shiver; he knew she suspected his brain was again feverish.

"Had not you better go in?" she asked.

"Not yet."

She walked into the hospital and brought a blanket and put it around him.

"Sit down," he said in a low tone of command. She obeyed him.

"There are tears in your eyes. Is it because your love is false or cold that—"

"That I would like to die? Yes."

"God—"

"Thank you for that one word. Do not add to it. God! I am reconciled to life, though you are forever dead to me."

She gave one joyful look into his eyes and said, "Keb! Then her head fell forward on his bosom; she had fainted. In an ecstasy of love and despair he gazed at her and kissed her, and murmured now tenderest words and now a reproach. But when some minutes had passed and she did not revive, he became alarmed and feebly called to one who was coming towards him. The U.S. officer looked amazed—

The prisoner said, "Sister Laura has fainted."

"No bad news, I hope," replied the Yankee, picking up the opened letter Sister Laura had begun to read when Keb! bade her sit down.

"You had better call the doctor. I think this is his hour in the hospital. Be quick." The Yankee was about to reply angrily, but said, "Here is an order for your exchange, an especial case owing to Major Metcalf's intercession. I don't know why you should be an exception, Major Wilson."

"Will not you call a doctor?" said Keb!, who did not have the strength to call out. The Yankee walked off.

"My lost darling! my angel! oh, God, how she, too, has suffered!" He looked at her thin face and sunken eyes—"If I could only think it was for me!" He kissed her. "For the last time, Sister Laura." He heard voices, the doctor and the officer carried her from him, but not until he had asked and been refused permission to delay his exchange for a few days until he was stronger.

The next morning the doctor reported Sister Laura as insensible still. He regretted Major Wilson's having to leave so soon. He took charge of a sealed note for the Sister.

She had a low nervous fever, and her recovery was not accelerated by hearing that Keb! had been ordered off for exchange before he was able to walk steadily

alone. But she rejoiced that he had been released ere his *incognito* had been discovered. Better never see him than that should be. When Sister Laura first entered the hospital No. 9's beard and hair had been closely shorn, but as cold compresses were always kept on his head the want of hair was not repulsive. When she changed the cloth she was too anxious to do it quickly to have her poetic fancies startled by the appearance of a bald head. It was not at all strange that No. 9 did not recall the U.S. Captain Wilson. The sunken, dry eyes, unnaturally bright with fever had nothing to remind her of the full, liquid, pensive eyes of her old lover. The once full, but rather pale lips were shrunken, parched, and glowing. The nose was sharper; the cheeks were hollow, and the forehead, which had seemed very broad, but not high, now looked high, and by contrast rather narrow. The clear and colourless complexion of the past was now bronzed by exposure and florid with disease. So Laura's bodily senses knew not their master's bodily presence; but her spiritual nature unconsciously surrendered to its old keeper.

As soon as she recovered sufficiently to bear the trip to Louisville, the good doctor put her on the cars and sent her back. Great was the rejoicing in the Sisterhood, and none could have guessed that the one so anxious to learn all that had interested them in her absence had passed through such a bitter, joyful experience. It was joy to know her lover still lived; it was bitterness to know he suffered and must for a long time, as the doctor said, even if the premature removal did not kill him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

APRIL 10, 1865.

SISTER LAURA and Virginia sat together in despair; at last the younger said, "How General Lee has fallen."

"For a man to submit his soul to evil and Satan is cowardly, base, and contemptible; but for a man to submit gracefully and nobly to physical force when it is overwhelming is no derogation from his manhood. When Generals Lee and Johnston consider our cause hopeless we may resume allegiance to the Government that has conquered. Let us still our bleeding hearts and hear Jesus whisper, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' We are ennobled by all the sacrifices we have made; do not let us impair our nobility of purpose by pouting like fretful children. I have always considered that it required a more magnanimous nature for the conquered to put his soul in harmony with the inevitable than for the vanquisher to show no petty exultation. Do not misunderstand me. I have wept, fasted, and prayed for the cause."

"And worked for it, and many times hazarded imprisonment."

"But I have also learned to say, God's will be done. Last winter one of my prison-correspondents wrote to me of the soldiers in his ward dividing themselves into two parties and selecting their officers; one side held a snow-fort that the other was to attack. I suppose the conquered party was somewhat chagrined at its defeat, but I am sure it does not consider itself disgraced; neither does it now lament the physical superiority of its antagonist. In the beautiful sunshine of spring the snow-fort, its capture or defence, seems childish amusement; so when the storms of life are over, and Heaven's sunshine vivifies the souls now dejected by defeat, the great war will seem but as a childish thing."

"I do not think so ; principles can never be called childish."

"You are right. But when that glorious Light which emanates from God illumines our sublime immortality we shall regard the cause for whose sake we would now willingly die, as a lesser thing than the spirit in which we received God's most painful chastisement. To lose my lover was terrible ; but to lose my country is more bitter. Yet I must say, God's will be done."

"I never could have believed that our cause could perish ; that it was possible to exterminate us, I conceived ; but that the very cause could perish—oh, no ! that I could not have believed. I can't bear it."

"I can," answered Sister Laura, in a tone that one says, "Bury my dead out of my sight."

"How? But I know—it is because you feel around you 'the everlasting arms.'"

"If I have lost a country, I still have a Church. If Liberty is dead, Religion lives."

"But I cannot feel resignation ; submission I understand. You are resigned, I submit."

Even in her deep dejection Sister Laura felt her heart bound with hope ; she knew that submission was the first step to child-like faith.

"Can I tell you what I was thinking of when you came in?"

"Why not?"

"You shall answer your own question. I was just considering the utter insignificance of political (mind, I do not say moral) liberty,"

"Sister! Has Lee's surrender crazed you?"

"Ought I to have told you?"

"Yes, if you will explain yourself."

"Did you ever think of the meaning—if they have a meaning to comprehension like man's—of such words as infinite, eternal, heavenly? If you can form even a faint idea of what these words signify, all things finite, perishable, and earthly must appear insignificant. How dares a man question God's justice? Does not he know that this world is probably a warning to other worlds, and it is but one of millions, very likely."

"Millions!"

"Aye. The Herschells discovered about 3000 nebulae. How many solar systems are in each, who will dare to estimate?"

"But they may not all be intended for inhabitants."

"Show me what thing on earth God has made in vain, and I shall entertain your supposition."

"Why, plenty of things."

"Name one."

"Well, that saucer of vinegar." Virginia answered this because she happened to glance at the saucer from which Sister Laura was pouring vinegar to bind on her aching head to soothe the intense agony that had struck her like a blow when she heard of Lee's surrender, and had not left her day nor night for a week. (4)

Sister Laura was shocked at the lightness of her friend's tone ; she did not know that Satan was making his last desperate defence of her infidel principles.

She left the room, but as soon as the door was closed fell on her knees and cried from the depths of her heart, "My God, give me her soul to repay me for all I have suffered." And as she passed downstairs to the duty of the hour she added, "Yes, one soul given me will far, far outweigh my loss of parents, home, lover, and liberty."

As soon as the door closed Virginia sprang to her feet.

"I will not believe, for I am not ready for sacrifice." She walked hastily to the window. Her heart was beating violently. None knew as she did, what Sister Laura had suffered for Love, what she had sacrificed for the South. Rich, for its sake she had become poor, nor had murmured at her losses. Once petted child, now an orphan ; nor at this did she rebel. The idol of her idol,

she had scorned him for the sake of liberty, and even this she had not regretted. Yet now when God had permitted the cause of freedom to be overthrown she bowed her head and said, "The Lord reigneth; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

In an hour Sister Laura returned with a microscope.

"Oh," said Virginia, "there is no getting a-head of you. However, God can hardly be said to have made vinegar."

Without a word, with quiet dignity, Sister Laura put the microscope to the eye of the would-be frivolous woman.

"Tut! Don't you suppose I ever saw vinegar through a microscope before?"

"What if I had told a little child of the world in this saucer?"

"She would not have believed it."

"Would that have altered the fact of its existence? What do you know of *nebulæ* more than a child of *infusoriæ*? If a microscope is so powerful, what may be some telescope yet to be invented? How did the *animalculæ* get into the vinegar?"

"Generated themselves," replied Virginia, very demurely.

"Greater than men, who can generate only their like? But perhaps, you will tell me what you mean by self-generation. At present it conveys no idea but one so ludicrous that if I were to tell you you would think I was ridiculing your common sense."

"How do mites get into cheese?" asked Virginia, triumphing.

"Flies lay eggs in it. Virginia, are you honest?"

"I hope so."

"Don't be offended. Not many are, as you will find if you argue much."

"I am honest," said Virginia, stiffly as if she had been seized by an invisible power and would soon be made to cry out "I believe in God the Father." She glanced at the Sister, whose eyes were closed. She could read the meaning of that. But she had no superior power to invoke to her aid. "The devil? Bah!"

"Yesterday you unmercifully ridiculed Sister Amy for believing that a horse-hair could turn into a snake."

"Yes; who would have thought that any woman in this land and age had so little sense?"

"As to think hairs developed themselves into snakes?"

"Bah! I am no atomist."

"Darling, bear with me. Be honest. Do you believe that your father and mother made you?" There were tears in Laura's eyes and voice.

Virginia shook her head. "They did not care enough about my existence."

She turned away her blanched face. Laura felt pity for her, but knew that pity was better unexpressed.

"You do not think you could have made yourself?"

"Do you think I am a fool?"

"I don't know, my most precious. 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

"I believe there is a God."

"Who exists for what? To be alone and to do nothing. That is your ideal of Deity. How far below the standard you set for yourself Oh child, child, be honest! Virginia, who made you?"

"God," she whispered overcome by the agony of the Sister's tone, and her echoing heart.

"Who has developed your infancy into womanhood?"

"God the Father, *my* Father, and He gave me to you."

Sister Laura fell on her knees, and the angels and she rejoiced. Oh, "I believe in the communion of saints." Not only in that little room was there joy.

When Sister Laura arose she saw Virginia kneeling convulsed with emotion though no sound escaped her. Silently the blessed woman went from the room; some of the unseen ones went with her.

CHAPTER XXX.

SEVERAL days after this conversation Virginia went up to Sister Laura and unclasped the cross, such as was worn by all the Sisters, in remembrance of their vow to serve the One who loved them and the wicked world enough to die on the cross for them and it; she put the pin in her plain linen collar and fastened a larger and more beautiful one in Sister Laura's.

The day that Virginia put the price of her pin in her box, Sister Emily returned from the Southern hospital. Very glad was Laura to give all business into her hands and to settle herself down as head of the school only. Sister Emily was greatly troubled to see how the time that they had been separated had changed Laura.

"Poor dear! cheerful as you seem, I know you suffer still," she said, fondly caressing her," and you will soon be too happy."

Laura turned pale and staggered to a chair. Miss Johnston's tone told too much. She tried to gasp a question.

"What have I done? I was not to tell you, but I can't stand it any longer—Keble Wilson, the No. 9 of the hospital, will be here soon."

"Where is he?"

"He was detained when I left Richmond, waiting for his parole. That's right, cry. You have let tears burn your brain too long, and you haven't any more need for them."

"He may not seek me."

Laura smiled rapturously in a response to Sister Emily's gay laugh.

"He was a crazy boy when he met me and found that you were not a Roman Catholic and were bound by no vow; but had to obey me, your superior, who would command you to marry him the day after he reached Louisville. He required a great many assurances of your devotion to him, so disconsolate was he because you had not recognised him in the hospital.

"He did not know me at once."

"He says he has no remembrance of having seen you before he was delirious—he remembered your being about him then as we recall the confused images of a dream. But he knew you the night you fainted and he caught you: he says he thinks his fright at seeing you fall first restored him to perfect consciousness. He won't admit that if he had been perfectly himself you could have been by and he doubtful of your identity. He was very often tortured that you had never answered the note he wrote you the day he was exchanged; but I was eloquent of what you had suffered, and so he forgave what I could not explain."

"The doctor told me he had left a note for me; but that a Yankee official had seen it given to him; said none could pass without examination, read it, grew very red in the face and threw it in the fire. I never knew where Keble had gone."

"I wonder you don't faint. Why don't you?" Sister Emily laughed gaily.

"Unconsciousness would not come when I was wretched; when I was with him it came to rob me of a minute's ecstasy; it shan't serve me so again!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"VIRGINIA," said Laura, taking her hand tenderly, "Sister Emily has the photograph in which you and I are taken together. A New York Sister in the Richmond Hospital saw it, recognized your strong likeness to a lady who had lately died in St. Luke's, and sent you this letter."

With a painful, nervous gasp, Virginia seized the letter and read :

“Hold up your head, my daughter ; for, you are not a child of sin ; though I fear my folly and weakness have made your life that of a child of shame. Oh, if I could but clasp you to my almost lifeless heart ! I am too weak to write this ; what I have to say must be said quickly. The good Sister (if you ever get this letter you will know who she is and who closed your wretched mother’s eyes, for, she has promised not to leave me again) reminds me that I must not cry now, but at once tell you the chief facts. She would write for me ; but I think this may touch your heart into forgiveness sooner if it is in my own hand. I possessed in youth a woman’s greatest curse, exquisite physical beauty joined to a childish mind ; but I had a heart, my baby. Ah, you cannot be a baby now ! and I was too easily won by a man of strong will and great talents. He doated on beauty ; he worshipped me for mine—as wicked men worship, to gratify selfish passions, and then crowned my life with all that he could add to it.—My daughter, under the penalty of a mother’s curse—oh, I am mad ! My precious, ever-longed for daughter ! Marry none but a Christian. Never trust your honour and happiness to the man who is too ignoble to acknowledge God’s claims on his love and service, lest he forget those of a wife. The good Sister says I am writing too long ; but this is my only letter to my child. Your father, Albert Goodwin, was, ere he saw me, betrothed to a young heiress of no beauty. He was too idle to make a living, and had been spoiled by the extravagant luxury of his home. His father had been the instigator of his engagement with Miss Hart, and when he found that Albert wanted to marry me, who had no heritage but beauty and love, he swore that if he did he would never give him another cent, and that if he heard anything more of me he would turn him out on the world. I have had to rest, and my strength is almost gone. Would I had written earlier the excuse of a woman, whose curse was a boarding-school education—not in books, but in frivolity. Oh, my child ! how often do I pray that not beauty, but principle and intellect may be your portion. In an evil hour I was clandestinely married. When God made me feel His vengeance for the deception towards our parents and for my giving myself to a man who scorned Him, He sent me a child. The dread of bringing into the harsh world a being who would be regarded as disgraced—for, we had no witnesses to our marriage (I have told you I was a young fool) so excited my brain that typhoid fever began about the time of your birth. For a week after I was unconscious, and when I awoke to a knowledge of my sin and your shame, your father consoled me by assuring me that you had lived but half an hour ; and his desire for concealment explains why the midwife took you away. Strange that you did not die ; but perhaps God let you live to punish me daily. I have told you how silly I was, and after your father’s death I might have listened to the disgraceful addresses of one who had once been an honourable suitor ; for, when a woman loses her position in society, its devils seek to drag her down to hell, however innocent she may be. But on your father’s death-bed he told me he had sent you to the Orphan Asylum. As soon as I had closed his eyes, even while men were laying him out—I hastened to the Asylum for you. Alas ! God’s vengeance is terrible. My search has lasted for years. They told me at the Asylum where your father had sent you that foundlings were not taken in there. Oh, God’s bitter curse on it ! my innocent cast out as unworthy to lie among those picked up from the gutters ! I went to the Alms House ; you had not been sent there. But I can’t write now without the greatest agony. My daughter, if you live, and God should answer my dying prayer by letting you read this, forgive your mother. Oh, do not curse her because she was reared like a doll ! Only sorrow has taught me that I have an immortal soul. Give me pity, not honour, my child, even as you, however white your womanhood, must one day beg it of God. This life has passed sentence of condemnation on me ; but the next may revoke it. God is more merciful than man ; for He knows all. Try—oh, let me ask you to meet your mother at last. I have sought for you in vain for twenty-four years, but in searching for you I

found my Saviour. Try, my unseen darling—oh, hear me ! I am dying—this is my last sentence—try to love your mother and to come to her in Heaven.

ELEANOR GOODWIN."

St. Luke's Hospital, October 10, 1865.

While Virginia read the letter Laura watched her anxiously. Sister Emily had intended to prepare her for its contents, but Laura wished to give her the letter without teasing her painfully by making her conjecture a hundred evils. When Virginia had finished reading she said, "God, I thank thee." Sister Laura looked surprised, but thanked her Father for the discipline He had ordered to bring her to Himself.

"Can you bear the reading of another letter, Sis—, oh ! I forgot you are not a Sister," said Sister Emily,

"I am. When I put on this cross," said Virginia, touching the one she wore, "I intended to become a Sister immediately after the next Confirmation."

"I am glad you have not announced your intention ; if two Sisters were to leave the House at the same time people might say it was a nursery for love. Why do you stare so, Laura ? Are you the only Sister who is to marry ?"

"I am not the other," said Virginia, feeling wounded.

Sister Emily handed her Harvey Barton's card. "He gave me this to give to you. The day the troops left Richmond, he inquired after Laura, whose friend he had long been. I showed him the photograph in which you and she are taken together. His surprise and subsequent questionings I shall let him tell you of. He comes to woo ? will he win ?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

"WILL he win ? Yes ; he will win if he woos. How noble he is to wish it, for he believes me a bastard ! Sorrow for my poor mother has crushed down much of the joy I should otherwise feel at learning I am not. Yet the only advice she ever gave me I shall—I must reject. Oh, mother, if you know it, forgive me ! I love a man who does not serve Christ. He is not brave enough to be called a Nazarene. And God, I beseech Thee, not to be angry with me because I cannot 'wed in the Lord.' Ah ! my blessed Man-God, 'by the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation' Thou canst feel for a loving woman who knows she sacrifices herself to save the soul she loves. And Thou, too, dost love him, oh, so much more than I ! Together we will go to him, and if he admits me first, he and I will together welcome Thee afterwards. I know what I shall have to suffer. I shall almost perish for want of sympathy in my new religious life ; but then I shall cling only closer to Thee. The highest wish I have ever conceived has been a picture in my mind for the last week—kneeling by Harvey's side in church and together being blessed with 'the peace which passeth all understanding.' I feel that the time will come when we shall be 'one' spiritually as well as physically. Indeed, I could not endure the fearfulness of the last, were it not for the belief that we shall realise the first. I know that my married life will be often bitter. His idiosyncracies I am sure will often make me wretched. Yet I should be far more wretched in the undisturbed life of an old maid, for I love him, and for the sake of this love I will bear the trials that marriage must bring. Besides, oh, heart ! you rejoice, believing that his rich, emotional, demonstrative nature will amply reward you for all. He is too

noble not to richly repay you for any pang he may impulsively inflict, and he is incapable of giving deliberate pain to one who will be dependent upon him for all the joy of her life. And the bridal-gift that I shall ask of him will be permission to beg my adopted father to make our home his. I shall tell Harvey of his wild addresses, but he will trust me. No man would dare to doubt me. And I owe my father all I am. But how long I may be lonely in my devotions, lonely in my church-going. I shall spend sleepless nights in anxious prayer; but love and God will in the end triumph over infidelity and the devil. I have heard him speak scornfully of the possibility of the Incarnation; to him Jesus is only a good man. He is sentimentally a Christian; as heathen poets adored Apollo and the Muses, he likes God and the angels; but he is Christless."

Such were Virginia's meditations for some hours the night after Sister Emily told her of Mr. Barton's intended courtship. At last, to quiet herself, perhaps, she took up a pencil and wrote:—

"My God, I cast myself at foot of cross!
 Helpless in woman's weakness, low I lie;
 O'erladen with remembered sins, I dare
 Not now to pray for him lest Thou should'st scorn
 Prayer of the Christian infidel. He is
 A Deist, Lord, because his thoughts confused
 By logic, science, rhetoric, and pride
 Do not acknowledge Thee; but I profess
 To love Thee, Lord; I call Thee mine, and say
 That I am Thine, and yet my spirits low
 In gloomy depths have floated round, in vain
 Asking for sympathy from any one
 But Thee. If I were married should I like
 Husband to treat me thus?—to wrong me as
 I wrong Thee, Christ?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Great God, I, who have borne most
 Pangs that shiver mortal hearts,
 Mourned to think mine could not burst,
 But was strengthened by pain's darts—
 I at last have found despair.
 God! O God! Where art Thou? Where?
 Dost Thou only seem to sleep
 While we bear our slavery?
 Carest not although men weep
 In despair of being free?
 Sleepest Thou, O God! Dost sleep
 While hate's serpents o'er us creep?
 I've no country, North or South;
 Shackled e'en in thought am I.
 Great despair hath shut my mouth—
 Scarcely now to Thee I cry.
 I'm not countryman to slaves;
 My *confrères* are in their graves.

My country is beneath the sod ;
 Broken-hearted I still live.
 Lost are some friends, some with God ;
 Yet I've still a life to give !
 But I wear a clanking chain
 On my heart and on my brain.
 Oh ! I gave my dearest one ;
 Better far if I had died !
 Sinful heart, God's will was done ;
 Think what death hath spared his pride.
 Could he have borne what I bear ?
 Could he, like me, life-chains wear ?
 Cause he loved deserters banned ;
 Treachery its heart ate out ;
 Ship of State with heroes manned
 Is wrecked now, without a doubt,
 That few to the end were true.
 Pity, God those noble Few !
 May they have more strength than I !
 May they learn to live like men !
 As for me, henceforth I'll try
 But to dream : no war again
 Shall awake hope to be free ;
 Men are made for slavery.
 Hundred years cannot produce
 Armies like those we have lost ;
 For what good ? That foul abuse,
 Of unworthy men is tossed
 As bonfires by conquered slaves,
 Drinking, dancing o'er their graves.
 Noblest one in dungeon lies,
 But his ransomed soul is free ;
 Davis as a man defies
 Lincoln to equality ;
 History them both will draw,
 While men read in silent awe
 Of God's ways that seem so strange ;
 Tut ! I am ashamed to blame
 God because men's spirits change ;
 Better praise Him for the fame,
 Of each who died to be free
 God, I pray Thee, pity me !

NOTES.

[It was the intention of the author to make Virginia's and Harvey Barton's story a history of 1863-4; but before the plan could be carried out our cause began to sink, and with it the writer's heart; so their story was appended to the first two volumes, as necessary to finish the history of its characters.]

The author put whatever she believed to be true in square brackets and what she had only heard and knew not whether it was correct she put in round-brackets. The type-setters found it difficult to observe these, and received permission to use the letter (*a*) instead. Unfortunately they have occasionally overlooked them, and so the historical interest of the novel is a little impaired.

The brackets used show that the inclosed was taken from a newspaper.

(*b*) I saw this idea about Babylon in a sermon of the Bishop of Kentucky; but it was mine before.

(*c*) p. 53. The *Congressional Globe* reported the proceedings and debates of Congress.

(*d*) The authority for this conversation about Judge Nicholas is his Paper on Confiscation, December 26, 1861.

(*e*) It may be necessary to say that the Metcalfe of the novel is entirely imaginary and has nothing in common with the real U. S. officer mentioned here.

(*h*) This last is one of the examples of my careless cutting away of MSS. and joining together; it belongs to a chapter thrown away.

(1). Imaginary picture—as are all described in the book.

(2). Anecdote.

(3). Extracts in this letter from Northern papers.

(4). What is said of this fictitious person was true of a real one.

(5). This Colonel Metcalfe has nothing to do with Keble's friend.

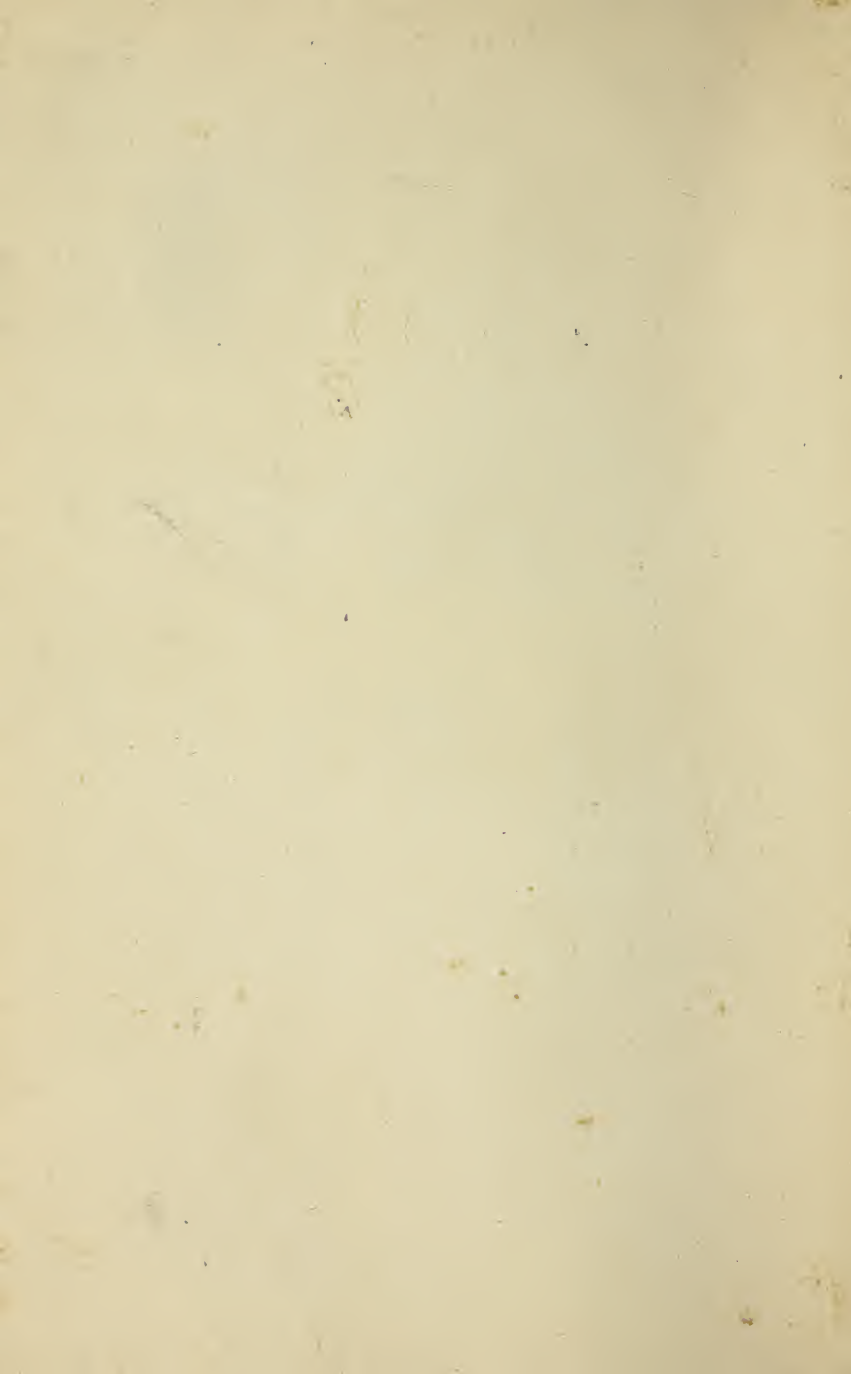
(6). This was in a newspaper; I have no idea who wrote it.

(7). p. 106. I wrote this criticism while reading Sumner's Resolutions and before I had seen a newspaper stricture; so I retain it as original; and have done likewise in similar cases.

(8.) Pollard, the historian, wrote this.

(9). There was no Sisterhood in Louisville when this novel was written.

(10). Excitement made the writer accept this word "few" as rhyming with "true;" for it is not just.





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